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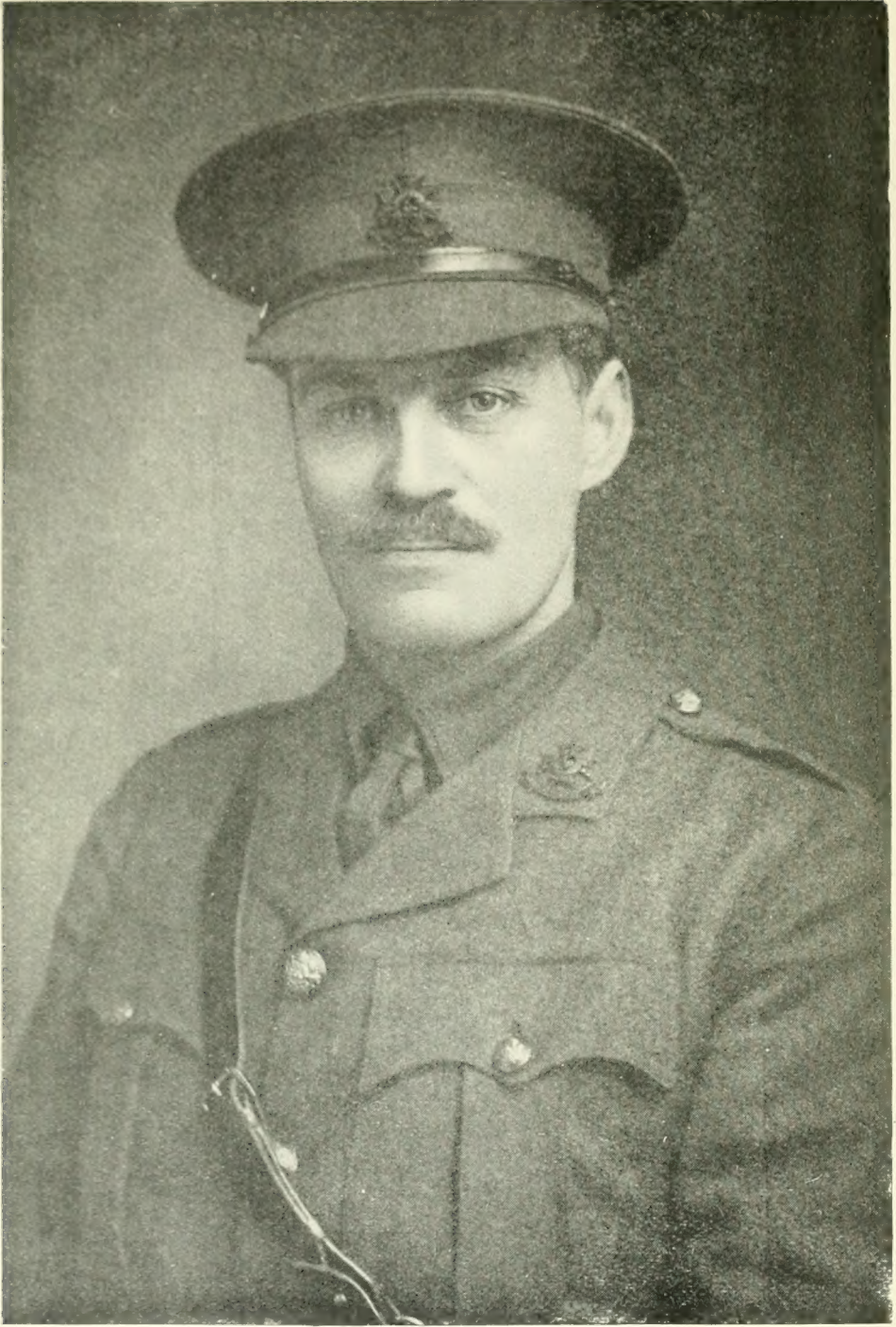
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SOME EXPERIENCES OF A NEW
GUINEA RESIDENT MAGISTRATE



THE AUTHOR

SOME EXPERIENCES OF
A NEW GUINEA RESIDENT
MAGISTRATE BY CAPTAIN C.
A. W. MONCKTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.,
F.R.A.I., SOMETIME OFFICIAL MEMBER
OF EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATIVE COUNCILS,
RESIDENT MAGISTRATE AND WARDEN FOR
GOLDFIELDS, HIGH SHERIFF AND HIGH
BAILIFF, AND SENIOR OFFICER OF ARMED
CONSTABULARY FOR H.M.'s POSSESSION OF
NEW GUINEA WITH 37 ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP

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TO MY
WIFE



PREFACE

IT appears to be the custom, for writers of books of this description, to begin with apologies as to their style, or excuses for their production. I pretend to no style; but have simply written at the request of my wife, for her information and that of my personal friends, an account of my life and work in New Guinea. To the few "men that know" who still survive, in one or two places gaps or omissions may appear to occur; these omissions are intentional, as I have no wish to cause pain to broken men who are still living, nor to distress the relations of those who are dead. Much history is better written fifty years after all concerned in the making are dead. Governor or ruffian, Bishop or cannibal, I have written of all as I found them; I freely confess that I think when the last muster comes, the Great Architect will find—as I trust my readers will—some good points in the ruffians and the cannibals, as well, possibly, as some vulnerable places in the armour of Governors and Bishops.

I do not pretend that this book possesses any scientific value; such geographical, zoological, and scientific work as I have done is dealt with in various journals; but it does picture correctly the life of a colonial officer in the one-time furthest outpost of the Empire—men of whose lives and work the average Briton knows nothing.

Conditions in New Guinea have altered; where one of Sir William MacGregor's officers stood alone, there now rest a number of Australian officials and clerks. Much credit is now annually given to this host; some little, I think, might be fairly allotted to the dead Moreton, Armit, Green, Kowold, De Lange, and the rest of the gallant gentlemen who gave their lives to win one more country for the flag and to secure the Pax Britannica to yet another people.

I have abstained from putting into the mouths of natives the ridiculous jargon or "pidgin English" in which they are popularly supposed to converse. The old style of New Guinea officer spoke Motuan to his men, and I have, where required, merely given a free translation from that language into English. In

recent books about New Guinea, written by men of whom I never heard whilst there, I have noticed sentences in pidgin English, supposed to have been spoken by natives, which I would defy any European or native in New Guinea, in my time, either to make sense of or interpret.

When the history of New Guinea comes to be written, I think it will be found that the names of several people stand out from the others in brilliant prominence; amongst its Governors, Sir William MacGregor; its Judges, that of Sir Francis Winter; its Missions, that of the Right Rev. John Montagu Stone-Wigg, first Anglican Bishop; and in the development of its natural resources, that of the pioneer commercial firm of Burns, Philp and Company.

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SOME EXPERIENCES OF A NEW
GUINEA RESIDENT MAGISTRATE

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A NEW GUINEA RESIDENT MAGISTRATE

CHAPTER I

IN the year 1895 I found myself at Cooktown in Queensland, aged 23, accompanied by a fellow adventurer, F. H. Sylvester, and armed with £100, an outfit particularly unsuited to the tropics, and a letter of introduction from the then Governor of New Zealand, the Earl of Glasgow, to the Lieutenant-Governor of British New Guinea, Sir William MacGregor.

After two or three weeks of waiting, we took passage by the mail schooner *Myrtle*, 150 tons, one of two schooners owned by Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co., of Sydney, and subsidized by the British New Guinea Government to carry monthly mails to that possession ; in fact they were then the only means of communication between New Guinea and the rest of the world. These two vessels, after a chequered career in the South Seas, as slavers—then euphoniously termed in Australia “labour” vessels—had, by the lapse of time and purchase by a firm of high repute and keen commercial ambition, now been promoted to the dignity of carrying H.M. Mails, Government stores for the Administration of New Guinea, and supplies to the branches of the firm at Samarai and Port Moresby ; and were, under the energetic superintendence of their respective masters, Steel and Inman, extending the commercial interests of their owners throughout both the British and German territories bordering on the Coral Sea.

Good old ships long since done with, the bones of one lie scattered on a reef, the other when last I saw her was a coal hulk in a Queensland port. And good old Scotch firm of trade grabbers that owned them, sending their ships, in spite of any risk, wherever a possible bawbee was to be made, and taking their hundred per

cent. of profit with the same dour front they took their frequently trebled loss. Mopping up the German trade until the day came when the heavily subsidized ships of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd drove them out; as well they might, for in one scale hung the efforts of a small company of British merchants, unassisted as ever by its country or Government, the other, a practically Imperial Company backed by the resources of a vast Empire.

But to return to the *Myrtle*, then lying in the bay off the mouth of the Endeavour River, to which we were ferried in one of her own boats, perched on the top of hen coops filled with screeching poultry, several protesting pigs, and two goats; all mixed up with a belated mail bag, parcels sent by local residents to friends in New Guinea, and three hot and particularly cross seamen. The goats we learnt later were destined to serve as mutton for the Government House table; the pigs and hens were a little private venture of the ship's cook, these being intended for barter with natives.

On our arrival at the ship's side, we were promptly boosted up a most elusive rope ladder by the seamen who had ferried us across, the schooner meanwhile rolling in a nasty cross sea and raising the devil's own din with her flapping sails. Tumbled over the bulwarks on to the deck, we were seized upon by a violent little man in a frantic state of excitement, perspiration, and bad language, and ten seconds later found ourselves helping him to haul on the tackles of the boat that brought us, which was then being hoisted in, pigs, goats, luggage, etc., holus bolus; this operation completed, our violent little man introduced himself as Mr. Wisdell, the ship's cook, and volunteered to show us to our berths, after which, as soon as the bustle of getting under way was over, he stated his intention of formerly introducing us to the captain.

Just as we were somewhat dismally becoming quite assured that our imaginations were not deceiving us as to the number of beetles and cockroaches a berth of most attenuated size could contain; also beginning to find that the motions of a schooner of 150 tons were decidedly upsetting to our stomachs, after those of big vessels, Mr. Wisdell returned and, diving into a locker, produced a bottle of whisky, some sodawater, and four tumblers. Three of the latter he placed with the other materials in the fiddle of the cabin's table, the remaining tumbler he held behind his back. Then politely bowing to us, Mr. Wisdell signed that we were to precede him up the companion way on to the poop, where a red-faced, cheery looking little man, clothed in immaculate white ducks, gazed fixedly at the sails or at the man at the wheel, a regard that the helmsman looked as if he would willingly have done without. To him Mr. Wisdell marched, and then "Mr.

Sylvester—Captain Inman—Captain Inman—Mr. Monckton—etc.” Never did Clapham dancing master receive the bows of his class with greater dignity and grace, than did Captain Inman receive those which, modelling our deportment on that of Mr. Wisdell, we made him.

Then Mr. Wisdell, still carrying the tumbler behind his back, spake thus : “Perhaps, Captain Inman, you would like to offer the gentlemen a little something in the cabin ?” Captain Inman unbent : “Billy, the mate has the blasted fever ; send the bo’sun.” Upon the appearance of that potentate, and his having apparently taken over the command, by dint of fixing the man at the wheel with a basilisk glare, Captain Inman led the way to the cabin, where Mr. Wisdell, kindly placing a glass in each of our hands, drew attention to the bottle and, with deprecating little coughs directed towards his commander, modestly backed away. Captain Inman, however, was well versed in the etiquette the occasion demanded and rose to it. “What, Billy, only three glasses ! We want another !” Out shot Mr. Wisdell’s glass from behind his back and the occasion was complete.

Two days of violent sea-sickness then intervened, the misery of which was broken only by the visits of Mr. Wisdell, or as better acquaintance now permitted us to call him, “Billy,” bearing “mutton” broth prepared from goat. These animals, by the way, appear to be indigenous to the streets of Cooktown and to frequent them in large herds ; their sustenance seems to be gleaned from the rubbish heaps and back yards ; for of grass, at the time I was there, there was none, and their camping places were for choice the doorsteps and verandahs of the hotels, from which vantage points, at frequent intervals, the slumbers of the lodgers were cheered by the sound of violent strife, and sweetened by the peculiar fragrance diffused by ancient goats.

Then came one fine and memorable morning when our cheerful little skipper called us to look at Samarai, at that time called by the hideous name of Dinner Island, towards the anchorage of which we were slowly moving, the while, from every direction, a swarm of canoes paddled furiously towards us, crowded with fuzzy-headed natives, all eager to earn a few sticks of tobacco, by assisting in the discharge of the cargo we carried. The canoes were warned off pending the arrival of a health officer to grant pratique, and that official soon appeared in the person of Mr. R. E. Armit, a well-set-up, soldierly looking man of about fifty years of age. Poor Armit, long since killed by the deadly malaria of the Northern Division.

Mr. Armit was Subcollector of Customs and goodness knows what else at Samarai, and was himself an extraordinary personality. An accomplished linguist, widely read and travelled, I never found

a subject about which Armit did not know something and usually a very great deal. He, however, did not possess a faculty for making or retaining money, and did possess a particularly caustic tongue and pen, which, when the mood took him, he would exercise even upon his superior officers ; hence he was frequently in hot water and never lacked enemies.

Samarai boasted neither wharf nor jetty ; our cargo was therefore simply shot over the side into the multitude of canoes and thence ferried to the beach, with such assistance as the ship's boats could afford.

Dinner Island, or as I shall from now on term it, Samarai, is an island of about fifty acres. The hill, which forms the centre of the island, rises from what was then a malodorous swamp, surrounded by a strip of coral beach. The whole island was a gazetted penal district, and the town consisted of the Residency, a fine roomy bungalow built by the Imperial Government for the then Commissioner, General Sir Peter Scratchley—the first of New Guinea officials to be claimed by malaria—and now the headquarters of the Resident Magistrate for the Eastern Division ; a small three-roomed building of native grass and round poles dubbed the Subcollector's house ; a gaol of native material, the roof of which served as a bond store for dutiable goods, and a cemetery : the three latter appeared to be well filled. There was also a small single-roomed galvanized iron building which served as a Custom's house ; in it was employed a clerk, unpaid ; he was an affable gentleman of mixed French and Greek parentage, and was at the time awaiting his trial for murder. Two small stores, the one owned by Burns, Philp and Co., of Sydney, and the other by Mr. William Whitten, now the Honble. William Whitten, M.L.C., completed the main buildings.

Mr. Whitten was the son of a Queen's Messenger, since dead of malaria, and possessed an adventurous disposition which had taken him off to sea as a boy. His first appearance in New Guinea was as one of the personal guard of Sir Peter Scratchley, a body which Sir William MacGregor replaced with his fine native constabulary. Whitten had saved money enough to purchase a small cutter, with which he had begun trading for *bêche-de-mer* in the Trobriand Islands. While dealing with the natives for that commodity, he had discovered that pearls of a fair quality existed in a small oyster forming one of the staple foods of the natives. Whitten purchased large quantities of the pearls from the natives for almost nothing, and had he only been able to keep his discovery to himself, would have had fortune in his grasp. Unfortunately for him, the sale of his prize in Australia brought down upon him a host of other competitors, and the natives, having discovered that the white man was keenly desirous of obtaining what were to

them worthless stones, raised their prices higher and higher until there was little to be gained in the trade.

Whitten, however, had made enough to bring a young brother from England, purchase a bigger and better vessel, also a large quantity of merchandise. At the date of writing, Whitten Brothers own numerous plantations, several steamers and sailing vessels, conduct a banking business, have branches in the gold-fields, and are the largest employers of labour in the country ; in 1895, however, this greatness was as yet undreamt of by them.

Other than the Residency and the glorified sardine box doing duty as the Custom House, the only other building in Samarai formed of European materials—by which I mean sawn timber and fastened with nails—was the bungalow occupied by Burns, Philp's manager, and situated on perhaps the best site there. Gangs of prisoners—native—were engaged quarrying in the hill of Samarai and filling up the swamp, a palpably necessary work. Curiously enough in a pleasantly written little book by Colonel Kenneth Mackay, C.B., entitled "Across Papua," I noticed a reference to this work, which was ultimately the means of stamping malaria out of the place. The author attributed it, amongst others, to Doctor Jones, a health officer who came to New Guinea in recent years. This statement is quite incorrect ; the credit of banishing malaria from Samarai belongs to Sir William MacGregor, and to him alone.

A few sheds, occupied by boat-builders and carpenters, scattered along the beach, complete the buildings of Samarai. Of hotels and accommodation houses there were none, but then there was no travelling public to accommodate ; gold-diggers to and from the islands of Sudest and St. Aignan camped in their tents, which as a rule consisted of a single sheet of calico stretched over a pole ; traders lived in their vessels. Alcoholic refreshment was dispensed at the stores ; Burns, Philp's manager, for instance, or one of the Whittens, ceasing from their book-keeping labours to serve thirsty customers with lager beer or more potent fluids over the store counter. Whitten Brothers had a large roofed balcony with no sides, situated at the back of the store, and here at night, as to a general club-house, foregathered all the Europeans of the island. Under a centre table was placed a supply of varied drinks, and as men came in and bottles were emptied, they were hurled over the edge on to the soft coral sand. In the morning one of the Whittens caused the bottles to be collected by a native boy, counted them, and avoided the trouble of book-keeping by the simple method of dividing the sum total of bottles by the number of men he knew, or that his boy told him, had visited the "house" ; each man therefore, whether a thirsty person or not, was charged exactly the same as his neighbour.

All Samarai was planted with cocoanut palms, the dodging of

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falling nuts from which, in windy weather, served to keep the inhabitants spry. Pyjamas were the almost universal wear, varied in the case of some traders by a strip of turkey-red twill, worn petticoat fashion, and a cotton vest.

Among the traders were two picturesque ruffians, alike in nothing, save the ability with which they conducted their business and dodged hanging. Each had spent his life trading in the South Seas and had amassed a fair fortune. Of them and their exploits I have heard endless yarns. Of one of these men, who was known far and wide through the South Seas as "Nicholas the Greek"—Heaven knows why, for his real name sounded English, and his reckless courage was certainly not typical of the modern Greek—the following stories are told.

A vessel had been cut out in one of the New Guinea or Louisade Islands—which it was I have forgotten—and the crew massacred. When this became known, a man-of-war or Government ship was sent to punish the murderers, and in especial to secure a native chief, who was primarily responsible. The punitive ship came across Nicholas and engaged him as pilot and interpreter, he being offered one hundred pounds when the man wanted was secured. Nicholas safely piloted his charge to some remote island where the inhabitants, doubtless having guilty consciences, promptly fled for the hills, where it was impossible for ordinary Europeans to follow them. He then offered to go alone to try and locate them, and, armed with a ship's cutlass and revolver, disappeared on his quest. Some days elapsed, then in the night a small canoe appeared alongside the ship, from which emerged Nicholas, bearing in his hand a bundle. Marching up to the officer commanding, he undid it, and rolled at the officer's feet a gory human head, remarking, "Here is your man, I couldn't bring the lot of him. I'll thank you for that hundred."

Another story was that Nicholas on one occasion was attacked and frightfully slashed about by his native crew and then thrown overboard, he shamming dead. Sinking in the water he managed to get under the keel, along which he crawled like a crawfish until he came to the rudder, upon which he roosted under the counter until night fell and his crew slept. Then he climbed on board, secured a tomahawk, and either killed or drove overboard the whole crew, they thinking he was an avenging ghost. This done, badly wounded and unassisted, he worked his vessel to a neighbouring island, where, being sickened and disgusted with men, he shipped and trained a crew of native women, with whom he sailed for many years, in fact, I think, until the day came when Sir W. MacGregor appeared upon the scene and passed the Native Labour Ordinance, which, amongst other things, prohibited the carrying of women on vessels.



COCOANUT GROVE NEAR SAMALAI

Of Nicholas also is told the story that once, in the bad old pre-protectorate days, so many charges were brought against him by missionaries and merchantmen that a man-of-war was sent to arrest him, wherever found, and bring him to trial. He, through a friendly trader, got wind of the fact that he was being sought for, and accordingly laid his plans for the bamboozlement of his would-be captors. Summoning his crew, he informed them that his father was dead, and that as he had his father's name of Nicholas, his name must now be "Peter," as the custom of his tribe was, even as that of some New Guinea peoples, viz. not to mention the name of the dead lest harm befall. Then he sailed in search of the pursuing warship and, eventually finding her, went on board and volunteered his services as pilot, which were gladly accepted. To all of his haunts he then guided that ship, but in all the reply of the native was the same, when questioned as to his whereabouts, "We know not Nicholas, he is gone. Peter your pilot comes in his place. Nicholas is dead, and 'tis wrong to mention the name of the dead." It was said of him that on no part of his body could a man's hand be placed without touching the scar of some old wound—a story I can fully believe.

The second of this interesting couple was known as "German Harry," a man of insignificant appearance and little physical strength, but the most venomous little scorpion, when thoroughly roused, it has ever been my lot to meet; at the same time he was the most generous-hearted little man towards the hard up and unfortunate. He had also spent a considerable portion of his time in dodging arrest or explaining certain alleged manslaughters of his before various tribunals. I remember one little specimen I witnessed of Harry's fighting methods, and from that understood why the biggest of bullies and "hard cases" treated him with respect.

A vessel, owned and commanded by a hulking brute of a Dane, had come over from Queensland bringing, amongst other things, some recent papers, one of which contained an account of a disgraceful wife-beating case, in which the Dane figured and in which he had escaped—as such brutes generally do in civilized countries—by the payment of a miserable fine.

As Harry, the Dane and I, were sitting in a gold-field store, Harry read the account, and then gazing at the Dane, said something in German, of which "Schweinhund" was the only word I understood. A glass of rum promptly smashed on Harry's teeth, followed by a bellow of rage and the thrower's rush. Harry in a single instant became a lunatic, and flying like a wild cat at the other's face, kicking, biting, and clawing, bore the big man to the ground, from where, in a few seconds, agonized yells of, "He is eating me," told us the Dane was in dire trouble. Harry was

dragged away by main force, and we found half his victim's nose bitten off, while a bloodshot and protruding eye showed how nearly his thumb had got its work in. The wife-beater went off a mass of funk and misery, while Harry proceeded calmly to attend to the glass cuts on his face. "You are a nice cheerful sort of little hyena," I remarked to Harry afterwards. "What sort of fighting do you call that?" "That? Oh, that's nothing. I only wanted to frighten him or I would have had his eye out as well. He won't throw a glass at German Harry again in a hurry."

Some years later I met German Harry in a Sydney street, and though I had long since thought I was beyond being surprised at anything he did, he yet gave me a further shock when he told me he had purchased a "Matrimonial Agency."

CHAPTER II

THE day following our arrival in Samarai, loud yells of "Sail Ho !" from every native in the island announced that the *Merrie England* was returning from the Mambare River, where the Lieut.-Governor had been occupied in punishing the native murderers of a man named Clarke, the leader of a prospecting party in search of gold ; and in establishing at that point, for the protection of future prospectors, a police post under the gallant but ill-fated John Green. Clarke's murder was destined, though no one realized it at the time, to be the beginning of a long period of bloodshed and anarchy in the Northern Division—then still a portion of the Eastern Division. These events, however, belong to a later date and chapter.

On her voyage south from the Mambare, the *Merrie England* had waited at the mouth of the Musa River, while Sir William MacGregor traversed and mapped that stream. Whilst so engaged, accompanied by but one officer and a single boat's crew of native police, His Excellency discovered a war party of north-east coast natives returning from a cannibal feast, with their canoes loaded with dismembered human bodies. Descending the river, Sir William collected his native police and, attacking the raiders, dealt out condign and summary justice, which resulted in the tribes of the lower Musa dwelling for many a year in a security to which several generations had been strangers.

Some little time after the ship had cast anchor, my friend and myself received a message that Sir William was disengaged ; whereupon we went on board to meet, for the first time, the strongest man it has ever been my fate to look upon. Short, square, slightly bald, speaking with a strong Scotch accent, showing signs of overwork and the ravages of malaria, there was nothing in the first appearance of the man to stamp him as being out of the ordinary, but I had not been three minutes in his cabin before I realized that I was in the presence of a master of men—a Cromwell, a Drake, a Cæsar or Napoleon—his keen grey eyes looking clean through me, and knew that I was being summed and weighed. Once, and only once in my life, have I felt that a man was my master in every way, a person to be blindly obeyed and one who must be

right and infallible, and that was when I met Sir William MacGregor.

Years afterwards, in conversation with a man who had held high command, who had distinguished himself and been much decorated for services in Britain's little wars, I described the impression that MacGregor had made upon me, the sort of overwhelming sense of inferiority he, unconsciously to himself, made one feel, and was told that my friend had experienced a like impression when meeting Cecil Rhodes.

The story of how Sir William MacGregor came to be appointed to New Guinea was to me rather an interesting one, as showing the result, in the history of a country, of a fortunate accident. It was related to me by Bishop Stone-Wigg, to whom it had been told by the man responsible for the appointment, either Sir Samuel Griffiths, Sir Hugh Nelson, or Sir Thomas McIlwraith, which of the three I have now forgotten. Sir William, at the time Doctor MacGregor, was attending, as the representative of Fiji, one of the earlier conferences regarding the proposed Federation of Australasia; he had already made his mark by work performed in connection with the suppression of the revolt among the hill tribes of that Crown Colony. At the conference, amongst other questions, New Guinea came up for discussion, whereupon MacGregor remarked: "There is the last country remaining, in which the Englishman can show what can be done by just native policy." The remark struck the attention of one of the delegates, by whom the mental note was made, "If Queensland ever has a say in the affairs of New Guinea, and I have a say in the affairs of Queensland, you shall be the man for New Guinea." When later, New Guinea was declared a British Possession, Queensland had a very large say in the matter, and the man who had made the mental note happening to be Premier, he caused the appointment of Administrator to be offered to MacGregor, by whom it was accepted.

Of Sir William, a story told me by himself will illustrate his determination of character, even at an early age, though not related with that intention.

MacGregor, when completing his training at a Scotch University, found his money becoming exhausted; no time could he spare from his studies in which to earn any, even were the opportunity there. Something had to be done, so MacGregor called his old Scotch landlady into consultation as to ways and means. "Well, Mr. MacGregor, how much a week can you find?" "Half a crown." "Well, I can do it for that." And this is how she did it. MacGregor had a bowl of porridge for breakfast, nothing else; two fresh herrings or one red one, the cost of the fresh ones being identical with the cured one, for dinner; and a bowl of porridge



THE RIGHT HONBLE. SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR, P.C., G.C.M.G., C.B.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
From the portrait by James Quinn, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1915

again for supper. Thus he completed his course and took the gold medal of his year.

This thoroughness and grim determination MacGregor still carried into his work ; for instance, it was necessary for him, unless he was prepared to have a trained surveyor always with him on his expeditions, to have a knowledge of astronomy and surveying. This he took up with his usual vigour, and I once witnessed a little incident which showed, not only how perfect Sir William had made himself in the subject, but also his unbounded confidence in himself. We were lying off a small island about which a doubt existed as to whether it was within the waters of Queensland or New Guinea. The commander of the *Merrie England*, together with the navigating officer, took a set of stellar observations ; the chief Government surveyor, together with an assistant surveyor, took a second set ; and Sir William took a third. The ship's party and the surveyors arrived at one result, Sir William at a slightly different one ; an ordinary man would have decided that four highly competent professional men must be right and he wrong ; not so, however, MacGregor. "Ye are both wrong," was his remark, when their results were handed to him by the commander and surveyor. They demurred, pointing out that their observations tallied. "Do it again, ye don't agree with mine ;" and sure enough Sir William proved right and they wrong.

My part in this had been to hold a bull's-eye lantern for Sir William to the arc of his theodolite, and to endeavour to attain the immobility of a bronze statue while being devoured by gnats and mosquitoes. Therefore later I sought Stuart Russell, the chief surveyor, with the intention of working off a little of the irritation of the bites by japing at him. "What sort of surveyors do you and Commander Curtis think yourselves ? Got to have a bally amateur to help you, eh ?" "Shut up, Monckton," said Stuart Russell, "we are surveyors of ordinary ability, Sir William is of more than that."

The same sort of thing occurred with Sir William in languages ; he spoke Italian to Giulianetti, poor Giulianetti later murdered at Mekeo ; German to Kowold, poor Kowold, too, later killed by a dynamite explosion on the Musa River ; and French to the members of the Sacred Heart Mission. I believe if a Russian or a Japanese had turned up, Sir William would have addressed him in his own language. Ross-Johnston, at one time private secretary to Sir William, once wailed to me about the standard of erudition Sir William expected in a man's knowledge of a foreign language. Ross-Johnston had been educated in Germany and knew German, as he thought, as well as his own mother tongue. Sir William while reading some abstruse German book, struck a passage the

meaning of which was to him somewhat obscure ; he referred to Ross-Johnston, who, far from being able to explain the passage, could not make sense of the chapter. Whereupon Sir William remarked that he thought Ross-Johnston professed to know German. Ross-Johnston, feeling somewhat injured, took the book to Kowold, who was a German. Kowold gave one look at it, then exclaimed, "Phew ! I can't understand that, it's written by a scientist for scientists !"

One little story about MacGregor, a story I have always loved, was that on one occasion while sitting in Legislative Council some member, bolder than usual, asked, "What happens, your Excellency, should Council differ with your views?" "Man," replied Sir William, "the result would be the same." But I digress, as Bullen remarks, and shall return from stories about MacGregor to his cabin and my own affairs.

Sir William told my friend and myself, that for two reasons he could not offer either of us employment in his service. Firstly, that the amount of money at his disposal, £12,000 per annum, did not permit of fresh appointments until vacancies occurred ; secondly, that his officers must be conversant with native customs and ways of thought, which experience we were entirely lacking. His Excellency, however, told us that he had just received word of the discovery of gold upon Woodlark Island, to which place the ship would at once proceed, and that we might go in her ; an offer we gladly accepted.

Then for the first time I met Mr. F. P. Winter, afterwards Sir Francis Winter, Chief Magistrate of the Possession ; the Hon. M. H. Moreton, Resident Magistrate of the Eastern Division ; Cameron, Chief Government Surveyor ; Mervyn Jones, Commander of the *Merrie England* ; and Meredith, head gaoler.

Winter had been a law officer in the service of Fiji, and upon the appointment of Sir William MacGregor to New Guinea, had been chosen by him as his Chief Justice and general right-hand man ; the wisdom of which choice later years amply showed. Widely read, a profound thinker, possessed of a singular charm of manner, simple and unaffected to a degree, Winter was a man that fascinated every one with whom he came in contact. I don't think he ever said an unkind word or did a mean action in his life. Every officer in the Service, then and later, took his troubles to him, and every unfortunate out of the Service appealed to his purse.

Moreton, a younger brother of the present Earl of Ducie, had begun life in the Seaforth Highlanders ; plucky, hard working, and the best of good fellows, he was fated to work on in New Guinea till, with his constitution shattered, an Australian Government chucked him out to make room for a younger man ; shortly after which he died.

Cameron, the surveyor, was another good man, and wholly wrapped up in his work. Of Cameron it was said, that he imagined that surveyors were not for the purpose of surveying the earth, but that the earth was created solely for them to survey. He, good chap, was luckier than Moreton, for his fate was to die in harness ; he being found sitting dead in his chair, pen in hand, with a half-written dispatch in front of him.

Mervyn Jones was a particularly smart seaman and navigator ; educated at Eton for other things, the sea had, however, exercised an irresistible fascination for him ; being too old for the Navy, he had worked up into the Naval Reserve through the Merchant Service, and thus had come out to command the *Merrie England*. The charts of the Coral Sea owe much to his labour, and to that also of his two officers, Rothwell and Taylor. All these officers were destined later to share a more or less common fate : Jones died of a combination of lungs and malaria, Taylor of malaria at sea, whilst Rothwell was invalided out of the service. Meredith was taking a gang of native convicts down to Sudest Island ; they had been lent by the New Guinea Government to assist in making a road to a gold reef discovered there which was now being opened by an Australian company. It was here that he and many of his charges left their bones.

Not far from Sudest lies Rossel Island, a wooded hilly land, inhabited by a small dark-skinned people differing in language and customs from all other Papuans. Personally I do not believe they have any affinity with Papuans, either by descent or in other ways, whatever views ethnologists may hold. The Rossel Islanders have among their songs several Chinese chants, the origin of which is explained in this way. In September, 1858, the ship *St. Paul*, bound from China to the Australian gold-fields, and carrying some three hundred Chinese coolies, was wrecked on an outlying sand-bank of Rossel. The European officers and crew took to the boats and made their way to Queensland, the Chinamen being left to shift for themselves. Thus abandoned to their fate, the Chinamen were discovered by the islanders, and were by them liberally supplied with food and water ; when well fattened they were removed in canoes to the main island, in lots of five and ten, and there killed and eaten. The Chinamen, when removed, were under the impression that they were merely taken in small numbers as the native canoes could only carry a few passengers at a time, being ignorant of the distance of the sea journey. As they left their awful sand-bank in the canoes, they sang pæans and chants of joy, which the quick-eared natives picked up and incorporated in their songs. In 1859 but one solitary Chinaman remained of the three hundred, and he, fortunate man, was taken of Rossel by a passing French steamer and landed in Australia,

where history or scandal says he later pursued the occupation of sly grog seller at a Victorian gold rush, and being convicted thereof, was later pardoned in consideration of his sufferings and being the sole survivor of three hundred.

From Sudest the *Merrie England* went on to Woodlark Island, from whence the discovery of gold had been reported by a couple of traders, Lobb and Ede. These two men were a very good example of the old gold-field's practice of "dividing mates." Lobb was professional gold or other mineral prospector, who had sought for gold in any land where it was likely to occur; when successful, his gains, however great, soon slipped away; when unsuccessful, he depended on a "mate" to finance and feed him, in diggers' language, "grub stake" him, until such time as his unerring instinct should again locate a fresh find. Ede was a New Guinea trader owning a cocoanut plantation on the Laughlan Isles, together with a small vessel. Ede landed Lobb on Woodlark with a number of reliable natives, and, keeping him going with tools, provisions, etc., at last had his reward by word from Lobb of the discovery of payable gold. Thereupon they had reported their discovery and applied for a reward claim to the Administration, together with the request that the island should be proclaimed a gold-field; and at the same time had informed their trader friends, some twenty in all, of what was to be gained at the island.

Lobb and Ede, with their twenty friends, formed the European population of the island when the *Merrie England* arrived there; with the exception of Lobb, there was not an experienced miner in the lot. The twenty were a curious collection of men: an ex-Captain in Les Chasseurs D'Afrique, whom later on I got to know very well, but who, poor chap, was always most unjustly suspected by the diggers of being an escapee from the French convict establishment at New Caledonia, merely because he was a Frenchman; an unfrocked priest, who by the way was a most plausible and finished scoundrel; and the son of the Premier of one of the Australian colonies; these now, with Ede and myself, constitute the sole survivors of the men who heard Sir William declare the island a gold-field. Here it was that an ex-British resident, and the son of a famous Irish Churchman, jostled shoulders with men whose real names were only known to the police in the various countries from which they hailed. "Jimmy from Heaven," an angelic person, who was once sentenced to be hanged for murder and, the rope breaking, gained a reprieve and pardon, hence his sobriquet; "Greasy Bill"; "Bill the Boozer"; "French Pete"; and "The Dove," a most truculent scoundrel; the names they answered to sufficiently explain the men.

All nationalities and all shades of character, from good to damned bad, they however all held two virtues in common : a dauntless courage and a large charity to the unfortunate ; traits which will perhaps stand them in better stead in the bourne to which they have gone than they did in New Guinea.

CHAPTER III

SOME six months I put in at Woodlark Island, acquiring during that time a fine strong brand of malaria, a crop of boils, which had spread like wildfire among the mining camps, catching Europeans and natives alike, a little gold, and a large amount of experience ; all of which were most painfully acquired.

Sylvester, after having suffered some particularly malignant bouts of malaria and having developed some corroding and fast-spreading mangrove ulcers, parted company with me and went to New Zealand. The mangrove ulcer, commonly called New Guinea sore, is, I think, quite the most beastly thing one has to contend with on those islands ; it is mainly caused, in the first instance, by leech or mosquito bites setting up an irritation which causes the victim to scratch ; then the poisonous mud of either mangrove or pandanus swamps gets into the abrasion, and an indolent ulcer is set up, which slowly but perceptibly spreads, as well as eating inward to the bone, for which I know no remedy other than a change to a temperate climate. Painful when touched during the day, it is agony itself when the legs stiffen at night.

The method of obtaining gold, at the time I was at Woodlark Island, was primitive and simple in the extreme, and was performed in this way. Having located a stream, gully or ravine, in which a "prospect" could be found to the "dish," the "prospect" consisting of one or more grains of gold, the "dish" holding approximately thirty pounds weight of wash dirt, *i.e.* gold-bearing gravel, the miner—or digger, as he is more generally called—pegged out a claim of some fifty feet square. When he had done this he put in a small dam, to the overflow of which he attached a wooden box some six feet long by twelve inches wide, having a fall of one inch to the foot, and paved with either flat stones or plaited vines. Into the head of this box was then thrown the wash dirt, from which the action of the water washed away the stones, sand, etc., leaving the gold precipitated at the bottom. The larger the flow of water, the more dirt could be put through, and the more dirt the more gold.

The title to a claim consisted of a document called a "Miner's

Right," which permitted the holder to peg out and keep the above area, or as many more of similar dimensions as he chose to occupy or man. A miner's right cost ten shillings per annum and *ipso facto* constituted the holder a miner—sex, infancy, or nationality notwithstanding, the only ineligibles being Chinese. "Manning ground" consisted of placing a person holding a miner's right in occupation thereof, the wages that person received being immaterial. Thus a man employing ten or a dozen Papuans, at wages ranging from five to ten shillings a month, could, by merely paying ten shillings per annum per head for miner's rights, monopolize ten or a dozen claims. The wages of the European miner ranged from twenty shillings a day and upwards, this, of course, being the man contemplated by the Queensland Mining Act, and adopted by New Guinea, as the person likely to man and work ground held by the miner holding ground in excess of that to which his own "right" entitled him.

In theory, it is of course manifestly unfair, that the native of a country should be classed as an alien, and debarred from any privilege conferred by law upon Europeans; but in practice, the granting of miner's rights to them merely means that the European able to employ a number of natives can monopolize claims, to the exclusion of other Europeans. The native gets no more wages for his privilege of holding ground, and were the privilege withdrawn would still obtain exactly the employment he gets now, as his labour in working the claims is necessary and profitable to his employer, and the supply of native labour for the miner is never equal to the demand.

An interesting feature in connection with gold-mining on Woodlark Island was that frequently the gold-bearing gravel ran under old coral reefs, thus showing plainly that the whole gold-field had once been submerged under the sea. A warm spring running into one of the streams was, however, the only indication of past volcanic action. In the pearling ground off the island of Sudest, there occurs again under the sea, at a depth of fifteen fathoms, a big quartz reef running through the live coral and sand bottom—whether gold-bearing or not I cannot say—and dipping underground as it nears the shore.

Some time after my arrival at Woodlark the schooner *Ivanhoe* came in bringing provisions, tools, etc., for the gold-diggers, together with a number of fresh arrivals, among whom was a Russian Finn, the meanest and, in his personal habits, the dirtiest beast I have ever met. This fellow proved most successful in his mining; but eventually, while prospecting near his claim, lost himself in the forest. Upon his being missed, a search party was organized by the diggers to look for him, but after some weeks the quest was abandoned as hopeless and the man given up for

lost ; a considerable amount was, however, subscribed and offered by the diggers as a reward to any one finding or bringing him in. The Finn, in the long run, was discovered in a starving condition by some natives who, after feeding him and nursing him back to life, brought him to the mining camp, where he learnt of the reward offered for his recovery. He then had the ineffable impudence to object to its being paid over to the natives, on the ground that it was subscribed for his benefit, and that therefore he should receive it, magnanimously saying, however, that the natives should be given a few pounds of tobacco. Needless to remark, his views were disregarded, and the natives received the full amount ; the man, however, as he was yet in a weak state of health and professed to have lost all his gold, was given sufficient to pay his passage to Samarai and maintain himself for a month from a fresh "hat" collection. At Samarai he resided for some time cadging, loafing, and pleading poverty, until one day the repose of the inhabitants was disturbed by wails of bitter grief proceeding from the interior of a small building, which was built over a bottomless hole descending through the coral rock, and was used by the islanders as a receptacle for refuse. Inquiry disclosed the fact that, during all the time he was lost and later, the Finn had worn a belt next his skin containing over two hundred ounces of gold, which he had kept carefully concealed. Having cadged a little more gold, he had gone to the small building, as being the most secluded place, to add it to his store when, being suddenly startled, he had inadvertently knocked the belt into the hole, where it lies to this day.

This was an instance of a man losing his gold, and well he deserved it ; but I knew of another instance in which a large amount of gold was lost and recovered in a manner so miraculous, that but for the fact that many men are yet living in New Guinea, fully acquainted with all the circumstances, I should hesitate to tell the story.

A party of successful miners was returning to Samarai in a small cutter chartered for the occasion, the gold belonging to the individual men in their separate parcels or "shammys" as they are called—the name is derived from a corruption of chamois, the skin of which animal is fondly supposed by diggers to furnish the only material for bullion bags—being sown up together in a large hoop of canvas, and placed on the hatch in open view of all hands. The weather was fine and clear, no danger being anticipated, when as the vessel entered China Straits she was struck by a sudden squall, and heeling over shot the diggers' shammys into the scuppers, through one of which they disappeared. So soon as the startled skipper could collect his wits and get his vessel in hand, he took soundings and bearings, and running hastily into Samarai, collected such pearlers as were there working, and offered

half the gold to any of them recovering it. Several pearlers at once sailed for the spot, accompanied by the cutter of the bereaved diggers, which dropped her anchor at the scene of the accident and proceeded to watch operations. Diver after diver descended and toiled, diver after diver ascended and reported a soft mud bottom and a hopeless quest ; pearler after pearler lifted his anchor and went back to Samarai, until at last the cutter hoisted her anchor also, preparatory to taking the diggers back to the gold-fields. A disconsolate lot of men watched that anchor coming up, but I leave to the imagination the change in their expressions when, clinging in the mud to the fluke of the anchor, they saw their canvas belt of gold.

After the departure of Sylvester I went into partnership with one Karl Wilsen, a Swede ; he furnishing towards the assets of the partnership a poor claim and local mining experience, I, a well-filled chest of drugs and some knowledge of medicine. A couple of weeks after our partnership had been arranged, Lobb, the original prospector of the island, appeared at our claim with the news of a new gold find, at which he advised us to peg out a claim. At the same time he told me he was sailing for Samarai in a lugger owned by his partner Ede, in order to buy fresh stores, and asked me for company's sake to go with him, holding out, as an inducement, that by doing so I could obtain some natives to assist in the heavy manual labour of the claim. Wilsen hastily left for the new find to peg out a joint claim for the pair of us, and I departed with Lobb for Samarai.

Lobb's vessel, on which I now found myself, was an old P. and O. lifeboat, built up until of about seven tons burthen, lug-rigged on two masts, and carrying a crew of six Teste Island ("Wari") boys. Lobb, I soon found to be absolutely ignorant of the most elementary knowledge of either seamanship or navigation ; the seamanship necessary for our safe journey being furnished by the Wari boys, who had for generations been the makers and sailors of the large Wari sailing canoes trading between the islands. This kind of navigation consisted of sailing from island to island, being entirely dependent on the local knowledge of individual members of the crew to identify each island when sighted.

Shortly after leaving Woodlark we fell into a dead calm which lasted until nightfall—after which Lobb improved the occasion by getting drunk—then came on heavy variable rain squalls, during which the native crew appealed to me as to how they were to steer ; being unable to see, they did not know where they were going, and Lobb was not by any means in a state to direct them. Fortunately I had noticed the compass bearing when we had left the passage from Woodlark and headed for Iwa, this being the

line laid down by the crew in daylight ; upon my asking them whether we should be safe if we followed that, and their replying "we should be," I pasted a slip of white paper on the compass card and told them to keep it in a line with the jib-boom. When dawn broke, we had Iwa in front of us a few miles ahead, and running slowly up to it, hove-to in deep water, there being no anchorage off its shores.

Iwa is a somewhat remarkable island, and inhabited by a somewhat remarkable people. Rising sheer from the sea with precipitous faces, the only means of access to the summit is by the inhabitants' ladders, made of vines and poles lashed together. The summit consists of shelving tablelands and terraces, all under a system of intense cultivation ; yams, taro, the root of a sort of Arum, sweet potatoes, paw paws, pumpkins, etc., being grown in enormous quantities. The island of Iwa is quite impregnable so far as any attack by an enemy unarmed with cannon is concerned, and the natives have succeeded well as pirates in years gone by. From the top of Iwa, a clear view of many miles of surrounding sea could be had, and the husbandman, toiling in his garden, usually owned a share in a large paddle canoe, one of many hauled up in the crevices and rocks at the foot of the precipices of his island home. Sooner or later he would sight a sailing canoe, belonging to one of the other islands, becalmed or brought by the drift of currents to within sight of Iwa. At once, in response to his yell, a dozen paddle canoes, crowded with men, would take the water, and unless a breeze in the meantime sprang up, the traders usually fell easy victims. Reprisals there could be none, for no war party dispatched by one of the outraged tribes had a hope of scaling the cliffs of Iwa. The people there possessed an unusual skill in wood carving, their paddles, shaped like a water-lily leaf, being frequently marvels of workmanship.

Lobb remained hove-to for a couple of days at Iwa, purchasing copra (dried cocoanut kernel), used for making oilcake for cattle and the better quality of soap, together with the before-mentioned beautiful carved paddles of the people. Sometimes the lugger lay within a couple of hundred yards of the shore, sometimes she drifted out a couple of miles, whereupon half a dozen canoes, manned by a dozen sturdy natives, would drag us back to within the shorter distance. On the second day of our stay I witnessed a particularly callous and brutal murder. A woman swam out and sold a paddle to Lobb, for which she received payment in tobacco. Swimming ashore she met a man, apparently her husband, to whom she handed the tobacco. He, seeming not to be at all pleased with the price, struck the woman, and she fled into the sea, where he pursued and clubbed her, the body of the murdered woman drifting out and past our vessel. Lobb, to my amazement,

took absolutely no notice of this little incident, and upon my drawing his attention to it and suggesting we should seize the murderer and take him to Samarai for trial, merely remarked, that I should do better to mind my own business.

Upon leaving the island, four days' sail put us into Samarai, where, amongst other things in the course of casual conversation, I told Moreton of the murder I had seen at Iwa. Moreton questioned Lobb, who professed to know nothing about it. Lobb then tackled me, asking whether I was desirous of hanging about Samarai for three or four months, at my own expense, waiting for a sitting of the Central Court—the only court in New Guinea for capital offences—and upon my replying, that in that case I should starve as I had little money and there was no opportunity in Samarai of making any, Lobb said, "Exactly; well you had better forget all about that murder at Iwa, or you will be kept here." I then went again to Moreton, who asked me whether I could swear to the man who did the murder, and I replied that I could not, as he was some hundred yards distant from me at the time and one native looked very like another. Moreton remarked, "I think Lobb's advice to you is rather good, better follow it."

Lobb remained about a week in Samarai recruiting a number of "boys" for work in his claim, and among them a couple, Sione and Gisavia, for me. We then sailed again for Woodlark. Upon our arrival back at the gold-field, I heard that the claim pegged out by Wilsen for the pair of us was a very rich one, but that he had taken Bill the Boozer into partnership instead of me. This story I found to be true; Wilsen had been tempted by a solid bribe when he found how good the ground was, and had drawn the pegs in my portion, which were at once replaced by Bill the Boozer, Wilsen declaring that I had gone for good. Wilsen and I then had a fight, in which I succeeded in giving him the father of a licking; this being followed by a law suit which I lost, mainly owing to the magnificent powers of lying displayed by Wilsen and the Boozer. I only met Wilsen twice after this, once, when he was witness in a court in which I was presiding as magistrate, and where he was so glib and fluent that I gave judgment for the opposing side, feeling quite convinced that any people Wilsen was connected with must be in the wrong; and again, when I held an inquest on his corpse, his death having been caused by his getting his life line and air pipe entangled while diving for pearl shell, and being paralysed by the long-sustained pressure. These events, however, were to occur at a later time.

In the meantime I had no claim, and it behoved me to find one; whereupon, accompanied by Sione and Gisavia, I wandered off into the jungle of Woodlark in search of a gold-bearing gully.

Creek after creek and gully after gully we sunk holes in and tried, sometimes getting for our pains a few pennyweights of gold, but more often nothing. For food we depended on a small mat of rice of about fifty pounds weight carried by one boy, and as many sweet potatoes, yams or taro we could pick up from wandering natives. The other boy carried a pick and shovel, tin dish, crowbar, axe and knife, and three plain deal boards with a few nails, comprising our simple mining equipment, together with a sheet of calico, used as a "fly" or tent, to keep the rain from us at night. My pack consisted of a spare shirt, trousers and boots, rifle, revolver, ammunition, two billy cans for making tea and boiling rice, compass and matches, and last but not least a small roll case of the excellent tabloid drugs of Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome.

In our wanderings we struck a valley—now known as Bushai—where at intervals of three hundred yards we put down pot holes without a "colour" to the dish. (A colour is a speck of gold, however minute.) This was an instance of bad luck sometimes dogging a prospector, for, some months later, a man named Mackenzie found the valley, and in the first hole he sunk found rich gold, while the claims pegged out on each side of his holding proved very payable "shows." I came there again when it was a proved field and, recognizing the valley, asked Mackenzie whether on his first arrival he had noticed any pot holes. "Yes," he said, "three of them I don't know who made them, but they were the only spots in the valley where I could not find a payable prospect." There was then no ground left for me, so I went away, cursing the fates that had made me select the only barren parts of a rich valley in which to sink my holes.

This incident, however, belongs to a later day, and having "duffered" the valley as I thought, my boys and I prowled on through the forest over the place where the Kulamadau mine now stands, at which point we finished our "tucker" and obtained a few ounces of gold, enough to buy supplies for a few more weeks, when we should get to some place where such could be obtained. Living mainly on roots and a few birds, we fell into a mangrove swamp, where the three of us obtained such a crop of mangrove ulcers that we were hardly able to walk, and were obliged to strike straight for the sea. My boys of course wore no boots, and their swollen legs, painful as they might be, were not so inconvenient to them as mine were to me; for in my case I did not dare to take off my boots, for fear of not being able to get my enlarged feet into them again.

After a day with nothing to eat, we found the sea and an alligator. The alligator I shot, and we were eating him when we saw the sails of a schooner coming round a point close in shore.

By dint of firing my revolver, and my boys howling vigorously, we attracted the attention of those on board; and a boat was lowered and sent to us, in which we went off to her, and then I discovered it was German Harry's craft, the *Galatea*. German Harry had a cargo of stores for Woodlark, and was accompanied by a European wife—not his own, but some one else's with whom he had bolted. He received me with sympathy and hospitality, and, telling his cook to boil quantities of hot water for the treatment of my own and my boys' mangrove ulcers, set to work looking for bandages and soothing unguents, leaving me to be entertained by the other man's wife.

A fortnight I put in with German Harry, acting for him as a sort of supercargo in tallying the sale of his cargo, listening to his tales of experiences in the islands, picking up the rudiments of navigation and the whole art of diving for pearls and mother of pearl by aid of the apparatus manufactured by either Siebe Gorman or Heinke, the only two firms of submarine engineers considered by the pearl fishers as at all worthy of patronage. Harry had on board the complete plants, from air pumps to dresses, of the rival manufacturers; and after exhaustive trials I came to the same conclusion as he, that both were equally excellent in still waters, and both beastly dangerous in currents or rough seas.

At the end of the two weeks the *Galatea* sailed for other parts, and I, refusing Harry's invitation to accompany him again, plunged once more into the forest of Woodlark in search of gold and fortune. On this trip my sole discovery was some aged lime trees and old hard wood piles of European houses, which later inquiry among the natives showed me were the remains of an old French Jesuit Mission long since come and gone; these trees and piles and a few French words current among the natives, such as "couteaux," being all that was left of their work.

Wandering back from the second and even more disastrous trip than the first (for in addition to an entire lack of gold and a second crop of ulcers, my boys and myself had now added intermittent and severe malaria to our stock-in-trade), I dropped into a gully in which a white miner was working by his lonesome self. Jim Brady was his name, and after feeding us and listening to our tales of adventure, or rather misadventure, he spake thus: "I have a damned poor show here, just about pays tucker, but if you like to chip in with your boys we will do a little better, and when we have fattened up a bit, one can keep the show going while t'other looks for something better." Eagerly I accepted this offer, my boys and myself being only too thankful to find somewhere to rest out of the rain, with a fair prospect of three square meals a day. Brady and I then worked together for some months with

varying fortune ; the sole dissension arising between us being due to my stealing a piece of calico, in which he used to boil duff, with which to patch my only remaining pair of trousers.

Then one afternoon, whilst I and the two boys were digging out wash dirt and feeding the "sluice box," he suddenly squealed, "What in the devil's name are you sending me now ? It's a porphery leader and giving a weight to the dish," *i.e.* a penny-weight of gold, worth about three shillings and fourpence. Brady then came and looked at the place where I was digging, and remarked, "Cover it up with mullock at once, it's a good thing and we don't want a crowd here." I remonstrated, saying that we wanted all the gold we could get ; but Brady said, "Yes, and we want all the ground we can get and enough money to clear from this blasted country ; that leader wants capital, for which we shall have to arrange." In obedience to Brady's instructions I covered up the leader, and had hardly finished doing so, when an excited digger dropped into our claim exclaiming, "Have you heard the news ? Mackenzie has struck a new gully with an ounce to the dish." Brady and I at once bolted for a newly opened store to arrange a credit for tucker, to enable him to proceed to the new find. In the meanwhile, I was to remain and work our present claim to cover expenses. The store-keeper, one Thompson, was obdurate, refusing to give us any credit or even to sell us sufficient supplies for gold, to enable Brady to go to the new rush, he wishing to assist his own friends, or rather those men who could be depended on to spend all their earnings in grog at his store.

Brady and I were sitting most disconsolately outside the store when a cutter, the *White Squall*, came in loaded with diggers, but no supplies, when I suddenly overheard a remark of Thompson's : "By God, I must buy or charter that cutter for Samarai for stores." The cutter brought a mail, and amongst my letters I found a notice from Burns, Philp and Co., that £100 had been placed to my credit at Samarai ; whereupon Thompson's remark recurred to my memory. "Jim," I said to Brady, "how much gold have we ?" "Ten ounces," he said. "Hand it over," said I, "I have a ploy." Brady handed it over, and I sought the owner of the cutter, saying I wanted to buy her. He said he was asking Thompson £100 for her, but Thompson was a . . . Jew and only offered £60. I replied, "Well, here are ten ounces on deposit, and an order on Burns, Philp and Co., of Samarai, for the rest, and this letter of theirs will show it is all right." In five minutes the deal was completed ; and the *White Squall* papers being handed over to me, I returned to Brady. "Jim," I said, "you need a sea trip and so do I ; also we will set up as yacht owners and store-keepers. Let's go up to

Thompson and tell him the good news." We found him and told him we had bought the *White Squall*, and intended to sail her to Samarai ourselves. I also pointed out that there was an absolute dearth of supplies at Woodlark, and we expected to make a good thing by store-keeping. Thompson's language, as Bret Harte has it, was for a time "painful and free"; then he rushed off to the former owners of the cutter, to try and persuade them to cancel the deal as we were "dead broke," and could not pay for the vessel. Unfortunately, however, for him the vendors chose to consider us as honest men, this apart from having completed the deal, and told Thompson to go to a warmer region. He then came again to me with an *ad misericordiam* appeal. "Look here, if I don't get this boat I am a ruined man; how much do you want? I never thought that you two dead beats could buy a vessel, or I would have bid higher." I gently pointed out that all Brady and I had wanted was fair treatment from him, which we had not got; also that we had no wish to become store-keepers or traders, but as he had forced us into the position, he could either buy us out or count on our opposition in his own business. I then remarked that I would leave the negotiations to Brady.

Brady's terms were short and sweet: £100 for the vessel, £100 on top of that for ourselves, together with Thompson's original offer of £60. Thompson squealed loudly, but as we were ready to go to sea, accepted the offer and took over the *White Squall*. In passing, I might now remark that later knowledge showed me the *White Squall* was not worth £5; she was thoroughly rotten, the only good things about her being her pumps. She had sneaked out of a Queensland port without the cognizance of the authorities; but of these facts at the time I was ignorant; and Brady and I were much surprised to hear later that, after three or four highly profitable trips for Thompson, she had sunk. Her sinking was caused by an irate master leaping suddenly down into the forecabin to deal with a recalcitrant member of the crew, and in his energy sending his legs through her rotten planking.

After the completion of the *White Squall* deal, Brady went off to the new rush, where he pegged out a good claim, I remaining to shepherd our old one. A few days after his departure I received a note from him saying I had better abandon the claim I was holding, as our lode was safely buried, and come to the new rush. On my way thither I dropped into a gully and began prospecting it, just as another white man, accompanied as I was by two boys, started the same game. We both struck highly payable gold at about the same time, and each claimed the gully by right of discovery. For two or three minutes we—each with

drawn revolvers, and each backed by our boys armed respectively with a rifle and fowling piece—argued the question ; and in the end, as an alternative to murdering one another, decided to go into partnership and work it jointly, each to divide our share with our former mates.

My new partner was named John Graham ; he had previously been an assistant Resident Magistrate in the service of the British New Guinea Government, and later the owner of some pearl-fishing vessels. We worked together very amicably for some months, when, receiving a good offer for our claim, we sold out and separated, he to buy the wreck of a vessel with the intention of refitting it and resuming trading. After about a week's work again with Brady, some severe attacks of malaria gave me a distinct hint to go to sea for a short time, and at my suggestion we dissolved partnership, Brady remaining in the claim, and I, with my two boys, going to Suloga Bay with the intention of there finding a vessel bound for Samarai.

CHAPTER IV

AT Suloga Bay I found Graham still waiting, in charge of a small cutter owned by a local resident, which he had undertaken to take to Samarai for repairs and a new crew, the original boys having deserted to the mines. Graham had a couple of natives as crew, but, as the cutter was leaking badly, had been afraid to put to sea weak-handed. My arrival with my two boys, however, relieved him of this difficulty, and away we went for Samarai.

Never since then have I known such a wholly beastly trip as that one was. We were all rotten with malaria, the cutter's decks were warped and leaking everywhere from lying in the sun, consequently day and night we had to pump the wretched boat out, or she half filled. The North-West Monsoon was on; and the weather principally consisted of flat calms, during which we grilled under a burning sun, or fierce squalls accompanied by torrential rains, in which our rotten sails burst, and beneath decks was more like a combination of Turkish and shower baths than anything else. Pumping ship, patching sails, drying our clothes, and belting our sick boys into performing their necessary duties, formed our occupation; cursing freely, and betting on our temperatures taken with a clinical thermometer, our diversion; mouldy rice, stringy, oily, ever-warm tinned beef, pumpkin and stodgy taro, our diet. Vile tea and dirty-looking sugar we abandoned for a more healthful beverage, consisting of five grains of quinine and one drop of carbolic acid to a pannikin of water, always of course luke-warm. Dysentery beginning amongst the boys added to our woes; but fortunately for us, we crawled through the China Straits into Samarai on the day following their being taken ill, and gladly handed over our rotten tub to the boat-builders.

Here, Graham and I separated; he, after a week's rest, going to see to his wreck, and I remaining to recuperate as the only guest in the "Golden Fleece Hotel," which had recently been instituted by Tommy Rous upon a capital of ten pounds. The hotel consisted of one large room with a verandah all round it, a small room used as a cook-house detached from the other, and a

bar-room next to Tommy's bedroom. All the buildings were made of palms laced together and thatched with the leaf of the sago palm ; with the exception of Tommy's bedroom and the bar-room the whole place was innocent of doors and windows, other than square holes in the walls to admit light and air. The guests were expected to provide their own blankets, plates, knives, forks, and pannikins, and to sleep on the palm floor. A long wooden table ran down the verandah, at which meals were eaten. Meals never varied ; Tommy's cook, a New Guinea boy, had but two dishes : "situ," which consisted of tinned meat, yams, sweet potatoes and pumpkins all stewed together ; and "kari," the same meat mixed with curry powder and served with rice. Anything else, fish or fresh game for instance, the guests were supposed to provide for themselves.

Tommy was the son of a New Zealand doctor and had gone to sea as a supercargo on one of Burns, Philp and Co.'s vessels. Falling down the hold at sea he had crushed in three ribs and otherwise hurt himself, and at his own request had been put ashore at Samarai, where Armit had patched him up as well as he could. Charles Arbouine, the manager for Burns, Philp and Co. at Samarai, suggested to Tommy that, as he was now incapacitated for any other work, he should start a hotel and relieve the firm of the retail liquor trade, he, Arbouine, being tired of traders and diggers clamouring to be served with drinks at all times. Tommy accordingly expended his capital in the building before mentioned, and with a staff of one native boy began business. Graham and I were his first regular guests. Nightly to the pub came Armit, Arbouine, one of the Whittens, or any wandering trader, to play whist or to gossip ; if five or six were present we varied whist by loo or poker, in which quinine tabloids were used to represent counters of sixpence, and pistol cartridges shillings or half-crowns according to their calibre.

A fortnight or so after my return to Samarai, Moreton came back from a cruise in the *Siai*, and our monotony was further relieved by the arrival of a number of lucky diggers proceeding to that island. The result was that the "Golden Fleece" became most unpleasantly crowded, and I prepared to flit.

Tommy Rous, however, developed a nasty attack of malaria accompanied by hæmorrhage of the lungs due to his accident, and begged me to stay with him until his visitors had departed. He said, "It will be no trouble to you ; just look after the pub until I am well again or this lot have cleared out. All you have to do, is to order the stores and collect the cash." I protested that I knew nothing about running pubs and didn't want to learn, also that I was certain that Tommy was going to be very ill and I should have to look after the show. Privately, Armit, Moreton

and I were certain he was going to die. He cut short my protests by saying, "he knew nothing and I could not know less," and followed it by becoming so ill that it would have been sheer cruelty to remove him from his room or trouble him with anything. The result was that I suddenly found myself in the position of unpaid hotel-keeper.

Tommy's boy, the cook, began complications by striking cook's duties to go and attend to him, and I had to turn on my own two boys as cooks. They were zealous and willing, but I feel convinced that their efforts in the culinary art seriously increased the flow of profanity in the hotel's digger guests and impaired their faint hope of Heaven. I then made it a fixed rule that everything supplied was for cash, as I was not going to be bothered keeping accounts ; this rule also caused a lot of profanity, as the supply of silver in the island was limited, and the diggers frequently had to wait for drinks until I had paid the takings into Burns, Philp and Co., and they again had bought it out for gold dust. At ten o'clock I closed the bar, in order that the row should not disturb Rous ; whereupon some of our lodgers would go to bed on the floor of the big room, others would take bottles and visit various vessels or yarn on the beach, whilst another lot would adjourn to Whitten's store. I then paid a visit to Tommy, fixed him up for the night, and told him the result of the day's takings. After which my boys made me up a bed in the bar, and we turned in for the night.

About midnight, the first contingent of stray guests would return, more or less drunk, fall over those already occupying spaces on the floor and, after torrents of blasphemy and recriminations, turn in. After this, at intervals ranging until daylight, they returned in two's and three's, some singing, some arguing, some swearing, some quarrelling, but nearly all signalizing their arrival by also falling over the sleepers on the floor and again causing fresh floods of blasphemy and bad temper, which, in nine cases out of ten, ended in a free fight. Among our guests at the "Golden Fleece" were two who, when all else was peaceful, were almost certain to start a row, being just about as adaptable to one another as oil to water. The one was named Farquhar, a man as comfortable in the surroundings he was in, as a turtle would be on a tight rope ; the other was O'Regan the Rager, a digger.

Farquhar had been a bank manager in Australia, and was a man particularly precise in his speech and neat in his personal appearance, however worn or darned his clothes might be, and the untidyness and lurid language of one type of digger were abhorrent to him. O'Regan was one of this type ; he was never sober when he had an opportunity of being drunk, never washed, slept in his clothes, and at all times diffused an odour of stale drink and

fermenting humanity. Farquhar's expression during the day time when O'Regan was in the vicinity would assume that of a spinster aunt suspicious of a defect in the drainage, and with turned shoulders and averted face he would endeavour not to see O'Regan. The latter would glare at him and mutter things about "—— broken down, white-livered swells." Night would come, Farquhar would go to bed, the rows and riots would subside into peaceful snores, when last of all O'Regan would return with about two bottles of the most potent rum inside him. Screams and yells would herald his arrival. "Phwere is that —— Farker? I'm the blankety blank best man in the blanky camp, wid me hands will I thare the blanky crimson guts from his insoide." Then O'Regan, climbing upon the verandah, would make night hideous with his yells, the while he banged the table with his stick, and hurled defiance at mankind at large and threats at Farquhar's viscera in particular. Sometimes a storm of oaths and missiles from the annoyed and sleepy inmates of the room would quench O'Regan's thirst for blood, and he would peacefully drop down on the verandah to sleep; at other times he would stumble into the crowded room and trample with hob-nailed boots on the forms recumbent on the floor, as he searched for Farquhar and thrashed wildly with his stick. Then for a few minutes pandemonium reigned; until some one would seize O'Regan by the heels and jerk him to the floor, where a sharp tap on the head with a pistol butt or a boot heel would either render him unconscious or induce a more lamb-like frame of mind.

Graham now appeared in Samarai again, and I asked about the wreck he had intended buying and his trading venture. After making sundry highly slanderous and sulphuric remarks concerning missionaries in general, and one in particular, he unfolded his woes—which were that a missionary had forestalled him in the purchase of the wreck, which by the way was called the *Eboa*, and after stripping her of wheel, gear, etc., now wanted double the original purchase-money paid by him. I accompanied Graham to the Mission Station on the island, where we found that low commercial transactions were beneath the notice of the Mission; but that through an Italian naturalist staying with the missionary, the *Eboa* could be purchased at exactly double what she had cost the Mission. Graham bought her at the price; the while I made a mental note to the effect that, if the Mission put the same ability into their soul saving as they did into their business operations, there would soon be precious few heathen left in New Guinea.

It is not my intention or wish that the foregoing paragraph should appear to depreciate the value of missionaries, or Mission work, in the islands of New Guinea as a whole; for no one could

admire the unselfish and self-sacrificing work performed by many of the members of the various Mission bodies than myself, and in especial the work of the Anglican Mission, the Mission of the Sacred Heart, and the Wesleyan Methodist Mission. It was my good fate during the period I spent in New Guinea to come into intimate personal relations with the Archbishop of Navarre and Bishop de Boismenu of the Sacred Heart Mission, the Right Rev. Dr. Stone-Wigg, the Anglican Bishop of New Guinea, and the Reverend William Bromilow of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission, and I never parted from these gentlemen without thinking what a particularly wise choice their respective churches had made when they were selected to control the work of their denominations in New Guinea.

The other Societies there made the mistake of having no direct control vested in the older and more experienced members over the younger recruits to their ranks. This system always appeared to me to be absolutely rotten. Time after time I have seen junior and inexperienced members of the Sacred Heart, the Anglican, and the Wesleyan Missions get at loggerheads with the native, the trader, or the Government officials in their districts; and time after time have I seen all friction smoothed away by the tactful action of the experienced heads of these Missions, in exercising a wise restraint over their subordinates. And time after time, as a magistrate, have I had to curse the troubles arising from the action of some member of the other Missionary Societies—as a rule due to the ignorance and conceit of youth—and to regret that there was no wise head exercising control to whom I could appeal.

CHAPTER V

AT length Tommy Rous' boarders all departed. His health seemed to be somewhat better, for a while at any rate, and I felt that I could leave him with a clear conscience. As I was thoroughly sick both of prospecting for gold and hotel-keeping, I purchased the cutter *Mizpah*, and manned her with a crew of six Papuans, getting also the Resident Magistrate's permission to arm them. At the same time I chartered from Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co. the luggers *Ada*, *Hornet*, and *Curlew*, fully equipped with diving plants and crews of Malays and Manilla men; and also engaged Billy the Cook, late of the *Myrtle*, to take charge of the three, bound under the guidance of the *Mizpah*, on a general prospecting voyage for pearl or mother-of-pearl anywhere in the Coral Sea, the latter commodity then having a value of about £150 per ton, with the chance—a very remote chance it is true—of valuable pearls being found in the shells. The *Mizpah* was fitted with a deep-sea dredging apparatus, having, prior to my purchase, been owned by a scientist, a Dr. Wylie, who had come to New Guinea, I was told, in search of the deep-sea nautilus.

Leaving Samarai we rapidly ran down to East Cape, when, coming to anchor, Billy came on board my boat to discuss a plan of action for my venture. At the very beginning Billy and I differed, to my future loss I must own; for had I taken his advice as then tendered, I should have made a fair profit instead of ending in a heavy loss. Billy's advice was that we should proceed to an old pearling ground well known by him, and worked for many years, off the island of Sudest, and commence operations there, where we were certain to make a few hundreds in a short time. My idea was to search for an entirely new ground, where we might make many thousands in a few weeks, off the shores of Goodenough Island. Billy, finding that I was fixed in my views as to our procedure, persuaded me to wait several days at East Cape, fishing, and to send a boat into Samarai for salt to cure the fish.

We fished in this manner. Firstly, we stationed men at the masthead to view the approach of shoals of trevalli passing through the narrow channels, and then sent out boats to throw amongst

them dynamite cartridges with a twenty-second fuse attached. The explosion of the cartridges stunned the fish, and enabled them to be raked in by the boys forming our crews. Secondly, we sent the divers down armed with small spears, and they speared the cod which had been attracted by the dead fish or the diver. The ordinary rock cod, groper, or more properly gorupa, has no fear of a diver in dress, and will swim up and gaze into the face glass of the helmet, and hence falls an easy victim to the spear. It is, however—with the exception of the octopus—the diver's greatest enemy, from the same lack of fear. No real diver is afraid of the shark, but all dread the greater codfish.

The shark at best is a most cowardly scavenger of the sea ; much preferring, even when hungry, to gorge on carrion than to kill its own prey. And even when made bold by hunger, it is readily frightened away by the sudden emission of air bubbles from the valve in the diver's helmet. A diver, when approached by a large shark, seldom troubles much, so long as the fish does not get too near to his air pipe. He fears that, because sharks have an unpleasant habit of suddenly rolling over and snapping at a fairly quiescent object. Should a shark's attention, however, prove too persistent, the diver signals for the fullest possible pressure of air, and then either walks towards the fish or, if it is higher up and interfering with his air pipe, rises in the water and suddenly turns on his valves ; result, immediate flight of Mr. Shark.

The codfish, however, is afraid of nothing, and will nose up to a diver, smell round him until it discovers his naked hands, and then bite them off. Owing to this unpleasant trait on the part of the codfish, the first and important duty of a diver's tender is to wash the former's hands thoroughly with soap, soda, and warm water before he descends, in order to remove any trace of perspiration or grease from them. A diver's hands are the sole portion of his body outside the diving suit, the dress ending at the wrists, where thick india-rubber bands prevent the admission of water and expulsion of air. Should a diver meet a large groper, the only thing to be done is to either ascend twenty or thirty feet and drift out of the short-sighted fish's range of vision or, if there is no tide or current, rise to the surface. Then he can lower a dynamite cartridge or two, which will either kill, wound, or frighten the beast away. A groper, I have been told by divers, and my own experience bears this out, will never pursue a diver or leave the bottom ; it is sluggish in the extreme. These fish grow to an immense size. I have myself seen a fish so large that, when his mouth was open, the lower jaw was on the bottom and the upper jaw above the level of one's helmet. My own opinion is that, as the cachalot preys upon the larger, so the gropers prey upon the smaller form of octopi ; otherwise I fail to see how so slow and

bulky a fish, a fish too that is not a carrion feeder, can possibly catch enough food on which to live.

I have mentioned a diver's tender. This person and the diver are usually engaged together, and in most cases have been close friends and associates through many engagements. The tender's duties are to keep the air pumps, dress, pipes, etc., in apple-pie order, to hold the diver's life-line and air tubes while he is below, and to receive his signals and communicate them to the master of the vessel. On this man's constant watchfulness the life of the diver depends. At the time of which I write, all signals from a diver at work were conveyed by numbered jerks on the life-line. I believe now, however, the diver's helmets are fitted with a telephone, through which he speaks direct to his tender. The submarine telephone must add immensely to the safety of the diver, for by its means he can explain exactly what he wants or what difficulty he is in.

For instance, I have known the case of a diver landing his leg in a large clam shell, which of course immediately closed upon it, the shell weighing probably three or four hundred pounds and being fastened to the bottom. The man signalled "pull up." The tender passed on the signal, and after the life-line had been tugged and strained at for some time, ordered it and the pipe to be slacked under the impression that it was fast round a coral mushroom. The result was, that before another boat could be summoned and a second diver sent down to ascertain the trouble, the first man had exceeded his time limit and was stricken fatally with divers' paralysis. Had the diver then possessed a telephone, a second line could have been sent down to him by a heavy iron ring slid down his own life-line, and by him have been attached to the shell; whereupon man and shell together could have been hoisted by the ship's winch.

Having collected and salted our fish, we sailed away for Dawson Straits, between Ferguson and Goodenough Islands. My intention was to prospect the narrow sea lying between the latter island and the Trobriand group for pearl shell; the north-eastern coast of Goodenough Island was at this time merely marked on the Admiralty charts by a dotted line, with the terse remark, "Little known of the northern shores of these islands." In Dawson Straits we drilled our crews for some days in their routine work, whilst I accustomed myself to the use of a diver's dress. Billy the Cook, I regret to say, flatly refused to have anything to do with work under the water.

Our method of procedure was this. Firstly, by sounding, we found a level sandy bottom of anything under twenty fathoms. Pearl shell is peculiar for growing only on a perfectly flat surface. Then the vessel was hove-to or allowed to drift with the current,

while the anchor was lowered some ten feet beneath the vessel's keel. The diver then descended by the anchor chain, and seated himself astride of the anchor. At his signal it was lowered until within about six feet of the bottom, the vessel then being allowed to drift while the diver scrutinized the bottom for signs of pearl shell. Upon his sighting shell, he gave two sharp tugs at his life-line, which meant, "Slack life-line and pipe, let go anchor." Immediately upon giving his signal and finding his life-line and pipe released, the diver leapt from the anchor, the anchor dropped, and he began work. For sign of shell it was sufficient to see certain marine plants, which almost invariably occur under the same conditions as pearl shell. The diver when below water is in supreme command of the vessel through his tender, and there can be no possible excuse for disobeying either his first or second signals. The first, consisting of one tug on his life-line, meaning "More air, I am in great danger, pull me up." The second, of two tugs, meaning "Slack all, I am on shell." One peculiar thing about pearl shell is, that it only occurs in payable quantities where tidal currents are very strong. Where the current runs at less than three knots, though one may find shell, it is rotten and worm-eaten; where the currents are strong it is clean and thick. My own impression is that a strong force of water is necessary to tear and distribute the spawn from the parent oyster; when that force is lacking disease and degeneracy set in.

There are many theories as to the causation of pearls in the pearl shell; the most common is the particularly idiotic one of a grain of sand, or other foreign body, inserting itself within the shell and setting up an irritation which causes the oyster to build round the intruder a smooth coat of pearly matter. This theory is senseless on the face of it. From its natural habitat every pearl oyster must have thousands of grains of sand or other bodies lodged against its lips in each tide. The lips of a pearl oyster consist of a curious vascular membrane tapering to a slimy filmy substance at the outer edge; assuming a small speck of sand came it would adhere to the slimy edge, if a larger body the lips would close. Granted that a foreign article passed the lips, the outer skin of the fish is a very tough thing, and it would be almost impossible for the grain of sand, or other matter, to penetrate to where lie the glands which secrete the substance forming the pearly lining of the shell. A fact which shows the fallacy of the theory is this: that though one may remove the multitudinous skins of the pearl until whittled down to nothing, it is impossible ever to discover in the centre of the pearl as a core a grain of sand, or anything differing from the pure composition of the pearl. If, in one chance out of ten millions, a grain of sand passed the lips of the shell and lodged on the skin of the fish, the next tide would

wash it away again. No ! Plainly, from the small percentage of pearl-bearing oysters, the pearl is a disease, and, I hold, not due to extraneous causes. Just as uric acid produces stone or gravel in humans, so does some similar irritant produce the pearl in the oyster. I leave it to other and wiser heads to say what the origin of the pearl is ; I only say emphatically what it is not.

In Dawson Straits we remained some days prospecting the bottom without luck, and meanwhile discovered a passage behind the island of Wagipa to a secure anchorage for small vessels. Here the *Mizpah* lay for some days while the luggers continued prospecting, and here I had my first experience of hostile natives. The natives of Goodenough Island at this time enjoyed a most unenviable reputation, being generally regarded by traders as hostile and treacherous in the extreme. Until the day of which I now write, we had not come into contact with them, save a few canoes manned by vegetable-vending natives.

On this day, being tired of sticky salt-water baths, I landed with three or four of my crew, and followed a small stream inland to where a waterfall occurred in a gully. Here the falling water had scooped out a hole about three or four feet deep. Sending my boys back to the mouth of the gully I stripped and, standing in the hole, indulged in a shower bath under the fall. Whilst I was so engaged, revolver and rifle lying on my clothes some few feet away, a native walked out from the bush, suddenly caught sight of me and, giving a loud screech, promptly hurled his spear at me and then fled. I jumped from the water hole as the spear flew, and instead of catching me in the chest it caught me just above the knee, fortunately just as my knee was jerking upwards in my jump, the spear therefore turning to one side, and merely tearing a slit in my flesh and skin, the scar of which, however, I carry to this day. My yells brought up my boys, who running straight into the flying native, caught and held him. As soon as my bleeding was staunch, we hauled him off on board the *Mizpah*, where we found that he had a slight knowledge of Dobuan, a language with which one of my crew was acquainted. After we had soothed down his funk a little (for he fully expected to be immediately killed and eaten, as the Goodenough Islanders were themselves cannibals), he was asked what he meant by hurling his spear at me. His explanation was that he was returning from an expedition inland, that he had never seen a white man before, and when he saw me disporting in the water he had taken me for a devil, and flung his spear with the laudable intention of killing a devil before turning to flee from the uncanny thing.

Satadeai was the name of my new acquaintance, a man whose friendship I was to enjoy for many years afterwards ; in fact, when later I became Resident Magistrate of the Eastern Division, I

appointed him village constable for his tribe, a dignity which I believe he still enjoys. After we had soothed the feelings of Saturday, as I now called him, I presented him with some beads and a tomahawk and landed him again ; telling him at the same time what our quest in the vicinity was, and offering him safe conduct at any time he or his people liked to come with vegetables for our little fleet. From this time Saturday became a regular visitor to the *Mizpah*, bringing fresh yams, taro, curios, etc., for sale ; and also bringing me men to assist in working the air pumps of the diving plant, a manual labour of the heaviest description when divers are in deep water.

On one occasion he brought me as a present a curious, almost circular, tusk, a tusk so old that the outer covering of enamel had worn off and antiquity had tinged it a pale yellow. The tusk was mounted in native money, small circular disks formed from the hinges of a rare shell, and hung on a sling to be worn round the neck. I thought the thing was an ordinary boar's tusk of unusual shape and size ; Saturday, however, told me the following amazing yarn. He said that at the summit of Goodenough Island, or Moratau, as the natives called it, there lived an enormous snake with curious long and curved teeth, a snake so large and powerful that it was beyond the power of man to capture or destroy it. Goodenough Island, I might remark in passing, is the highest island of its size in the world ; Mount York, its highest peak, being over 8000 feet. Well, some generations before, there had lived on Goodenough a mighty hunter of Saturday's tribe and family, and on one occasion the hunter had ascended the mountain with the intention of killing the snake. Finding, however, that it was beyond the powers of mortal man to slay, he had surrounded its lair with sharp-pointed stakes driven firmly into the ground. When the snake emerged again, it had entangled or caught one of its curved tusks on a stake, and in its struggles to escape tore away the tusk, which Saturday now presented to me.

Afterwards in New Zealand I showed the tooth to Sir James Hector, who pronounced it to be a tusk of the *Sus Barbirusa*, a hog deer ; an inhabitant of the East India Islands and an animal not known to exist in New Guinea. This tusk I afterwards gave to a friend of mine, Richard Burton of Longner Hall, Shrewsbury, in whose possession it now is ; a gift that later caused me to be severely dealt with by Professor Haddon of anthropological fame, the professor holding that I should have presented it either to the Royal Anthropological Institute or the British Museum. I am now of opinion that this tusk was wrongly assigned by Sir James Hector to the *Barbirusa*, but rightfully belongs to an animal not then known to science, though many years later reported by me as existing on the Owen Stanley

Range, at a height of about 12,000 feet, on the mainland of New Guinea. The discovery of this animal and its description, however, occurs at a later stage of my life in New Guinea.

When we sailed from Wagipa, Saturday accompanied me on the *Mizpah* to the north-east coast of Goodenough Island, where he acted as interpreter for us. And being by this time fully acquainted with the object of our search, he induced the natives to guide us to a large patch of "saddle back" shell, which he and they assured us contained large quantities of the "stones" we valued. He was right in his statement, the shell was there in large quantities, and the shells held—a most unusual thing—large numbers of perfect-looking pearls. But, alas! the shell, for some unknown reason, was so soft as to be valueless, one could crush it between the hands; and the pearls, though beautiful to look upon when first obtained, lost their lustre in a single day and could be readily scratched with the finger nail. Saturday was the only New Guinea native that I ever knew who was anxious to go down in a diving dress, a wish on his part to which I sternly refused to accede.

The Goodenough Islanders are a somewhat remarkable race; of small physique, they speak a language peculiar to themselves; the men are liars, treacherous and subtle, but at the same time brave and capable of great attachment to any person for whom they have a regard. Some time after I first saw them, the small wiry men from Goodenough Island proved to be the best porters that New Guinea could furnish for the deadly work of carrying for the Northern Division. The common arms of the men were half a dozen light throwing spears, made from the black palm and having an effective throwing range of some thirty yards, a short triangular-bladed spear for use at close quarters, and a sling and stones. As a general rule ordinary pebbles of about the size of a billiard ball were hurled from the slings; but the slinger usually carried a couple of carefully hand-wrought stones resembling a pullet's egg in shape but pointed at both ends, which he flung from his sling on special occasions; that is, at times when he had a good clear opportunity of hitting his enemy, and wished to make no mistake about it. The effective range of these slings was up to two hundred yards on the level. They had an extraordinary habit of attaching a tail or cracker to the pouch of the sling, which, upon the stone leaving the pouch, made a sharp noise not unlike the crack of a rifle.

In their hill villages, usually placed upon commanding points or spurs, they build round stone towers covering all approaches. The purpose of the towers was this. A man when using a sling on the level could only use it at such a length as to reach, when whirled, from the bent arm to the ground. If standing on

a flat-sided tower, however, the limit of the length of sling he could use was only decided by his strength and the weight of the missile he meant to hurl; and the greater the length of the sling and weight of projectile, the greater the effective range. Therefore a village possessing stone towers was, to all intents and purposes, a fortified position, as its slingers could outrange, and assail with heavier missiles, any attacking force armed with the sling. Stones from a pound to a pound and a half in weight were hurled from the giant slings plied by the slingers on the towers. Goodenough Islanders, therefore, provided with the towers, were really, at the time of which I write, impregnable against any force unarmed with rifles. They also had a most extraordinary system of yam cultivation. Instead of making their yam gardens on the flat in good alluvial soil, they built circular stone walls beneath their villages on the slopes; and then laboriously carried earth in baskets and filled up the walls behind, until they formed a succession of artificial terraces on which they grew their yams. Certainly the yams there grown were larger and better than any others I have seen, but the labour in the first instance must have been appalling. The gardens also had the advantage of being covered by sling fire from the village towers, and therefore, I suppose, were held to be safe from raiders. Lunacy, from what I could learn, was very common among these islanders; I believe due to in-breeding for many years. Totemism, the great preventive against in-breeding, apparently did not exist among them.

South from Wagipa, on the northern shores of Ferguson Island, lies Seymour Bay, a short distance inland from which there exists a country of great volcanic and thermal action. There, a hot stream flows to the sea; and there also exists a lake containing, according to an analysis I had made of its waters, a huge quantity of the gouty man's friend, lithium; whilst, surrounding its waters, there are acres and acres, feet deep, of pure yellow sulphur.

My pearl fishing on the northern shores of Goodenough came to an abrupt end. Billy the Cook had foregathered with me one night on the *Mizpah*, when our divers and tenders had asked permission to collect on one boat, the *Ada*, for a Malay jollification; the crew of the *Ada* meanwhile visiting friends on the other vessels. When morning came there was no *Ada*, and no divers or tenders; and Billy gently suggested to me that they had taken a pleasure trip to the Trobriands. The first thing to be done before we could sail in search of our truants was to return Saturday to his home on Wagipa, as the law did not then permit any unindentured natives being taken more than twenty miles from where they lived, except for the purpose of being indentured, or as it is called "signed on." Saturday made it very clear indeed that if we landed him at the point at which we were then, the

chances were greatly in favour of his finding his way into a cooking pot instead of his home. It would not do to send the *Hornet* with him, because, firstly, the crew were only armed with knives, and secondly, they were quite likely to follow the evil example of their mates and sneak off on pleasure bent. I thought of sending Billy in the *Curlew* with a couple of armed boys, he having his own rifle and revolver; but my boys objected to leaving my own vessel, and Billy said he was a married man and had not shipped to be sent alone into a Goodenough harbour. Also he pointed out that I might require the full strength of my New Guinea boys, the only men I could depend on, to deal with our confounded divers and tenders when we found them. The result of our deliberations, therefore, was the loss of two valuable days in returning Saturday.

Upon landing that worthy native we struck straight away from the Straits to the Trobriands, and had a horrible nightmare of a passage, for coral mushrooms and reefs seemed to strew the sea like plums in a pudding. Safe enough to navigate amongst when the sky was clear, they were, however, a deadly peril during the passage of a rain squall. The danger of a coral mushroom lies in the fact that it is so small that the sea seldom makes any noise upon it, also it springs up so suddenly from the bottom that the lead line proves no safeguard against it. No bottom at fifty fathoms one minute, a nigger head or mushroom with its head a couple of feet below the surface the next, is the pleasing habit of the sea between Goodenough Island and the Trobriands.

We did not attempt to sail at night, but either anchored over a submerged reef or hung on to the lee side of a shallow one, with our anchor on top of the reef and a kedge out astern. It is a risky proceeding anchoring in small vessels among coral, where the depth of the water is more than six fathoms, if unprovided with diving gear, or more than twenty, if fitted with that apparatus. For in nine cases out of ten, the chain or anchor becomes entangled in the coral mushrooms, and it is necessary for a man to go down and clear it before the anchor can be raised. Sometimes even a diver is unable to clear the tangle, especially if there is much current or wind keeping the vessel straining at her anchor; and in that case the last resource is to heave the chain in until it is up and down—that is, descends in a vertical line from the ship's bow to the bottom—and fasten big charges of dynamite fitted with burning fuses to a heavy iron ring, and slide them down the chain in the hope of smashing away the obstruction. Even this method sometimes fails, as some coral is of a dense cheesy consistency, and capable of resisting for a long time repeated explosions of dynamite. When this occurs, then one loses a valuable anchor and chain, a loss one cannot afford too often.

CHAPTER VI

AT the Trobriands we sighted our missing *Ada* at anchor and, upon the *Mizpah* running alongside, discovered that she was full of native women. At first ugly looks and hands upon knives were the reception accorded by the deserters, but that was soon altered by my New Guinea boys. The divers and tenders expected bribes, argument, and persuasion to be used in order to induce them to return to their work, the sort of thing they had been accustomed to in the Torres Straits ; instead of which, they got a curt order to get into the hold, and the next minute found their toes being smashed and their heads bumped by the brass-heeled butts of heavy Snider carbines. The New Guinea boys had always been rather despised by the Malays, and therefore were only too glad to get a little of their own back when opportunity offered. Spitting, cursing, and threatening, the Malays were all bumped below, and the hatches clapped on.

The next operation on the part of my crew was to throw all the women overboard, and let them swim ashore as best they were able. I may remark that all the Trobriand women could swim like fishes. A nice state we found the *Ada* in : stores, coats, spare gear, everything portable and of any value had been given to the women, not even the cooking utensils were left. If we had not arrived when we did, even her sails would have been cut up and disposed of. After viewing our damage and loss, Billy and I held a parley with our men under hatches, and found the Malay dignity was hurt by the treatment our boys had accorded them ; the result was, they said they had no intention of resuming duty. I plainly saw that if I gave in to the brutes I should be utterly undone, and my quest would become quite hopeless ; at the same time, without them I could do nothing. Billy now suggested that if I could depend on my New Guinea boys, the best thing we could do was to lie at anchor where we were, and trade for pearls and beche-de-mer ; in the meanwhile keeping our mutineers confined, until in a more reasonable frame of mind. This policy I adopted. Putting a couple of my boys on the *Ada*, we hauled her up and made her fast to the *Mizpah*, leaving her recalcitrant inhabitants still under hatches with neither food nor water.

For twenty-four hours I kept the Malays below ; and then, outside the sand-bank forming the harbour, we sighted Moreton's patrol schooner, the *Siai*, signalling to me to come out. Whereupon we moved the *Ada* from alongside the *Mizpah* to alongside the *Curlw*. The clatter and row made by this operation excited the curiosity of our prisoners, who, questioning the boys on deck, were told that the *Siai* was in sight, and that the *Mizpah* was going off to ask that they be taken and tried as pirates or ship-stealers. Awful howls and yells then came from the hold begging for an interview with me. Upon my going to the hatch and ordering the removal of one plank in order that the imprisoned men might talk to me, frenzied petitions for mercy were put up, accompanied by all sorts of strange oaths that, if forgiven, they would be good and faithful men in the future. Billy said, "Let 'em off, they will be all right in the future, and we can't afford to have them jugged ; also we can't keep 'em below with a Government ship in sight or we shall get into trouble." I therefore accepted their promises of good behaviour ; at the same time I pointed out how magnanimous I was, and ordered them to disperse to their several vessels.

Then I went out in the *Mizpah* to the *Siai*, where I found Moreton, R.M., and Judge Winter. The latter had come down to try a white man for murder. Moreton explained to me that there was a lot of sickness in Samarai gaol, beri beri and dysentery, and he wished to fill the *Siai* with yams. As her draught would not permit her to approach closely to the anchorage, he wanted me to act as tender with the *Mizpah*, and load the *Siai*. I jumped at the offer ; my whole expenses at this time amounted to £5 a day, and, as Moreton offered me that sum, I was glad for a few days to leave my Malays and the conversation of Billy, for the cabin of the *Siai* and the company of Moreton and Winter. While the *Mizpah* was running yams to the *Siai*, she was steered by one or other of the Malay tenders, and the Judge complimented me upon their polite manners and civility. I grinned an internal grin as I told him they were really not bad people if treated in the right way.

The Trobriands are a great yam-growing district, the yams grown there running up to 150 lbs. in weight. Throughout New Guinea, the group was famous for three things : the cowardice of the men, the immorality—or rather I should put it the total unmorality—of the women, and the quality of its yams. The islands are all perfectly flat and the soil consists of decomposing coral and humus, and is wonderfully rich. One of the staple foods of the islanders consisted of the oyster contained in a small pearl shell, found in great quantities on the mud banks lying in the vicinity of the group, the oyster being termed by the natives "Lapi." Out of this pearl shell, which, by the way, they opened by throwing it upon the fire, they obtained a large quantity of pearls which they sold to

wandering traders ; the shell, which would have otherwise have had a very considerable market value, being utterly ruined by the action of the fire.

Here I made the acquaintance of the Rev. — Fellows of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission ; a fine type of man who, with his equally devoted wife, was endeavouring to stay, with, as I could see, little hope of success, the rapid deterioration of the islanders. Mr. Fellows and I gave one another a mutual surprise, I think. I had mentally pictured him as a measly, psalm-singing hypocrite, using religion as a cloak for money-getting ; he, I think, had assumed that all traders were drunken, debauched, pyjama-clad ruffians, whose main object in life was to destroy Mission work. Instead of which I found a splendid man, struggling under enormous difficulties, and at great personal sacrifice preaching to the natives a gospel of work and clean living. And he, for his part, discovered that a trader might be a clean-shaved person, who could employ his spare time quite happily in gossiping with the missionary and his wife about people and things far removed from New Guinea.

By the way, some time later Mr. Fellows got me into trouble with Sir William MacGregor, though quite unintentionally. I had relieved Moreton as Resident Magistrate at Samarai, and amongst the correspondence to be dealt with, were a host of complaints from Fellows about robberies by the natives from the Mission House, assaults upon Mission servants and natives, and threats of violence against himself. Moreton said, "Get down and settle this business as soon as you can, Monckton ; you may have to burn some powder, but make Fellows safe, for he is a real good chap, as you know." I went to the Trobriands as soon as I conveniently could ; and after seeing Mr. Fellows and questioning the village constable, I came to the conclusion that a certain old chief, living some miles inland, was at the bottom of the trouble. Marching inland I collared him with several of his satellites, and hauled him to the coast. On being brought before my court the old chief fully confessed, informed me of all the men engaged in the various outrages, sent for them, and begged for mercy ; promising amendment and good behaviour in future if forgiven. He then begged Mr. Fellows to intercede with me for them, which Mr. Fellows did. At his request, after I had convicted the men, I discharged them to their homes. About a month later I met Sir William MacGregor and, in the course of conversation about the Trobriands, told him what I had done in the matter of the offences against Mr. Fellows. His Excellency said, "You are like all young magistrates, a fool. Can you not see that, by your action in this case, you have given the natives the impression that the Mission can summon the Government forces, have people sent to gaol, and then have them released ? Never in future allow any

one to interfere with a sentence once passed ; the Crown alone can pardon, you cannot, neither can the Mission." A remark which I never forgot, and which stood me in good stead in after years.

The greater number of the pearls found at the Trobriand Islands are of a very pale golden or straw colour ; and for this reason, though of perfect lustre, are not considered equal to those obtained from the larger mother-of-pearl shell found in the China or Torres Straits, or from Ceylon and West Australia. A certain proportion of the Trobriand pearls are, however, of the purest white colour ; and these, if perfect in shape and lustre, are the equals of any pearls in the world. Some few black pearls are found in these islands, but not in any great number. There is a common and erroneous impression amongst people, only acquainted with pearls in jewellers' shops, that black pearls possess a greater value than others. This is not the case. The most valuable pearls are those of a pure white, and perfectly round in shape, suitable for stringing as a necklace ; the next a pure white pear-shaped pearl, sufficiently large to be used as a pendant or ear-drop ; then come the button-shaped pearls, that is, pearls perfectly round with the exception of a slight flattening on one side, which can be concealed by setting in a bracelet, pin or ring. Black pearls in all these shapes are worth less than the corresponding shapes in white.

Pearls of a freak or fanciful and irregular shape, or fastened together in clusters, possess no commercial value ; though in odd cases I have known enormous prices paid for them for sentimental reasons. For instance, a pearl-fisher in Torres Straits found a cluster of small and medium sized pearls in the shape of an almost perfect cross. This cluster, after passing through the hands of several dealers, was eventually sold, I was told, to some wealthy Roman Catholics for presentation to the Pope, the sum paid being £10,000 ; and the actual value of the pearls composing it, if separate and perfect, would certainly not have been £10. Pearls are sometimes found attached to the pearl shell, or bubbles of the pearly lining of the shell are blown out in such a way as to resemble pearls ; these pearls are known as blisters, and are sawn out by the trader and sold for the making of brooches and the cheaper forms of jewellery. When mounted they are frequently passed off to the uninitiated as the real thing.

Large quantities of what are called seed pearls are found in nearly all the different varieties of pearl shell. They are about the size of small shot, and of irregular shape but good colour and lustre ; these are mainly sold by the ounce or pound at the rate of from £2 10s. to £3 per ounce. Some of this seed goes to Paris, where it is used, I am told, by milliners for ornamenting ladies' dresses ; but by far the greater proportion goes to China, for what

purpose I know not. The largest, most valuable and perfect pearls go to either Russia or America, those people valuing pearls apparently more than other races, and being prepared to pay more for really perfect specimens. Pink pearls occur very rarely, in fact I have never seen one. They are so rare as to have no fixed commercial value, though pearl-fishers say that, when any are found, the Indian Rajahs are always willing to pay enormous prices for them.

The greater portion of black pearls come from the black-lipped variety of shell, a much smaller shell than gold-lipped or mother-of-pearl. The latter shell averages about the size of a large dinner plate, and varies in colour from a pure white at the hinges to a golden colour at the lips. Gold-lip is only obtained in deep water and by means of diving dress; black-lip in shallow water and by naked natives, skin-divers as they are called. Black-lip is of much less value than gold, but, for some reason unknown to me, always jumps tremendously in price during periods of Court Mourning. Gold-lip is subject to attack by a worm, which sometimes bores holes all through the outer covering of the pearly part of the shell.

I believe that the same worm also attacks the spear of the great swordfish. For once, when sailing from the island of St. Aignan to Sudest in a whaleboat in very calm weather, I noticed a swordfish behaving in a most extraordinary manner. It was travelling at great speed on the surface of the water, sometimes straight forward, sometimes in circles, whilst at intervals it was leaping from the water and whirling rapidly round. I could see no sign of an enemy, but I could plainly see that the fish was in great agony. At last it leapt half a dozen times from the water to a great height, falling each time with a resounding splash, until at last its antics became feebler and it turned on its side and slowly sank. I caused the whaleboat to follow it for some distance, and could see through the clear water the almost dead fish drifting with no sign of external injury about its body anywhere.

My boys then told me that the swordfish frequently behaved in this manner, went "Kava Kava" or mad, and then died. They gave the cause as being a "small snake," that is, a worm, which bored up through its sword into the bone of the skull and thence into the brain. This explanation accounted to me for the numerous well-authenticated cases of swordfish charging and breaking off their swords in ships' hulls. I myself have seen the broken sword fast in the solid keel of a big sailing canoe; and natives have told me instances of the sword being driven through a canoe's planking, and the fish being secured by first lashing the sword fast with cords and then spearing the fish. They too believed that the fish did not attack from malice prepense, but as

an accident when driven mad and blind by pain. I have never heard of the swordfish, or its big cousin the sawfish, attacking naked men or clothed diver; though I fail to see how they could withstand or escape from the charge of either. Natives of fishing tribes are not in the least afraid of the swordfish, but they are to a certain extent of the sawfish. The latter has a shorter, broader, and altogether stronger beak than the former, blunt at the point instead of sharp, and studded down each side by villainous sharp and bony teeth. Its pleasing custom is to charge amongst a shoal of fish and frantically thrash from side to side among them with its beak, gathering up the slain and wounded at its leisure afterwards. This charming habit on its part sometimes leads it to follow a shoal of fish into the fishermen's nets, where, getting its beak entangled, it will tear everything to pieces unless soon speared. The spearing of it is a work of difficulty and danger, as one blow from the violently thrashing beak will disembowel a man, or inflict wounds of a most ghastly nature.

On the same boat trip when I made the acquaintance of the swordfish with worm in his head, I also fell in with a most extraordinary fishing rat. We had landed and camped for the night upon a small coral island surrounded by submerged coral boulders and, but for a few stunted trees, bare of all vegetation. Shortly after dark I was disturbed by rats crawling over me, and at last in disgust went and slept in the whaleboat. In the morning I landed again and, while my boys were preparing breakfast, walked to the other side of the island; then sitting down I began my ante-breakfast pipe, whilst I pondered what on earth the rats on the island could find to live upon, as food there was apparently none. While sitting quietly there, I noticed some rats going down to the edge of the reef—lank, hungry-looking brutes they were, with pink naked tails. I stopped on the point of throwing lumps of coral at them, out of curiosity to see what the vermin meant to do at the sea. Rat after rat picked a flattish lump of coral, squatted on the edge and dangled his tail in the water; suddenly one rat gave a violent leap of about a yard, and as he landed, I saw a crab clinging to his tail. Turning round, the rat grabbed the crab and devoured it, and then returned to his stone; the while the other rats were repeating the same performance. What on earth those rats did for fresh water, though, I don't know, as there was none on the island that I could see.

CHAPTER VII

AFTER about a week the *Mizpah* had filled the *Siai* with yams, plantains, and fresh vegetables for the disease-stricken prisoners at Samarai ; and Moreton and Judge Winter, having completed their court work, sailed away for that port. The Judge's parting words to me were : "Keep within touch of the mail schooner, Monckton ; the Mambare is going to claim a pound of corpse for every ounce of gold, and there will be vacancies enough for you before long." "Very good, sir," I said ; "pay me enough and feed me fairly, and I'll willingly furnish 150 lbs. of prospective corpse, when you need it." Then came Winter's slow smile : "You will be neither adequately paid nor decently fed in the Service, but, like the rest, you will come when called. Good-bye." Very sadly I watched the disappearing sails of the *Siai* ; and then turned rather disgustedly to my work and the society of my New Guinea boys and Billy, for another long period.

We then tried sending the divers down in the deep channels surrounding the mud banks from which the natives collected their small pearl shell, in the hope of finding larger shell containing pearls. But we found the water was too muddy and disturbed for the ordinary diver to see the oysters ; the native skin-divers in the shallower water were able to feel them with their feet, and then scoop them into baskets. The heavy leaden-cased boots of the divers in dress, however, prevented this being done, and the few shells they obtained, by groping on the bottom with their hands, would not pay expenses. I then tried a new plan. Sending the three luggers to trade for native curios at Kavitari, with the idea that I might again sell them in Samarai, I commenced operations with the dredging apparatus with which I have mentioned the *Mizpah* was fitted. This scheme would have worked well but for two reasons : the first, that the *Mizpah* was old and rotten ; the second, that the mud or sandy bottom, on which the pearl oysters lay, was studded with coral mushrooms and boulders.

Our *modus operandi* was this. Working up to windward of the oyster-bearing bank, we used to cast the dredge overboard,

and then, clapping on all sail, scud before the wind, dragging the dredge in the mud behind us. At intervals we would heave-to, haul up the dredge with its load of oysters, and repeat the process. Unfortunately, we would haul up about two or three dredge loads, and then, suddenly the dredge would land against a coral lump and bring the vessel to all standing. If the *Mizpah* had been new and strong she might have stood it, but as it was the straining opened her seams and made her leak like a sieve. The result of which was to convince me that unless I abandoned my dredging, I should have no *Mizpah* left under me. Some years afterwards my plan was attempted by a trader with several stoutly-built vessels; but an Ordinance was passed by the New Guinea Legislative Council forbidding the fishing for the Trobriand species of pearl shell by means of dredging, for fear of clearing out the breeding ground of the oyster and thus destroying one of the staple foods of the natives.

Upon this last failure, I summoned Billy and the luggers and we stood away for the Straits between Ferguson and Normanby Islands. Here, however, though we obtained a small quantity of shell of first-class quality, unusually large and clean, the water was so deep—twenty-three to twenty-five fathoms—that I did not care to continue working there. Here I made the acquaintance of a great friend of Moreton's, the Rev. William Bromilow of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission; a splendid type of man and missionary, whose friendship I was to enjoy for many years. The Mission Station is built on the island of Dobu, an extinct volcano; the only evidence of volcanic action at this time being a hot spring bubbling up in the sea, over which small vessels used to anchor, to allow the hot water to boil the barnacles and weeds off their bottoms. The native yam gardens run right up and into the old crater of the volcano. Here the natives have a curious way of fishing, using kites which they fly from their canoes. The kites have long strings descending from them, ending in a bunch of tough cobweb. The cobweb dancing over the surface of the water attracts the fish, which, snapping at it, get their teeth entangled in its tough texture and are thereupon secured by a man or small boy swimming from the canoe.

I found at Dobu my old Chasseurs d'Afrique friend, Louis, settled down on a small island as a copra maker and trader. He told me that he was utterly tired of knocking about and had settled there to end his days; he was making about £5 per week at his business, and had got together a fine collection of pigs and poultry. Louis' days were to end, poor devil, sooner than he expected; but that is later. He had a small fleet of canoes, which he sent out daily to buy cocoanuts, paying for them with trade tobacco; he then manufactured the kernels into copra. When the natives'

fishing failed, he dynamited fish and traded them instead of tobacco for cocoanuts ; when their fishing was good, and he had no demand for the catch, he salted and dried it and then disposed of it at native feast times. Louis begged me to join him, and settle down to a lotus-eating and untroubled life with enough for our wants, and no danger and worry. He said, "We will order a good cutter for our trading, have plenty of papers, books, tobacco, and wine of the best, and when I die, you can take the business." "That's all very fine, Louis," I said ; "but how old are you ?" "Fifty-seven," replied Louis. "Well and good," I remarked, "but you are over thirty years ahead of me ; your life has been lived, while mine has just begun ! What would you have said thirty odd years ago, when you were a young soldier, if a similar proposition had been made to you ?" "I should have said, God damn ! not I !" said Louis. "Well, Louis," I replied, "I am afraid that must be my answer to you now." The time came when I weighed anchor and left Dobu, taking, as a parting present from Louis, a large native pot full of eggs, a dozen clucking fowls, a squealing porker for my crew, and a most ornate French tie-pin, which some one in Samarai afterwards stole. Poor Louis ! the next time I met him was in the hospital at Thursday Island, he having blown off his fore-arm in dynamiting fish. He had been taken to Samarai in the Mission vessel, and from there sent on to Thursday Island in the *Merrie England*.

From Dobu we sailed south and rounded Normanby Island finding everywhere, in likely pearl-shell localities, shell of a size and quality better than any other in the world, but water too deep for us to work it successfully. The shell always lay at a depth varying from twenty-eight to thirty fathoms ; a depth that, however tempting the outlook, simply spelt suicide on the part of the diver volunteering to work it, and manslaughter on the part of the owner sending him below. From the south end of Normanby Island we stood north to Cape Vogel on the mainland, sounding and prospecting the bottom all the way, but with no payable results. At Cape Vogel, or Iasa Iasi as the natives call it, an epidemic of influenza attacked the Malays and Billy, leaving my New Guinea boys and myself the only effective members of our little fleet. Finding, therefore, that for a short time my working vessels—the three luggers—were useless, I left them at anchor at Iasa Iasi and stood north again with the *Mizpah*, intending to explore the little-known regions of the north-east coast for signs of pearl shell. This coast of New Guinea was then regarded by traders—and in fact by all Europeans—as a wild region inhabited by savage cannibals and unsafe to touch upon, much less trade with. The navigation of its waters was also regarded, and rightly so, as highly dangerous. Odd ships, heavily armed, such as men-of-war

and the *Merrie England*, had touched at certain points but had really made no permanent impression ; and the natives of the coast were therefore practically in the same state as they had been prior to the advent of the European.

Some twelve miles north of Cape Vogel we discovered a large island-studded harbour with a deep water entrance, called by the natives Pusa Pusa ; this harbour is about twelve square miles in extent, it is marked on no chart, but is probably the best natural harbour on this coast of New Guinea. The *Mizpah* was the first European vessel to enter it, and in fact its existence had not been suspected before. Some years later, when I was Resident Magistrate of the North-Eastern Division, I piloted the *Merrie England* into it through the deep-water channel. The Commander and the ship's officers spoke in high praise of it as an anchorage and harbour, but the then Governor, Sir George Le Hunte, summed it up in these words : "An admirable place for exploration by steam launch, slowly, however, filling up by deposit of mud from rivers." With all due respect for vice-regal sapience, I beg now to remark that—Firstly, there are no rivers flowing into Pusa Pusa Harbour ; secondly, the bottom consists of coral sand and is subject to great scour ; and thirdly, the value of a harbour lies in its safety for shipping and not in its suitability for a scenic or picnic resort. Pusa Pusa is the only harbour existing between China Straits and Cape Nelson where ships of large tonnage can lie in safety. Its entrance is masked by islands, hence ships by the dozen may sail past without having any idea of what lies behind them ; only a prowling pearl-hunting vessel such as mine was likely to nose her way into the entrance.

As we sailed in we came suddenly upon a few natives camped upon the beach of a small island, with whom—after a little difficulty—we established trading relations, and from whom I purchased several fine specimens of gold-lip shell, which they told me they had found washed up on the beach. In this place every indication pointed to shell : namely, strong tidal scours in narrow passages, sandy coral-studded bottom and quantities of the submarine plant, which divers maintain grows only where pearl shell is to be found.

From Pusa Pusa we fled back as fast as sail could drive us to Iasa Iasi to fetch the luggers, only to find that they were still incapable of moving—much less working. During the absence of the *Mizpah*, a wandering pearl-fishing lugger, owned by a man called Silva, had joined them, he having come to discover what we were doing. Finding my own boats *hors de combat*, I told Silva of my discovery of Pusa Pusa and asked him to come and prospect the harbour, suggesting that, if we found anything worth having, we should work it together and keep its discovery secret. Silva

protested for some time, saying that he did not like the north-east coast at all, and had only come to the point at which we were then lying in the hope of discovering what my boats were doing ; he finally, however, consented to venture into Pusa Pusa providing the *Mizpah* went with him. Accordingly the *Mizpah* and Silva's lugger sailed for that harbour, while the *Ada*, *Hornet*, and *Curlew* remained at Iasa Iasi awaiting the convalescence of their crews or further orders from me.

On arrival at Pusa Pusa, Silva donned the diving dress and descended, only to ascend in about ten minutes, holding a large shell in his hand and gesticulating to have his helmet removed. He said that it was a good shell bottom, promising very well indeed, but that immediately on descending he had met a groper larger than any he had ever seen, and he would prefer to remain on deck until the fish had had time to remove itself. Half an hour elapsed, Silva descended again, and almost immediately signalled, "Pull me up." Pulled up accordingly he was ; he then complained that he had met a shark, and that—though as a general rule he did not mind sharks—this particular one was longer than the *Mizpah*, and he thought he preferred to be on deck ! Again we waited perhaps an hour, and again Silva descended, and again came the urgent signal, "Pull me up." Upon his helmet being removed, he at once demanded, with many oaths, that his whole dress should be taken off ; and then, seizing a tomahawk, he declaimed : "The first time I went down in this blank place I met a groper, the next time I met a shark as big as a ship, the last time there was a —— alligator, and if any man likes to say there is shell here I'll knock his —— brains out with this tomahawk !" A hero of romance would now have donned the dress and descended, but I freely confess that I—as an amateur—was not game to take on a work that a professional diver threw up as too dangerous.

Doubtless Silva's rage was increased by the extraordinary effect air pressure has upon a man's temper when diving. A diver may be in a perfectly amiable mood with all the world while the dress is being fitted on, but the moment the face glass is screwed home—the signal for starting the air pump—he begins to feel a little grievance or irritation ; as he descends, this feeling increases until he is in a perfect fury of rage against every one in general and usually one individual in particular. After that, he spends his time in wondering how soon the dress can be taken off in order that he may half-kill that particular person, usually the tender, for some wholly imaginary offence. Another peculiar fact is, that the moment the face glass is removed and he breathes the ordinary air—even though he may have come up boiling with rage against some special individual—the bad temper evaporates like magic and he wonders what on earth caused his anger. This has invariably

been my experience, and other divers have told me they have felt the same sensations. There is usually a perpetual feud between the diver on the bottom and the men on deck working the air pump. The diver always wants sufficient air to keep his dress distended and also to keep himself bobbing about on the bottom ; if he gets too much he can let it pass away, by releasing the valve of his helmet ; if he gets too little, he can signal for more, but there is no tug signal on the life-line for less air.

A diver's helmet is really not a helmet in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but is a small air chamber firmly bolted to the corselet and incapable of movement from any volition on his part. He simply turns his head inside it and looks through either side or front glasses, exactly as a man looks through a window. A diver's most real danger is probably the risk he runs of being drowned when on his way to the surface, and it occurs in this way. After a time the best of diving dresses becomes leaky to a more or less extent, and the water that finds its way through, settles about the feet and legs. Divers become quite accustomed to having their dresses filled with water up to the knees and even to the thigh ; the water is no inconvenience to them whilst upright on the bottom, and they are very rarely conscious of it. Well, suppose a diver has his dress full of water to the knees or thighs ; as he ascends, he may involuntarily or by accident allow his body to assume a horizontal position, in which case the water at once rushes into the helmet, overbalances him, *i.e.* really stands him on his head, and drowns him inside his dress.

In a diving dress every beat of the air pump is perfectly audible to the diver, and any irregularity or alteration of the pace, at which the air-pump wheels are turned, is to him irritating in the extreme—an irritation he invariably works off by signalling for more air and thus increasing the manual labour at the pumps. It takes four men, straining hard, to keep a diver properly supplied with air at any depth over twenty fathoms. One of the greatest discomforts a diver has in the tropics is the smell of warm oil, more or less rancid, with which the pumps charge his air ; I have had to struggle hard to prevent being sick, and I leave to the imagination the beastly situation of a man, with his head confined in a small helmet, overcome by nausea ! Another exasperating thing is the scroop made by a grain of sand or grit getting into the plunger of the air pump, which is only comparable to the feeling caused by a drop of water falling upon one's head at regular intervals.

Apart from the noise of the pump beats, communicated through the air pipe—which, by the way, is rather comforting, as it shows one is not completely cut off from the upper world—the under seas seem absorbed in extreme silence and gloom, and

unless one is in a current or tide, in a sort of unholy calm. One of the things which appear as most remarkable is the lessening of the weight of objects in the water; for instance, a fully accoutred diver can hardly waddle on the deck of his ship, but as he descends, his weight seems to become less and less until he can bob about in a fairy-like manner on the bottom. The same lessening of weight applies equally to inanimate objects; and it is a common trick, when competing vessels are working upon a small patch of shell, for the diver of one of them to pull his rival's anchor out of the ground and tangle its anchor round the fluke, with the result, that the vessel drifts off with the tide or the wind, towing her diver after her. A lot of time is thus wasted in pulling him up and working back against tide or wind to her old station.

I have spoken of pulling up a diver; this is not literally true, as a diver really ascends of his own volition, by closing his helmet's air valve and thus blowing out his dress with air. The "pulling in," when the water is calm, merely consists of taking up the slack of the air pipe and line and, when there is a tide or current, of hauling him along the surface to his vessel. Great care has to be exercised by him in coming to the surface, as, should his ascent be too fast, he may smash his helmet on the bottom of his boat or lugger. The usual way is in a half-lying position on the back and with one hand on the air valve, watching carefully for the light near the surface, and for the shadow of the vessel's hull. Occasionally, though it very rarely happens, a diver's air valve sticks; in which case, he at first rises slowly from the bottom, but as the pressure of the water decreases, the pace of his ascent increases, until at last he is rising at such a pace that he shoots violently above the surface. The first thing that shows those on board the lugger what is happening is a splash, and the sight of the diver floundering about on the surface nearly suffocated by pressure of air.

From Pusa Pusa, the *Mizpah* and Silva's boat returned to Iasa Iasi; and when I had rejoined my luggers, Silva sailed away for Sudest, being by this time quite convinced that nothing was to be gained by shadowing my boats. I found that my crews were at last recovering, and departed with them for the islands of Tubi Tubi and Basilaki. On the way we called in at Awaiama Bay on the coast of the mainland, in order to replenish our fresh-water supply, the water obtainable at Cape Vogel being brackish and disagreeable to the taste. Here I found Moreton with the *Star*; he was engaged in buying land from the natives for a man named Oates. New Guinea law did not permit the sale of land by natives to any other than the Crown; the Crown could then transfer to the European applicant. Oates had come up from Sydney in a cutter of some twenty tons burthen, accompanied by his

wife and family, which consisted of a son and daughter, aged respectively about fourteen and seventeen, their intention being to start a cocoanut plantation. He had formerly been the master of the *Albert McLaren*, the Anglican Mission vessel; but this latest speculation of his was not fated to turn out well. The first thing that happened was that his daughter became disgusted with the prospect, and, on the family visiting Samarai, she took the first opportunity of departing for Sydney, where I believe she married a draper and, I trust, found life happier than she had in New Guinea. Then his wife died and was buried by the son, as Oates himself was delirious at the time with malarial fever and all the native servants had fled. Finally Oates died also, and the unhappy boy had to bury him as well. This boy, Ernest Oates, afterwards entered the service of Whitten Brothers and eventually became manager of their branch at Buna Bay, and he was still in that position when I finally left New Guinea. After a most strenuous ten years, he was endeavouring to scrape together enough money to start a small business of his own in Sydney—something quiet and contemplative, like growing mushrooms.

I remember, some years after the death of his parents, an extraordinary performance on the part of this lad. He was then stationed by Whitten Brothers at the mouth of the Kumusi River as their agent, and had charge of a receiving store for goods landed at that port, which had to be sent up the river to Bogi, a mining camp. With the exception of a few Samarai boys, Ernest Oates was absolutely alone, living surrounded by some thousands of particularly dangerous natives. He possessed two fire-arms, one, a Winchester repeating rifle, for which he had a large store of cartridges; the other, an old Snider with only some half-dozen charges. By some means or other, he broke the lock of his Winchester, and therefore was left with the weapon for which he had practically no ammunition. At this time a large alligator collared several pigs from near the store and narrowly missed securing odd boys of his. Whilst Oates was sitting on his verandah one evening, he noticed the alligator crawl out on a mud bank and, with its mouth wide open, proceed to go to sleep. As he did not wish to use one of his sparse supply of cartridges, the idea occurred to him of creeping over the mud and throwing a dynamite cartridge down the reptile's throat. No sooner did the thought come than it was acted upon; crawling over the mud he got, unperceived, to within a few feet of the saurian and, standing up, hurled his cartridge. Unfortunately, as he threw the explosive, his feet burst through the hard, sun-baked crust of mud, and he sank to the waist with a plop and a yell; his boys, who were keenly interested spectators, dashed to his assistance, but with little hope of reaching him before the alligator. Luckily, however, he had attached a

very short fuse to his charge, and the dynamite exploded, wounding the reptile's tail and causing it to turn round and snap at an imaginary new enemy. This allowed Oates' boys to come up, drag him from his hole, and drive off the alligator with their spears.

Oates' father, "Captain" Oates as he was usually called, once gave me the peculiar pleasure—as a magistrate—of receiving a complaint about myself. I was relieving Moreton at the time as Resident Magistrate at Samarai, and had been engaged, to the common knowledge of all traders and labour recruiters, in a punitive expedition to Goodenough Island. Having finished my work there, I took the *Siai* across to Cape Vogel with the intention of searching for unsigned or kidnapped boys, by running unseen down the coast in the night and boarding any labour vessels I might find bound for the Mambare gold-fields, either rounding or anchored off East Cape. Labour vessels had a trick of starting their little games when the cat in the shape of the *Siai*—or *Black Maria* as their owners called her—was safely out of the way.

It was a rough boisterous night, dark as the inside of a black cow, and blowing nearly a full gale; the *Siai* was showing no lights as I did not want her seen, nor did I want her movements reported by the natives; and as she was crowded with men, I could afford to carry on sail until the last minute, which I accordingly did. Passing Awaiama we sighted the lights of a vessel hove-to outside the harbour, and, as we ran close down to her, there came a brilliant flash of lightning from behind us, which for a moment illuminated her like day, and allowed us to identify her as Oates' cutter, the *Rock Lily*; whereupon we sheered off and passed her at about sixty feet distance. At East Cape I found no vessels, and accordingly went on into Samarai.

Two days later Oates arrived and, coming into the Court House, told me he had a complaint to make about a strange ship. "Two nights ago," said he, "I was hove-to off Awaiama: the night was dark and the weather so rough that I did not care to move either towards Samarai or back into the harbour. My lights were burning well, when suddenly there came a flash of lightning, and by it I saw a black schooner; I could see thirty feet of her keel out of water, your worship, and she was then setting a top-sail! It's the mercy of God I was not run down; she had no lights, and I want her found and her captain fined." I sympathized greatly with Oates, and sent to the Subcollector of Customs for a list of vessels which had entered the harbour during the past two days; naturally the officer never dreamt of including the Government vessel in the list, for, in the first instance, her movements did not concern him, and, in the second, he knew that as she carried

me, I must know as much or more about her than he did. Oates scanned the list of luggers, cutters, and Mission boats, but there was no black schooner of the description he gave. "Captain Oates," I said, "are you certain it was not a nightmare you had?" Oates choked with indignation. "She was four times the size of any vessel on this coast; my whole crew saw her and got the fright of their lives. Devil, even a binnacle light she carried." "Very good, Captain Oates," I said; "you see we can get no information about her from the Customs, but I will undertake that we will bring your mysterious craft to book the first time the *Siai* finds her; it is a very serious offence for a merchant ship to sail without lights."

From Awaiama we sailed for the Conflict Group, a circle of small islands surrounding a lagoon of a few miles in circumference. These islands were afterwards purchased from the Crown by a man named Wickham, who intended to use the lagoon for the propagation of sponges, and the island for cocoanut growing. I don't know what sort of success he made of the cocoanut growing, but I doubt if the sponges could have proved profitable, as Arbouine told me that the sponge trade was entirely in the hands of a small corporation of Jews, by whom they were bought at their own price and sold again wholesale at whatever amount they liked to fix. The high prices paid by the users of large sponges of fine quality are not due to the cost of fishing for them, nor to the expense entailed in their preparation, but are created simply by the ring. I believe, however, that the curing of the finer quality of sponges is a trade secret possessed only by the corporation, but I can see no reason why an expert chemist should not discover a process equally good, as it really only consists of bleaching the fibrous tissue of the half-animal, half-vegetable sponge.

My boats did not linger long at the Conflict Group, as there was nothing in our line there, so accordingly we went on to Tubi Tubi, where again we found that, though the reefs abounded in an infinite variety of wondrously beautiful shells and *bêche-de-mer*, shells of the sort we were seeking were conspicuous by their absence, with the exception of a few of the black-lip variety.

Bêche-de-mer is a sort of sea slug, ranging in size from six inches to two feet in length, and from one to six inches in diameter. It is highly prized by the Chinese, who use it for soup making: considerable quantities, however, are now used in London, Paris, and Queensland for the same purpose. The fish lies like a Bologna sausage on the bottom, and is easily brought to the surface by naked divers; it varies in value from £200 per ton downwards according to the size, variety, and skill displayed in curing. The curing is really a very simple matter: should the operation be done

on board, the fish or slugs are simply thrown into a four-hundred-gallon tank set in brickwork upon the deck and boiled vigorously in their own juice for a couple of hours ; they are then smoked like a ham in a smoke-house for a night. They come on board flabby gelatinous objects, unsightly to the eye and loathly to the touch ; they go away packed in sacks, hard little objects like lumps of perished india-rubber. The liquor exuded by boiling *bêche-de-mer* has peculiar properties : it will burnish copper until it becomes like gold, and should clothes be dipped in it before being washed, it will remove every particle of grease or dirt, leaving them, after washing, like the finished work of a good French laundress. The most valuable variety of *bêche-de-mer*, at the time I write of, was the "teat" fish, so called from having two peculiar rows of teat-like excrescences along the belly ; it should not have been the most valuable, as the red fish had at one time been more appreciated by the Chinamen ; but they were now regarded with suspicion, as several of their people had been poisoned from partaking of that particular delicacy. Slander said, that Nicholas the Greek had caused the deaths and spoilt the market for red fish by boiling a quantity of them in a copper boiler.

From Tubi Tubi we ran close by the islands of Basilaki and Sariba to Samarai, having little luck on the way. The Basilaki natives had a somewhat unpleasant experience prior to the Proclamation of a Protectorate by the British Government over the southern portion of New Guinea. They had cut out a trading vessel and murdered the crew, with the result that a man-of-war, the name of which I have now forgotten, was sent to punish them. Upon the appearance of the warship they fled into the bush, where the sailors were unable to follow them. In order to inflict some punishment, the ship shelled the principal village, doing, however, no real harm to the thatched huts ; several of the shells also failed to explode as they pitched upon the soft coral sand. As time went on, a great feast was held in that village, and the old shells, picked up by the natives, were used instead of stones to support the extra cooking pots. Gaily the natives danced, well were the fires stoked, until suddenly the explosion of three or four twelve-pounder (or heavier) shells spread devastation amongst the packed natives. The *manes* of the murdered crew may have waited long for revenge, but when it did come, it certainly arrived in a wholesale way.

On arrival in Samarai I paid off my luggers and Billy, which left me with a bare fiver to pay off the *Mizpah's* crew, each individual member of which was entitled to that amount ; and the *Mizpah*, after my unsuccessful cruise, was so mortgaged that I could not hope to obtain any money on her. I called my New Guinea boys together and explained the difficulty. "All right,"

said my coxswain, "you pay me off before the Government officer and I'll give you the money back, then you can pay off the next man and he will do the same, and so on until we are clear of the Government and can sail in search of money somewhere." This I did, and, at the end, still possessed the odd five pounds I had paid them off with; then they all signed on again with me for another voyage. There was at that time no fee to be paid for either signing a crew on or off.

About this time an awful hurricane struck the islands, wrecking and sinking many ships, amongst others the *Nabua*, a new vessel chartered by Burns, Philp and Co., laden with copra and bound for Samarai. This vessel was somewhere north of East Cape when struck by the hurricane; the crew, terrified by the fury of the storm, let go the anchors when off the coast, and finally abandoned her. They then came into Samarai, reporting that she had been swamped and had sunk at anchor—a story which was accepted by all. I, however, had my doubts about this; and when Burns, Philp and Co., as agents for Lloyds' underwriters, put her up for sale at auction, I made the one and only bid of five pounds—my last five pounds—for the hull and cargo, and she was knocked down to me for that amount.

After buying the *Nabua*, I left in the *Mizpah* for the locality where she was supposed to have foundered, and then got into communication with the coastal natives. "You remember the big wind of a few days ago?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "You saw a vessel at anchor off the shore, a vessel that sank during the gale?" "Yes," again was the answer. "Is there any rock near where she anchored?" "Certainly," came the reply; "we will show it you for payment." For a pound of tobacco they piloted the *Mizpah* until we were over a rock shaped like a pinnacle or sugar loaf, which was submerged about two fathoms, but which would in rough weather and a heavy sea have only about two feet upon it. "I thought so," I said to myself; "a strong new vessel such as the *Nabua*, with her hatches battened down and laden with a light bulky cargo like copra, never would have been swamped at anchor; she must have cracked a plank and have been sunk by a leak." My boys dived near the rock and reported that there was an anchor with a chain attached, leading into water too deep for them to descend into.

Hastily I sailed back into Samarai, stirred up a drunken ship's carpenter named Niccols—who was also a good diver—and induced two friends of his, who owned trading luggers, to accompany me back to raise the *Nabua*. As I had no money, I made the bargain that they should get fifty pounds apiece if we raised the vessel, and nothing if we failed. Back accordingly we went. Harry Niccols descended, and coming up announced he

had found the *Nabua* lying on a shelf on the bottom leading into deep water, and held there by her anchor. The tide apparently, after the gale had subsided, had drifted her away from the rock, upon which she had struck, in a seaward direction. With the exception of one plank smashed under her counter, Harry reported she was uninjured, and he also said that she was palpably light from the nature of her cargo and consequently easy to lift. After getting the luggers over her, Harry descended again and made fast our anchor chains to her chain plates, and then with small difficulty we lifted her with our winches, until she was awash between the two luggers. Just then the *Merrie England* hove in sight round the point, and seeing us, she dropped her launch, which came puffing alongside with a letter from Judge Winter asking me to go on board at once. I guessed that the Judge wanted to take me off somewhere, and I accordingly impressed upon Harry Niccols and the lugger owners the immediate necessity of beaching our recovered vessel and mending her plank before taking her to Samarai; this they promised to do.

The work for which the Judge wanted me kept me away for six weeks; I was, however, congratulating myself meanwhile upon the fact that, when I went again to Samarai, I should have the proceeds of the sale of a valuable vessel and cargo to collect from Burns, Philp and Co. My hopes were doomed to be dashed to the ground, for, when I eventually reached Samarai, Mr. Arbouine knew nothing about my salvaged ship. On finding Harry Niccols, that worthy told me that they had got the *Nabua* up safely, and had nailed some canvas over the hole in her stern and pumped her out; then, as they were on the point of beaching her to repair her plank, a trading cutter came in sight, from which—in the joy of their hearts at having so easily made fifty pounds a man—they had bought a keg of rum, upon which all hands had got drunk. Whilst still under the influence of liquor they had decided to sail for Samarai with the unmended *Nabua* fastened between the two luggers. In China Straits they had got into a tide rip and had been compelled to release the *Nabua* in order to save the luggers from foundering, whereupon she had of course filled and sunk in deep water. I accordingly lost my ship, and they, their fifty pounds; the damned fools had never even landed her cargo, which was worth twelve pounds per ton, and would have paid us handsomely for our work and trouble.

At Samarai I found some money remitted to me from New Zealand, sufficient to pay off my New Guinea boys and allow me a holiday to that country; so to New Zealand I accordingly went *viâ* Port Moresby, Yule and Thursday Islands.

CHAPTER VIII

I MADE a portion of my return voyage to New Zealand in the *Myrtle* ; and her first place of call was at Yule Island, where she stopped to load a cargo of sandalwood. Large quantities of this timber were at that time exported to China by a man named Hunter, who was then commonly known as "The Sandalwood King" ; he was making thousands of pounds a year, counted his employees by hundreds, owned several small vessels and many mule and horse teams. The miles of roads he made through the forest—in order to bring out his timber—would have been regarded as a credit to any ordinary civil engineer ; as a matter of fact, they were then the only roads worth calling such in New Guinea.

Hunter had as a rival in his timber business—if a man could be called a rival who got in a year about as much sandalwood as Hunter got in a day—a Frenchman known as "Brother John," a jovial fat person looking like the typical old friar. Brother John had been a lay brother attached to the Sacred Heart Mission at Mekeo, and he had, I regret to say, been smiled upon by the Papuan girl who did his washing, and, sadder still, he returned the smile. Time went on, until one day the girl's parents appeared at the Mission, hauling along their erring daughter ; they presented her to a scandalized monastery, drew particular attention to her figure, and asked what the Mission was going to do about it. Brother John was immediately expelled from the lay brotherhood of the order and commanded to marry the girl, which he did at once. Over this little incident some little time afterwards he scored rather badly off the Governor or Chief Justice, one of whom met him and, shaking his head, said reprovingly, "I am sorry to hear of your fall, Brother John." "Fall, Monseigneur," said Brother John, "fall ! Why, before I was only ze bruzzer, now I am ze fazzer !"

From Yule Island the *Myrtle* sailed with every available foot of space crammed full of the pleasant-smelling wood, as it seemed to me at first ; even her deck had a great pile stacked on it. For a day or so one continued to like the scent, then it got into one's hair, into the ship's water, into one's clothes and food, in fact into everywhere and in everything ; until one fairly loathed it, and

rushed to poke one's head to windward for a few minutes' sniff of the clean salt sea. A guano vessel stinks, a ship loaded with copra smells of rancid oil, but a boat laden with sandalwood cloys and sickens the senses more than either. I was told that the greater part of the sandalwood imported into China is used in the manufacture of joss sticks and incense, and for making sandalwood oil; whether this is true or not I do not know.

At Thursday Island I bade farewell to the schooner *Myrtle*; for she, having transhipped her cargo to a China steamer, returned to New Guinea, and I took up my quarters in one of the hotels, to wait with what patience I possessed for a south-bound steamer. Thursday Island is—or rather was—the centre of the pearling industry, and is one of the most God-forsaken holes I know of; there is absolutely nothing to do in the place to kill time. With the exception of a few soldiers, Government officials, professional and business men, and pearl vessel owners, the population consists of a miscellaneous collection of Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Kanakas, Queensland aborigines, and general crossbreeds and mongrels from the Lord knows where.

There has been for some years past considerable discussion in the Australian Parliament and the Press as to whether Northern Australia can, or ever will, be fully occupied by Australian or European people. One has only to give a glance at the white women, or purely white children, dwelling in Thursday Island, Cairns, or northward from there, to see the question answered; women and children alike—pale, listless, and anæmic—show plainly the need for constant change to a cool and bracing climate. It is sheer inhumanity to expect a child-bearing woman in the tropics to perform any but the lightest of domestic duties, and if these duties cannot be done by the women, then they must be performed by native domestic servants. Australia, however, does not possess an indigenous native population sufficient for the supply of this want—or suitable, if sufficient—and as the Government has closed its doors to the admission of Papuans or Melanesians—both highly suitable races for the purpose—it naturally follows that a fitting class of white men will never settle or take their families there. No country has, as yet, been populated by men married to women of native races or half-breeds. I have frequently heard the argument used in Australia, that the white man is as good a worker as the native anywhere, and under any conditions. I do not agree with this; but even accepting it as true, the fact remains that, in the tropics, the white woman is not capable of hard work and should not be asked to do it. Shortly, therefore, my contention is this: if Northern Australia is to be populated by a white race, the men must take their white wives with them; and they can only do that if allowed to make especially favourable

conditions for them by the aid of native servants. No law—not even one made by an Australian Labour Government—can alter the natural laws governing the distribution of the climates of the earth, or the disabilities of sex.

The Australasian Parliament suffers from a chronic state of nervous dread of the East ; and it is likely to continue to do so, as long as it pursues the dog-in-the-manger policy of keeping a vast country unoccupied. The best thing Australia can do with the Northern Territory is to combine its administration with that of New Guinea, under the Crown Colony system of Government, and permit the introduction of native labour from New Guinea—at any rate for domestic service or work on the plantations.

Upon the arrival of the China steamer *Changsha*, I gladly shook the dust of Thursday Island from my boots, sailing in her for the South.

When I reached New Zealand I employed my spare time for some months in studying navigation and surgery, whilst I built up my health in preparation for a fresh venture to New Guinea. Here I met again my old friend, Richard Burton. Burton was some years older than myself and, up to that time, had lived a mixed sort of life : educated at Eton, he had then harried his parents into sending him to sea, and had made one voyage to Australia and back in a sailing ship ; disgusted with that, he had passed into Sandhurst ; not finding that to his liking, he was removed by his parents and sent to the College of Agriculture at Cheltenham, after which he had come to New Zealand and started sheep farming. A crack shot, a fine boxer and fencer, afraid of nothing that either walked, flew or swam, and crammed with a vast lore of out-of-the-way knowledge, I was more than pleased when he volunteered to accompany me back to New Guinea. Burton gave me news of Sylvester who had gone with me on my first trip, and of whom I had heard nothing since he left me at Woodlark Island. After leaving there he had suffered severely from protracted bouts of malaria, and had gone home to England, where, whilst paying a visit to Longner Hall, Burton's home in Shropshire, he had become engaged to marry the latter's sister, and meditated, after the marriage, returning to New Zealand to take up sheep farming.

The scheme Burton and I agreed upon was to go to Sydney and there purchase a small sailing vessel, ship as a crew a few Kanakas—if we could get them—load the vessel with mining gear, and go and work the reef, or rather porphery leader, which had been buried by Brady and myself in Woodlark Island. If that project failed—well, we should have a vessel under us, and British, Dutch or German New Guinea, the Solomon, Aru or Admiralty Islands, or, for that matter, the whole of the Malay



R. F. T. BURTON, ESQ., AND HIS MOHAWK BOYS

Archipelago, to seek our fortunes in ; neither of us cared very much what we did or whither we went, provided there was something worth having at the end. We expected to find Brady somewhere in the islands and take him on with us.

When we were on the eve of leaving New Zealand for Sydney, a man we both knew, named Alfred Cox, asked to be allowed to join us ; he had been a midy in the Royal Navy, but had been obliged to leave owing to a steadily increasing deafness, and since then had been farming in New Zealand. We were not at all keen on having him, as he was not a strong man, and he somehow or other contrived to smash one of his bones or otherwise damage himself at unpleasantly frequent intervals. He, however, begged hard, and at last we consented to his throwing in his lot with us.

Arriving in Sydney from New Zealand we inserted the following advertisement in the morning papers—not knowing the deluge it would bring down upon us : “Wanted to buy a schooner, cutter or ketch, between fifteen and thirty tons burden. Apply ‘B. M.,’ Mêtropole Hotel.” On the afternoon of the day of publication of the papers, Burton and I were returning from a shopping expedition, during which we had been purchasing arms, ammunition, charts, instruments, chemicals, tools, etc., when we found the hall porter at the hotel endeavouring to stall off a mixed crowd of people all clamouring to see “B. M.” Hastily we interfered ; and, taking them one by one, we arranged interviews with them at our gunsmith’s shop. Broken-down tugs, worn-out coastal steamers, fishing boats, timber scows, vessels building, vessels to be built, all sorts and conditions were offered to us at exorbitant prices ; some of the owners and agents we sent off at once, the vessels of others we put on a list for private inspection, and in nine cases out of ten found the description widely different from the reality.

Cox got bored with it all, for he thought we should never get a vessel at the rate we were going on ; and he suggested that he should go off and call upon Captain Anson of H.M.S. *Orlando*, a friend of his, and borrow a carpenter or bo’sun’s mate to assist us in our choice. To this course of action we agreed and, having carried it out, Cox returned to tell us that Captain Anson’s opinion was, that a man-of-war’s man would be of no use to us, but that a man who owned a sail-making and ship-rigging business would be the very man for our purpose. The same man was once employed to bring a yacht from England to Australia ; by some misadventure or other he and his crew had run short of provisions, and had then eaten the cabin boy. How the master and crew escaped at their trial I don’t know, probably upon some plea of self-preservation, but the fact was established that the

cannibalism had taken place. Many years after we had met him, he fell the first victim in Australia to bubonic plague. Upon our presenting Captain Anson's card, he at once said he only knew of three vessels likely to suit us, and all were yachts; we found one was too large and expensive, another was too small, whilst the third was a racing cutter of sixteen tons, named the *Guinevere*, built in England of oak, copper fastened, and yawl rigged for cruising purposes. This vessel was now outclassed for racing, and had fallen into the hands of a money-lender named London, by whom she was used for card parties and pleasant little trips in the harbour. We were assured that the *Guinevere* was as sound and staunch as on the day she was built, and we accordingly bought her.

We hauled the *Guinevere* up on to a slip for a general overhaul and refitting, and I took the opportunity of having her fitted with a powerful rotary pump, in addition to her own, my New Guinea experience having taught me the advantage of plenty of pumps. To this pump we owed our lives a great deal sooner than I expected. We left the slip, with every foot of our little vessel chock full of stores, tools, etc., and ran down to Watson's Bay at the mouth of Sydney harbour. There we joined a small fleet of sailing vessels all waiting for the lowering of a storm signal, then flying at the flagstaff. Among these vessels was a yawl named the *Spray*, owned and manned by a "Captain" Slocum—a Yankee—by whom she had been entirely built in America, and who was now engaged in the endeavour to sail her single-handed round the world. We had foregathered with Slocum, who told us he had just been visited by the master of the London Missionary Society's steamer, the *John Williams*, who, after having inspected his navigating instruments, amongst which was his chronometer, consisting of what he called a "one dollar watch," had remarked that he appeared to put a lot of trust in Providence. He then invited Slocum to lunch on board the *John Williams*, when with pride he exhibited that ship's numerous and splendid instruments and expensive chronometers; Slocum gazed in admiration, and then drawled, "Waal, Captain, I calculate you sky pilots don't put much faith in Providence!"

We had failed to find any Kanakas for a crew in Sydney, and we dared not attempt to ship white men, as the authorities asked many embarrassing questions as to certificates, objects of voyage, etc.; fortunately the liberty of a yacht still clung to the *Guinevere*, and they did not apparently bother very much about the three owners. While we were lying in Watson's Bay, Burton received a cable telling him that his elder brother had broken his neck in the hunting field, and asking him to return home at once. He decided, however, not to leave me in the lurch,

but to come on as far as Cooktown in North Queensland, where I could ship a black crew. We were still anchored there, when we were boarded by an official from a launch belonging to the Marine Board, by whom we were harried exceedingly, but whom we placated to a certain extent by means of mixed drinks; he, however, refused to allow us to quit our anchorage without life-buoys, which we did not possess. Our money by this time was getting extremely short, so, accordingly, Burton and I interviewed our shipwright, who sold us some dummies good enough to pass the Marine Inspector. Then, storm signals or no storm signals, for fear of further interference, we decided to go to sea, where Marine Boards and shipping authorities worried not and we could go our way in peace. Apparently some of the other sailing vessels, ships of large tonnage, had become sick of waiting for the promised storm that never came, for about half a dozen of us left the harbour in rotation.

Off Newcastle that night, however, a true "Southerly Buster" hit us and, not knowing the harbour or the coast, we stood out to sea close-hauled. We had the devil of a time: first we lost our dingey, then when, as I calculated, we were about sixty miles off the coast, our jib and staysail went in rapid succession; I was steering, lashed by my legs to cleats to prevent being washed overboard, and every time the cabin scuttle was opened a huge sea went below. It was impossible for either Burton or Cox to venture on deck, for, before they could possibly secure themselves, they were bound inevitably to go overboard, the *Guinevere*—like all racing vessels—having only a few inches of rail and no bulwarks; in any case, they could do no good on deck. Upon the staysail going, Burton managed, at the imminent risk of his life, to crawl on deck for a few seconds to slack the main sheet, and so let me get the vessel before the wind; hardly had he done so than a huge sea swept right over us, and fortunately, instead of taking him overboard, washed him down the scuttle. Half an hour later he poked up his head and yelled, "The cabin is half full of water which is rising fast; if we don't pump we shall sink." Luckily the handle of the new pump was within reach of the scuttle, and Burton, wedging himself firmly in the opening, seized the brake, and for some hours just kept pace with the inflowing water; then the pump choked, and the water steadily rose in the cabin. We did not bother very much about this, for the mainsail was tearing from its ropes, and we knew that when that went, it was only a matter of a few minutes before we broached-to and were smashed into fragments by the seas.

At last with a tearing bang the mainsail went, and I thought we were gone too; it was too dark to see, one could only hear. The vessel gave a horrid deadly sort of sideways lurch, and then

instinctively I met it with the helm and found, to my amazement, that she still kept steerage way, and was running on as though under sail; and so she ran for an hour, when dawn broke, and I saw that our blown-out mainsail was jambed across her mast and rigging, and was acting as a square-sail. Cox then steered, while Burton and I securely lashed the sail in the position it then was; that done, we turned our attention to the pumps, for the *Guinevere* was half full of water. The first pump, her original one, we abandoned as hopeless after the first half-hour; the other, the rotary one, we carefully took to pieces, as the whole water-raising part of the mechanism of the pump was on deck. We found in it some small chips of wood jamming the valves—chips left below decks by the carpenters working at her on the slip; cleaning these we soon had the pump working, and two hours' toil gave us a dry ship again. Then, in spite of an enormous sea and a howling gale still blowing, we felt fairly hopeful, and settled down to a three days' fight, to bring our vessel again to a port to refit. At last we made Port Macquarie, telling a steamer that approached and wanted to tow us, to go to the devil, for we had awful visions before our eyes of claims for salvage.

At Port Macquarie we signalled for a tug, and were soon safely at anchor in the river; we here heard that a number of vessels had been wrecked at Newcastle during the gale, and found that we also had been reported as lost. The pilot and his boat's crew very kindly gave us a lot of help in refitting our rigging and sails, for which service they would take no payment. Here Cox—after getting into a row with the police for shooting at a flock of pelicans with a rifle, these birds being strictly protected—decided to return to New Zealand; we soothed the police by explaining that anything Cox shot at was perfectly safe, the only thing likely to be hurt was something at which he was not shooting. Having completed our refitting, and Cox having departed in a sailing vessel for Sydney, Burton and I again went to sea.

For a day or two we worked the *Guinevere* north in bad weather, and then, as Burton and myself were utterly worn out from want of sleep, we decided to run in and anchor near the Solitary Isles; this we accordingly did, but unfortunately amongst a lot of rocks and shoals and in a very exposed position. The sailing directions described these waters as highly dangerous. About an hour before daylight the sea and wind got up, with the result that our anchor parted, whereupon we let go another, our only remaining one, and prayed that it would hold until dawn. Daylight and our remaining anchor broke together, and we did a sort of steeplechase out to sea amongst cruel-looking rocks; how we got the *Guinevere* through safely I don't know, for it was a

job I should not like to tackle again with a full crew and steam under me; certainly no vessel less nimble than a racing yacht could have managed it. We were now, however, without an anchor, and therefore it was necessary for us to make a port in order to get one. We did not like ports either, for fear of being prevented from going to sea again. An anchor, however, we must have, and accordingly we stood away for the Clarence River.

We fell in on the way with the *Spray* and Captain Slocum, who hung on to us one night while he slept. The *Spray* was nearly as broad as she was long, immensely strong and almost unsinkable. Slocum's usual method of navigation was to sail his boat all day, run off shore, heave-to, and sleep all night while his vessel bobbed about like a cork. A very strong southerly current on this coast had prevented him from doing this, as his ship lost nearly as much in the night as he had gained in the day. He had left Sydney some time after us and missed the storm, but he had not been delayed by calling at ports on the way. In the morning we parted from the *Spray* and Slocum, he to continue his voyage round the world—which, in passing, I may mention he successfully accomplished—and we to make the Clarence River. Heaving-to off that river we signalled for an anchor, but the signalman chose to believe we had made a mistake and sent a tug out instead; so accordingly we went into port, where we decided to remain for a day or two.

Here we received a telegram from William Whitten, telling us a cutter he was taking to New Guinea had been wrecked on the coast, and asking us to wait for his arrival in a coastal steamer, after which he would come on with us.† We therefore waited, being only too glad to have additional hands. Whitten had seen the report of our arrival at the Clarence River in a telegram in the daily papers; we did not at all approve of the interest our movements now seemed to be exciting, and decided that, once we were clear of this port, we should touch nowhere again until we made Cooktown. Whitten appeared, accompanied by a seaman named Otto, whose surname I never knew; we then unostentatiously slipped out to sea again, making rapid progress north, with Whitten and his man taking one watch and Burton and I the other.

We made Cooktown without any further misadventure, but for one little incident, breaking the monotony of the trip; that was a narrow escape we had of being piled up by Whitten on the coast one dark night, in consequence of his crediting the *Guinevere* with only doing eight knots an hour instead of nearly twelve. I happened to go on deck before dawn, and found Otto trying to persuade Whitten that a dark mass right ahead of us was land, while the latter maintained that it was impossible and must be

cloud. I thought it was land, too, and insisted upon standing out to sea again until dawn ; when daylight came there, sure enough, was a high cape not more than a couple of miles off. Whitten had already piled up four vessels in the course of his career, through a mixture of recklessness and cocksureness, he never believing in danger until too late.

At Cooktown we found the whole community preparing for wild junketings in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, and the Warden invited Burton and myself to participate ; the festivities were to culminate in a banquet at night. Cooktown is like all isolated hot towns in one respect, and that is, the inhabitants take very little interest in anything outside their own little parochial affairs, and, as most of them possess "livers," they accordingly quarrel furiously : even when a man is of a peaceful nature, his wife is not, and the rows of the woman involve the man. One had hardly been introduced to a man for half an hour before he was explaining what awful people so-and-so, and so-and-so were—his pet *bêtes noires* ; and, later on, one had a repetition of the same thing from so-and-so. The Warden told me, though, that at the great banquet all personal differences were to be buried for good : Subcollector of Customs, Inspector of Police, bankers, merchants, parsons, doctors, lawyers, post and telegraph officials, schoolmasters and ship captains, in fact, all the rank and fashion of Cooktown were to foregather and coo like doves.

The Warden was a very fine old fellow ; he had at one time been British Consul in Persia, and he was also the first man to hoist the British flag in New Guinea prior to the Proclamation of the Protectorate ; he was now over sixty, but his back was as straight and his step as firm as a man of half his years ; he was also full of quaint stories of the experiences of his youth in Persia and Arabia ; he possessed, however, a peppery temper and had a long-standing quarrel with one of the local celebrities. The hour of the banquet arrived and the guests assembled ; speeches were made, and toasts were drunk—many toasts and many speeches—and as the champagne mounted to excited brains a few quarrels began, but were always promptly suppressed by the Warden in his capacity of President, and each time we sang "God save the Queen." Burton leant over to me and whispered, "There is going to be a damned fine fight before this *chivoo* is over, there is too much bad blood among them for a tea-party," and I acquiesced. After the feasting was over and we had dispersed about the room, something seemed to occur which caused all the old feeling in the room to burst out ; the parsons fled through the door, the Warden seized his ancient foe by the neck and, throwing him on the floor, sat across his chest and bumped the man's head up and down, whilst every other man sought out his own

particular enemy and thumped him. Burton and I got quietly to one side and looked on; the police arrived and peeped in, but, upon seeing their Chief and the Police Magistrate involved in the turmoil, discreetly withdrew. At last peace was restored, and the guests at Cooktown's historical banquet departed to their several homes, while Burton and I went off to the *Guinevere*, wondering what stories the *élite* of Cooktown would manage to invent by way of explanation to their wives. A sorry looking lot of men we met next day, and they all showed a marked disposition to avoid the subject of Jubilee banquets.

Within the course of a day or two Burton left in a steamer bound for Sydney *en route* for England, and upon his departure I sailed for Samarai, still accompanied by Whitten and Otto. No sooner had we left behind us Cook's Passage in the Great Barrier Reef than we fell into a howling south-easter, a wind almost dead in our teeth; Whitten, after one night's experience of it and the *Guinevere's* behaviour in a big head sea, refused to go on, and consequently I had to put back to Cooktown to land him and Otto. The *Guinevere* had, to a man not acquainted with her peculiarities, an alarming habit of going through, instead of over, a head sea; as a matter of fact, she was just as safe with her decks a foot under water as she was with the sea like a duck pond; but Whitten would not believe it.

At Cooktown I shipped three Queensland natives as crew and sailed again; when well out to sea, however, I discovered that only one was a sailor and therefore able to steer, the other two had been stockmen on a cattle run. I accordingly abandoned my intention of making Samarai direct, and, instead, made for Port Moresby, where I hoped to pick up a crew of New Guinea boys, and beat down the coast to Samarai. After a few days we sighted Port Moresby just as the sun was setting, and I obtained capital cross bearings on an island to the east of the entrance of the harbour and upon Fisherman Island; the night was dark, but I accepted the chart as accurate, and, being confident of the correctness of my compass bearings, I decided to risk running through the passage in the outlying reef by compass. Suddenly crash we went upon the reef; we launched the dingey, a new one purchased in Cooktown, and I told the boys to place a kedge anchor in her and drop it away in deep water, in order that we might kedge the cutter off; they promptly dropped it into the dingey and stove in her planks, rendering her useless. The wind then began to get up, bumping us further and further over the reef, until, to my surprise, I found that the vessel was bumping less and rising upon an even keel again. After two or three hours of this, we suddenly slipped off into deep water upon the Port Moresby side; and again making sail, stood into the harbour, though

the *Guinevere* was leaking badly from the bumping she had received.

When I got into Port Moresby, I found that the tide, which had enabled me to get clean over the reef, was the highest ever registered there, the decking of the wharf having been on a level with the water. Here I found Inman with a new schooner of Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co., and to him I took my chart and cross bearings and asked how on earth, in the position in which they had placed me, I had managed to get upon the reef. Inman's explanation was very brief: namely, that the eastern island, upon which I had taken one of my cross bearings, was half a mile out of position on the Admiralty chart.

I also came across Farquhar, who told me he was acting as an accountant in the Treasury, but that he had been offered a good position with Burns, Philp and Co., at Samarai, and was only waiting for an opportunity of getting there. Accordingly I offered him a passage in the *Guinevere*, with all its excitements thrown in. He told me Ross-Johnston wanted to go to Samarai too, as Sir William MacGregor had come to the conclusion that an extensive knowledge of modern languages by a private secretary was not sufficient to outweigh the fact of his being ignorant or all the practical duties of his office. Farquhar therefore went off in search of Ross-Johnston to tell him that they could both sail with me.

The morning following my arrival in Port Moresby, I was standing on the wharf watching a carpenter doing some work on the deck of the *Guinevere*, when I heard a Scotch voice behind me. "What do you call that pipe, Mr. Monckton?" I turned round, and saw Sir William MacGregor standing there and pointing to the stove pipe issuing from the deck of the *Guinevere*. "That, sir," I said, "that is a stove pipe." "Stove pipe, do you call it? It looks more like a cigar holder!" I felt rather hurt at this reflection upon the *Guinevere*, and replied, "Well, sir, stove pipe or cigar holder, it answers the purpose for which it was placed there, and that's all I want." "Very true, man," said Sir William; "if men and things do their duties, it is all that is required of them. Come to Government House this afternoon, I have work for you."

I went to Government House, where Sir William told me that Moreton was very seedy and wanted leave of absence, but that he had not been able to let him go until the Government had found some one to take his place, and that he intended to send me to relieve him. I told Sir William that I had grave doubts about being able to perform the duties satisfactorily, whereupon he told me that he had the same doubts himself, but that I seemed to be the best that offered. "Get awa', man, get awa'; the sooner ye



POKE MORESA FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SHOWING THE GOVERNMENT OF POKES

are in Samarai, the better pleased I'll be with ye." Consequently left Port Moresby on the following morning, accompanied by Ross-Johnston and Farquhar. Some years afterwards I read, in the *Illustrated London News*, an account written by Ross-Johnston of the voyage of the *Guinevere* from Port Moresby to Samarai ; it was eventful in its way, but I have not space for it here. In 1897, I took up my new duties at Samarai, which were the beginning of my official life in New Guinea.

CHAPTER IX

AT Samarai I found Moreton looking very ill, and keenly anxious to get away ; Symons, late purser of the *Merrie England*, was now his assistant and Subcollector of Customs instead of Armit. The latter had turned his knowledge of botany to account by setting up as a collector and trader of rubber ; he was the first man in New Guinea to commence that business, and it was he who taught the natives the method of collecting and preparing it for market.

I asked Moreton to give me a sketch of my duties as a Resident Magistrate, and he said everything was a Resident Magistrate's duty : in the absence of a surveyor, he had to survey any land purchased ; in the absence of a doctor, he had to set and amputate limbs ; he had also to drill his own police, act as gaoler and undertaker, sail the *Siai*, marry people, in fact do any job of any description, from a blacksmith's upwards, not expressly allotted to some one else. If a job were allotted to some one else, and that some one else failed to do it, the Resident Magistrate must do it ; Sir William MacGregor, in fact, expected his Resident Magistrates to know everything and to do everything. It was no excuse, Moreton stated, to say that one did not know how to do it : that was all very well for a doctor, a surveyor, a ship's officer, or Custom's official, but not for the Resident Magistrate. Another of his duties was to make every shilling of Government money allotted to him go as far as half a crown ; if he spent money in what the Governor or Treasurer considered an unnecessary manner, he had the pleasure and privilege of making it up out of his own pocket. His powers, however, were extensive : he could sentence summarily up to two years' imprisonment with hard labour, or fine up to two hundred pounds ; and, in the absence of the Governor, he could take administrative action in any matter of urgency or importance ; finally, he occupied the enviable position of scapegoat, when such was needed.

"All this is very fine for you, Moreton," I said, when he had concluded. "You have been years in the Service and know things, whilst I am very young for such an appointment, and have no experience." "Go to Armit if you get into a fix," said Moreton, "he will pilot you through all right, he is a walking encyclopædia ;

but don't you get Jock's back up or you will never forget it. You can practically exercise any power you please if you do right and succeed, but if you make a mistake or fail, Jock will make you feel small enough to crawl through a keyhole. Now then, here is a list of things that need attending to at once. There is a murder at Awaiama, a man cut his mother-in-law's throat, catch him ; there is to be a new Mission Station at Cape Vogel, survey and buy the land from the natives ; Fellows is in trouble at the Trobriands, go and put him right ; Bromilow has collected a lot of orphans at Dobu, go and mandate them to the Mission ; a man named Ryan has shot a native at Ferguson Island, arrest him and inquire into the case ; Carruth has been supplying grog to the natives on Burns, Philp's diving boats, catch Carruth and deal with him ; the *Siai's* decks need caulking and she needs new wire rigging ; I've got the wire, but there is no money with which to pay any one to do the job. Patten has got into some sort of trouble at the south end of Goodenough, find out what it's all about ; Thompson has started a cocoanut plantation on the north-east coast of the island, look him up and see that he is all right ; when you get some spare time, go and buy a cargo of yams for the gaol, and don't pay more than 10s. per ton for them ; see that Billy the Cook shuts his pub at twelve o'clock, there are only fights and rows if he is open later. Don't use the police for arresting white men if you can possibly avoid it ; arrest them yourself. Some one stole an anchor and chain from the *Siai*, I think it was Graham ; search his vessel the first time you come across him ; he was last heard of in the Trobriands ; there are a handful of summonses for debt against him too, serve them. Find German Harry and hold an inquest into the death of one of his crew ; look at the licences of all pearl shell and bêche-de-mer vessels you come across, they dodge paying whenever they can ; if they pretend they have no cash, make them give you an order on Burns, Philp and Co. There are a lot of letters about missing friends, find out about the people for whom inquiries are made and answer them, also send duplicates of your letters to the Government Secretary. The Chief Judicial Officer is raising Cain about a lot of Mambare murderers in the gaol on warrants of remand, he wants to know if I intend to keep them without trial for the term of their natural lives ; just work through them in your spare time : they are the men that killed Green and his detachment. There are a few other things that want attention, but Symons will give you a list. Give Symons hell, if he gets behind at all with the Headquarters' returns, and keep your eye on the *Siai's* paint and stores, for I'll take my oath Symons doesn't keep his whaleboat so smart on his paint allowance. If you give the bo'sun of the *Merrie England* a bottle of whisky, he will steal enough brass-cleaning stuff, sewing

twine, and needles from her stores to keep you going for a year. By the way, Jock won't allow holystone for the decks, he says it is extravagant, and that we must scrub them with sand and cocoanut husk. They have small-pox in German New Guinea; send any vessel coming from there into quarantine at once, 'Clean Bill of Health' or not."

Symons was a married man with a young family: Moreton therefore had allowed him to take possession of the Residency, whilst he occupied a little three-roomed house, built of native material, in the gaol compound and alongside the Government jetty. As Moreton pointed out, it was much more convenient for a bachelor wishing to keep only two servants—a cook and an orderly—than the big Residency; and the labour of shifting one's things backwards and forwards from the *Siai* was much reduced. There was a detached two-roomed building used as a cook-house and servants' room; Moreton only used two rooms, one as a bedroom and the other as a sitting-room; we dined on the verandah. I investigated the third room, the one to be occupied by me until his departure, and found a couple of trestles supporting a platform of boards. "What on earth is this, Moreton?" I asked; "it strikes me as a devilish hard bunk!" "The fact is," said Moreton, "there have been a few accidents lately, dynamite and diving and that sort of thing, and as there was nowhere else to put the bodies, I kept them here till the inquests were over, and they could be safely planted in the cemetery; I believe one of the ungrateful beggars walks." "I think I'll have a hammock slung," I remarked; "I don't so much mind sleeping in a *morgue*, but I draw the line at a corpse's bed; his spook might take a fancy to occupy his old berth."

"You might hunt up a suitable place on Logia Island for a new cemetery," Moreton said. "The one here, next the gaol, is getting overcrowded for one thing, and for another, it is none too wholesome, for all the coffins are made of thin cedar—some of the inhabitants have not got coffins at all—and the damned crabs *wili* bore holes down to them. I had an awful job to get enough sawn timber for a coffin for Tommy Rous, but he's tight enough, I think; I thought I owed him something for all the pleasant nights we had spent together. By the way, don't let Symons read the Burial Service over any one *if* you can help it; he reads it in a voice like a cock with a quinsy." Moreton complained that the Woodlark and Mambare miners were getting Samarai a bad name. "They come here," he said, "at the last gasp with dysentery or malaria, wait a week or two for a vessel to take them to Australia, and then, if the schooner is late, peg out, and give me all the work of administering their affairs and replying to the letters of their relations. I had a little luck with one lot, though; about a dozen

came in from the Woodlark, looking very bad, and just managed to catch the *Clara Ethel* bound for Cooktown. The skipper told me afterwards, that he dumped seven corpses overboard before he reached there, and they had to carry the rest up to the hospital."

A few days after I arrived at Samarai, the *Ivanhoe* came in from New Britain bound for Cooktown, and Moreton made ready to depart. "Some little time ago," he told me, "my brother sent me some champagne and some pâté de foie gras, and a cheque which I am going to blow on my leave. I think we will invite Armit and Arbouine to dinner the night before we sail, and polish off the fizz and pâté; but how the devil am I to get the pâté cold? It is in china pots inside a soldered tin." "Tie it on to the *Siai's* anchor and drop it in fifty fathoms," I suggested; "it is cool enough down there." The dinner came, the time for the pâté also, and Moreton's cook proudly produced, and placed in front of him, a steaming, loathly-looking dish of an evil-smelling mess. Moreton prodded at it. "What is this? I sent for the pâté, you scoundrel: what poisonous mess have you got here?" "That's all right, sir, that's the pâté; I've curried it!" I draw a veil over the language that followed, and also over the fate of that boy.

Earlier in the day a cutter came in, manned by escaped French convicts from New Caledonia; Moreton promptly placed them in gaol, telling me to keep them there until the Chief Judicial Officer came, and I could get his advice as to what was to be done with them. "What sort of warrant am I to hold them on?" I asked; "it is all very fine for you, you are skipping out, but what will happen to me when his Ex. finds out I have half a dozen Frenchmen jugged without a warrant?" "You are a bright R.M.," said Moreton; "men are not sent to New Caledonia for stealing apples; only the worst of their criminals go there, and I don't want half a dozen of the worst sort of convicts loose in this division; law or no law, you hang on to them; charge them with having no lawful visible means of support, or with a breach of the quarantine laws, or entering from a foreign port without a 'Bill of Health,' or hold them on suspicion of having stolen their cutter; anyhow, it is better that you should get the sack, than that they should be let loose; Winter will find a way of dealing with them."

After dinner, on Moreton's last night, we adjourned to Arbouine's house, where we remained until about eleven; as we returned home, a wild riot at Billy the Cook's pub attracted our attention, and running there we found O'Regan the Rager being thrown down the steps. O'Regan was fighting drunk, and making the night hideous with yells and blasphemy. "Go home and to bed, O'Regan," said Moreton. He would not, and Moreton

grabbed him; he promptly hit Moreton in the ribs, and just as promptly I hit O'Regan under the ear and also seized him. "Will you come quietly?" said Moreton; but O'Regan wanted blood and gore, whereupon Moreton blew his whistle and a dozen police, running up, collared him and took him off to gaol, Moreton and I continuing our way home. We had hardly reached the house before a warder rushed up, exclaiming, "That lunatic, the police have run in, is killing the Wee-wees." I bolted down to the gaol, and found all the cells were full of natives except the one containing the Frenchmen, and accordingly the gaoler had put O'Regan in with them; O'Regan had immediately proceeded to dance with his heavy mining boots over their recumbent forms, and to challenge them to fight.

I had the cell door opened, and told O'Regan that he would be put in irons unless he kept quiet; the Frenchmen all clamoured to be taken away from him. "I'm a plain drunk and disorderly, I am," said O'Regan, "and I'm not going to be shut up with a —— lot of —— foreign criminals." "That's all very fine," I told him, "but all the other cells are full of natives and you are not going to dance over them; gaoler, bring the irons, and we will make a 'spread eagle' of this man on the floor." Here the Frenchmen chipped in, saying they didn't want to remain in the cell with him even when ironed, and begged to be put in with the natives, to which I accordingly agreed. O'Regan was left with a bucket of water and a pannikin, and told that if he gave as much as one more howl, he would be ironed to the floor. The following morning, Moreton paid a visit to the gaol to say good-bye to the gaoler and warders, and some estimable native friends of his, whom he had been obliged to gaol for various trifles — such as assault, or burying their deceased relatives in the villages. While he was there O'Regan, who by this time was feeling rather piano, begged his pardon for hitting him in the ribs, and apologized for giving him the trouble of using the police for running him in. "Let him off with ten shillings and costs as a plain drunk, Monckton," said Moreton; "he seems very contrite, and he's got a lump as big as a hen's egg where you hit him."

The *Ivanhoe* sailed, and with her, Moreton; my first duty was to hear the cases set down at the Court House, amongst them of course being O'Regan's drunk. When his case came up, I fined him ten shillings; upon which he gazed at me and remarked, "I've seen that blank man up to his backside in mud at the Woodlark, hunting for pennyweights of gold, and now he sits there like a blanky lord and fines me ten bob." "Yes, O'Regan," I remarked, "very true; and now that blank man is going to add five pounds to your fine for contempt of court!"

The night after Moreton's departure I was peacefully sleeping,

being dog tired after a hard day, when I was awakened by some one shaking my hammock. Jumping up I saw Robert Whitten, and demanded what he meant by coming and disturbing a tired man at that hour. "So-and-so's wife has died suddenly," he said, naming a European carpenter, who was married to a native woman, "and we want you to come and look at the corpse, to find out why she died." Reluctantly I dressed, called a couple of police, and went off corpse gazing. I found the widower looking very distressed and frightened; he told me his wife had complained of a sharp pain in her chest at different times, and that night it had been very bad. "I sent to every store," he said, "and I bought chlorodyne and pain killer, fever mixture and pink pills, cough mixtures and Mother Seigel's syrup; I bought every sort of medicine they had got, and I gave her some of each, hoping that one would fix her up. There are the bottles, you can see I've done my best; I then sent for Bob Whitten to ask him if he knew of anything else, and while Bob was here, she died. Is there going to be an inquest, and shall I bring the body up to your house?" "No, you won't," I said; "you will keep it here until it is buried, and you need not worry about an inquest. I think your wife died of heart disease, before all those drugs you poured down her throat had time to poison her; but no one will ever know now."

The following morning I crawled out to breakfast at about ten o'clock, feeling a horrible worm, and found an immaculately dressed Symons sitting on the verandah waiting for me. "Come to breakfast, Mr. Symons?" "No, thank you," said Symons in a pious voice, "I had my breakfast two hours ago; I adhere strictly to office hours." "You are a lucky dog," I remarked; "it seems to me that my hours are all day and all night as well. What's the trouble now?" "The gaol returns," he replied; "the gaol is half full of people under Warrants of Remand; the R.M. has been too busy, and latterly too ill, to attend to them; we are over-crowded, and unless something is done, there will be a lot of sickness. The Mambare men, too, are giving no end of trouble, and should be transferred elsewhere; I'm getting anxious about what will happen when you leave with the bulk of the police." I satisfied Symons by promising to inquire at once into the cases of all the men on remand; and, after breakfast, began upon the men charged with the murders of John Green, Assistant Resident Magistrate at Tamata, his police, and five European miners.

The inquiry resulted in the committal for trial for murder of practically the whole of the Mambare prisoners then in gaol in Samarai, and it also involves an explanation on my part of the events leading up to it. In 1894—I think it was—Sir William MacGregor, accompanied by Moreton, R.M. for the

Division, ascended the Mambare River from its outfall in Duvira Bay to its highest navigable point, a few miles above Tamata creek. What are now known as the Mambare and Duvira Bay, were originally named by Admiral Moresby the Clyde and Traitor's Bay respectively. The banks of the river were found to be fairly densely populated by a strong and warlike race of people, with whom, however, they avoided coming into hostility. Sir William discovered the existence of gold in the sand and shores of the river ; and, upon his reporting that fact in the course of his official dispatch, a prospecting party of miners from Queensland was fitted out, headed by a man named Clark, to be shortly followed by another party led by Elliott, for the exploitation of the discovery.

Clark's party arrived at Samarai, and, in spite of Moreton's protests, went to the Mambare, where they apparently had got into friendly relations with the natives, and had employed them to assist in hauling their boat up the rapids. A short distance above Tamata the whole of the white men composing the party—with the exception of their leader Clark—left their boat with their rifles in it and walked along the bank, whilst the Mambare natives hauled her up a rapid by means of a long rope, Clark meanwhile steering the boat. Suddenly in the middle of the rapid the natives cut the rope, thereby allowing the boat to drift rapidly down stream and into the midst of a swarm of following canoes manned by armed natives, who at once launched showers of spears against Clark. The latter used his revolver for a few minutes, and then fell, pierced by a dozen spears ; the remainder of his party rushed down the bank, drove off the natives by revolver fire, and, having recovered their boat, fled down stream, where they met Elliott's party coming up. The two parties, then uniting forces, took a quite illegal and unnecessary vengeance by burning villages, cutting down cocoanut trees, and generally involving every tribe and village on the river in the murder and disturbance ; having succeeded in doing this, they fled to the beach and thence south to Samarai.

Sir William MacGregor hastily proceeded to the Mambare, some fighting took place, and several arrests of natives were made, including, amongst others, one Dumai. Sir William then decided to place a police post and magistrate on the Mambare to control the miners and natives ; for this work, out of the small number of officers available, not numbering twenty all told, he selected John Green. This officer was, for native affairs, absolutely the best man the service of New Guinea ever possessed ; he spoke Motuan as well as a Motuan ; he could speak practically every language then known in New Guinea, and he had the faculty of gaining a native people's confidence and learning their language in quicker



LAMATA CREEK

time than any other man I have ever met; above all, he was absolutely fearless. John Green was therefore, at this time, the most valuable man for a difficult post in the New Guinea service.

When Green was appointed to take charge of the Mambare, he asked that Dumai—the Mambare prisoner—should be released and recruited into the Armed Constabulary, to form a unit of his detachment for that post; this was done, and Dumai, late prisoner, became a full private of the Armed Constabulary in the Mambare detachment. From this appointment came later the tragedy of Tamata Station, for which many have been blamed, including and principally Green. It is not my wish to blame or excuse anybody, but in this matter no one other than Green was in error. As I said before, he was the best man for native affairs New Guinea possessed; he was given a difficult job, and it was therefore necessary he should have a free hand in the selection of his men; he picked his men and made a mistake; and for that error of judgment he paid with his life and the lives of many others. But Green died—as did in later years Christopher Robinson—a brave and gallant gentleman; expiating with all he had to give, his mistake and not his fault.

Green and his men were encamped at the mouth of Tamata creek on the Mambare, all the tribes along the river being in a turmoil and at heart hostile; he—as he thought—got on friendly terms with several of the villages, and employed the men about his new Station. He found that the site selected for his new post was subject to inundation, and so decided to shift it some miles inland from the river on to higher ground; accordingly, he proceeded daily with his detachment to clear the land and erect new buildings, the men accompanying him always including Dumai and marching under arms. Green forbade the villagers who worked and assisted at the Station to carry spears, clubs, or arms of any description. About a week after he had begun his new Station, Dumai came to him and said that the local natives complained that though Green expected them to show trust in him by working without arms, he did not reciprocate, as the police were always fully armed; and that, therefore, the natives were distrustful of him. Green replied that it was the order of the Government that the police should carry arms at all times, even in the Government villages; whereupon Dumai said that the confidence and trust of the Mambare people would never be gained unless they too were trusted. Green refused to allow them to carry arms on his station, but told Dumai that, as a proof of good faith, he and the detail of police accompanying him would work unarmed among the village people at the new Station site.

On the morning following this conversation Green fell in his detachment, under his principal non-commissioned officer, Corporal

Sedu, and told them that they were to accompany him to work at the new Station unarmed, and then ordered them to pile arms. Corporal Sedu protested, stating that the orders were that they—as police—were always to carry arms. Green then repeated his order, “pile arms”; about two-thirds of the men obeyed; Corporal Sedu and a few older constabulary, however, retained their rifles. Green then gave the order to march, after which he said to the men, “I see I have some brave men and some cowards; the cowards carry their arms.” Corporal Sedu halted and said, “If you say that, sir, look at this,” and flung his rifle into a bush, an example followed by the rest of the armed men. “Ah, Sedu,” said Green, “I thought I could trust you.” The whole party then proceeded to the new Station site, where some dispersed with Sedu to seek timber trees in the forest, whilst others remained to work upon the houses with Green. Suddenly upon Green and his unarmed men there fell a body of spear- and club-men, who made short work of them. Sedu, hearing what was taking place, summoned his men and marched them up to share the fate of their officer, even though he and the unarmed privates with him could easily have escaped. So fell one of New Guinea’s best officers, and a fine detachment of police.

Dumai deserted to his own people, and instructed them how—under the leadership of their chief, Bushimai—to fall upon the white miners, who had already settled on the river. These miners, however (in spite of the boasted courage of the white man, a courage I have had drummed into my ears during many weary years), upon news reaching them of the death of Green and his men, broke and fled without waiting for attack; five of them were accounted for as being butchered on the way to the coast, but probably others were killed, and Heaven alone knows how many of their native employés also. The few armed native police at Tamata who had been left in charge of the old Station, finding themselves apparently isolated and abandoned by all men, without even a non-com. in charge, marched for the coast, picking up and saving on the way several native carriers. The evidence of these fine men was the only coherent evidence I got at the inquiry. Had but one of that panic-stricken lot of miners had the pluck to rally his mates, go to the Station, and take charge of the remainder of the police, all of them might have been saved; as it was, they fled like curs, and afterwards howled for a bloody vengeance against the Mambare people.

Green’s head was cut off and carried away as a trophy, and his body buried; not one of the bodies of the white men were eaten, though some of those of the police and carriers were. One miner climbed a tree near Duvira village and, being discovered there, was stoned from the tree and clubbed to death by children.



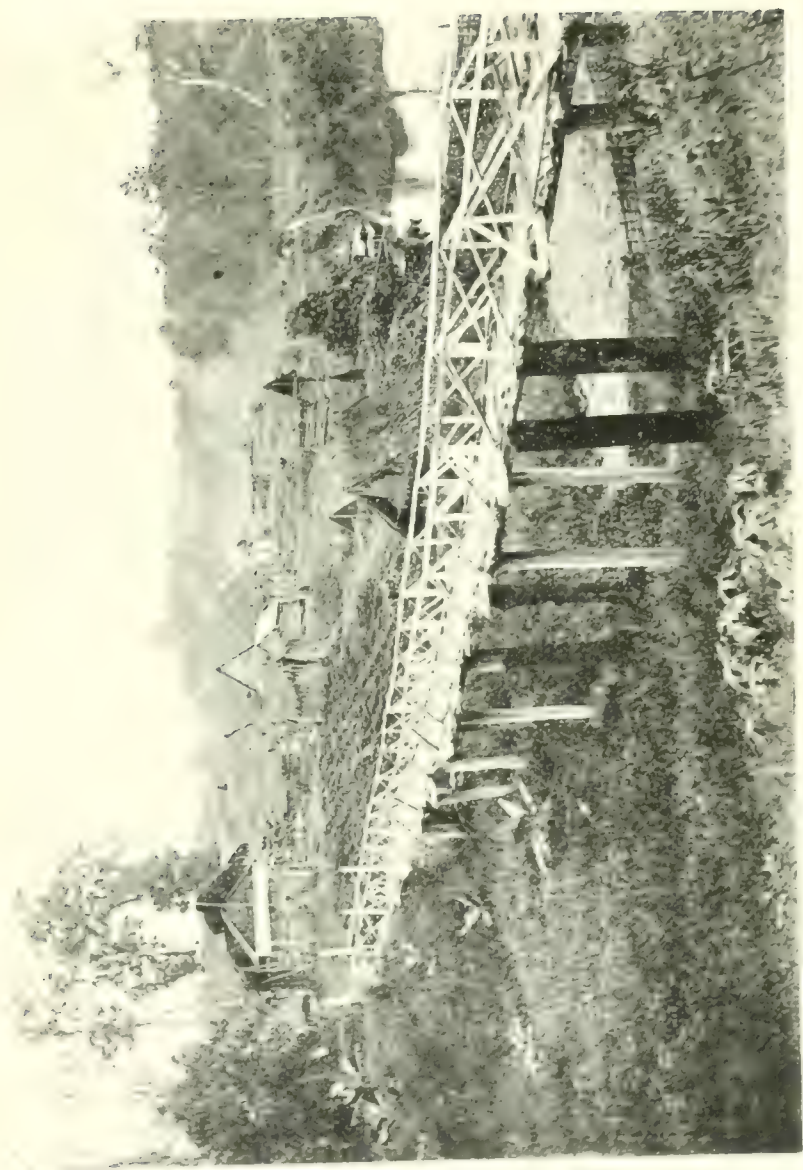
LUSHIMAL, CHIEF OF THE BINANDEKI PEOPLE.

A party of five miners and some of their boys drifted out to sea on a raft, with neither food nor water, except a tin of treacle ; after seven days they were picked up by a German man-of-war, and taken to Sydney. Eight years later, I found Green's cook living amongst a tribe upon the north-east coast, by whom he had been adopted, and one of whose women he had married. Many of the facts of the massacre I heard, a number of years afterwards, from some of the natives concerned in it, who were—as quite reformed characters—serving under me in the Armed Constabulary.

News of the affair at last drifted through to Moreton at Samarai ; he first sent a vessel with the report to Port Moresby, and left for the Mambare in the *Siai*, accompanied by a miner named Alexander Elliott. The tidings were longer in reaching the Governor than they should have been, as the vessel carrying them encountered head winds all the way ; and a duplicate dispatch, sent by Moreton overland, was delayed for some days at a village *en route* by a presumptuous and thick-headed Samoan teacher of the London Missionary Society. When Moreton arrived at the Mambare, he ascended the river in a whaleboat to the point where Green had been killed, the natives using against him on several occasions the rifles they had taken at the Station ; for these, however, they had already expended most of the ammunition, and were at the best extremely bad shots. Finding that nothing was to be done at the Station, and that some miners, seven days' journey further inland, were safe, Moreton returned to the *Siai* to await the arrival of the Governor. During Moreton's absence some of the crew had taken the dingey ashore for firewood, and being suddenly surprised by the natives, had rushed into the sea and swam off to the *Siai*. Sione and Warapas, the coxswain and mate, had then placed their rifles in a cask and swum ashore, pushing it in front of them ; when able to get a footing on the bottom, they had used their rifles against the men on the beach, and recovered the dingey. This action on the part of the two boys strikes one as an extremely plucky one, when one remembers that both sharks and alligators haunt the waters of Duvira Bay.

Sir William MacGregor now appeared upon the scene ; his patrols of constabulary swept the country from the Opi River to the north, as far as the Gira to the south of the Mambare ; and the *Ruby* launch patrolled the river. Clark's murderers and Dumai, together with Bushimai, his sons and a number of principal offenders, were captured : it became a question with the natives whether they were to surrender, fight, or flee from the river beyond the reach of the patrols, and after a time most of them decided to take refuge in flight. Shanahan and a fresh detachment of constabulary were stationed at Tamata, the miners

returned to their work, and a fresh start was made ; but a breach had been opened between Europeans and natives that it was to take many years to heal, and was also to lead to a great deal more bloodshed. The only man in New Guinea who would have been able to deal with the situation now existing—other than the Governor himself—was John Green ; and he had gone where miners and natives alike worry not. The Northern Division was destined for many years to prove the death of a long succession of officers or, at the best, the grave of their reputations. Shanahan, Armit, Lynch, Park, Close, and Walker were to die ; whilst several others were either dismissed or called upon to resign. Many officers in later years preferred to resign rather than be sent there.



JAMATA STATION

CHAPTER X

THE night before I sailed from Samarai, Sione came to me and told me that he had recently been married, and that Moreton had promised to allow him to take his wife on the next round trip of the *Siai*; he also asked a like permission for Warapas. I remarked, that if Moreton had given leave I had no objection, and that if one woman came, I saw no reason why two should not. "Very good, sir," said Sione; "if you have no objection, Warapas will get up anchor and take the *Siai* out when you are ready, and a new boy, who signed on to-day, will act as mate; I will go off in a canoe and pick up my wife and Mrs. Warapas, and come on board as you go through the passage, since the tide will not allow me to come back." To this I consented, telling Sione to order Warapas to send a boat off for me at midnight, when the tide served.

Night and eleven o'clock came, my books, papers, and private stores were sent off to the *Siai*, when Poruma—Moreton's private attendant who had been handed over to me during his absence—said, "You have no whisky on board, sir." Accordingly I went up to Billy's pub to buy some; emerging from there, with a bottle of whisky clasped in each hand, I encountered a boat's crew from the *Siai*, and the newly signed-on acting mate. That potentate gazed at my bottles and me, and then commanded his boat's crew to seize me and take me on board; protests, curses, and threats were unavailing; seized I was, held firmly, dragged on board, and shoved down into my cabin, to be joined the next moment by a frightfully angry and protesting Poruma. "What the devil is the meaning of this, Poruma?" I demanded. "I don't know, sir, I think the new mate is mad." The cabin door was locked, and I cursed through the ports, while Poruma abused the crew in Suau and threatened the vengeance to come. Slowly the *Siai* dropped down the harbour, until a canoe scraped alongside and Coxswain Sione came on board, and in a moment the cabin scuttle was unfastened and Poruma and I released. Foaming with rage, I paraded the crew on deck and demanded an explanation of the outrage, which was explained in this way: the acting mate had served in a trading vessel at Thursday Island, where his master was

in the habit of getting beastly drunk on the eve of sailing, and refusing then to come on board ; and he always instructed a boat's crew to land, dodge about outside the pub, and carry him on board whether he liked it or not. Going ashore with a crew to fetch me, he had been told by Poruma that I had gone to the pub ; he had followed me there and, seeing me emerge with two bottles of whisky in my hands, had concluded that his old Thursday Island custom was to be carried out. My violence, threats, and curses he had taken as quite in the natural order of events. I listened to the explanation, and then gently suggested that the acting mate should spend the next two days at the mast-head ; Poruma said he ought to be ironed and put in the hold, as his violent action had prevented him from telling me that there was no soap on board. "Where is the ship's soap, Sione ?" I asked. "That has nothing to do with my private stores." "Mr. Moreton," said Sione, "met plenty ships and plenty dirty men ; when a dirty man came on board the *Siai*, Mr. Moreton would say as he left, 'take this with my compliments,' and give him a bar of soap. I suppose Mr. Moreton or Poruma forgot to tell you that it was all done."

At Dobu I landed and called on the Rev. William Bromilow ; as both he and Mrs. Bromilow had spent many years engaged in missionary work among the islands and were great friends of Moreton's, he acted as a sort of bureau of information in regard to the native affairs of Normanby and Ferguson Islands. He nearly always had a long list of native crimes for one to investigate, principally murder, sorcery and adultery ; the two latter, unless promptly attended to, invariably ended in the former. Bromilow gave me word of the man Ryan, and some particulars as to where I could find the native witnesses to the murder, which he had been reported as having committed ; off accordingly I went, and arrested him.

The affair shortly was this. Ryan and his mate had been prospecting Normanby Island for gold : having no luck, they had gone to a native village and endeavoured to hire a canoe and some natives to take them to Dobu, where they hoped to find a vessel bound for Samarai. The natives undertook to take them there, "to-morrow" ; several days passed and it was still always, "to-morrow." The two white men became angry, thinking that the natives were merely fooling them and keeping them hanging on for what they could get in the shape of tobacco and "trade." Accordingly Ryan had gone to a canoe that was lying on the beach and threatened that, unless the natives launched it at once and took them to Dobu, he would break it up ; it was explained to him that the owners of that canoe were away and therefore it could not be used. Ryan refused to believe the natives and began to smash it with a tomahawk ; at once a native, armed also with a tomahawk,

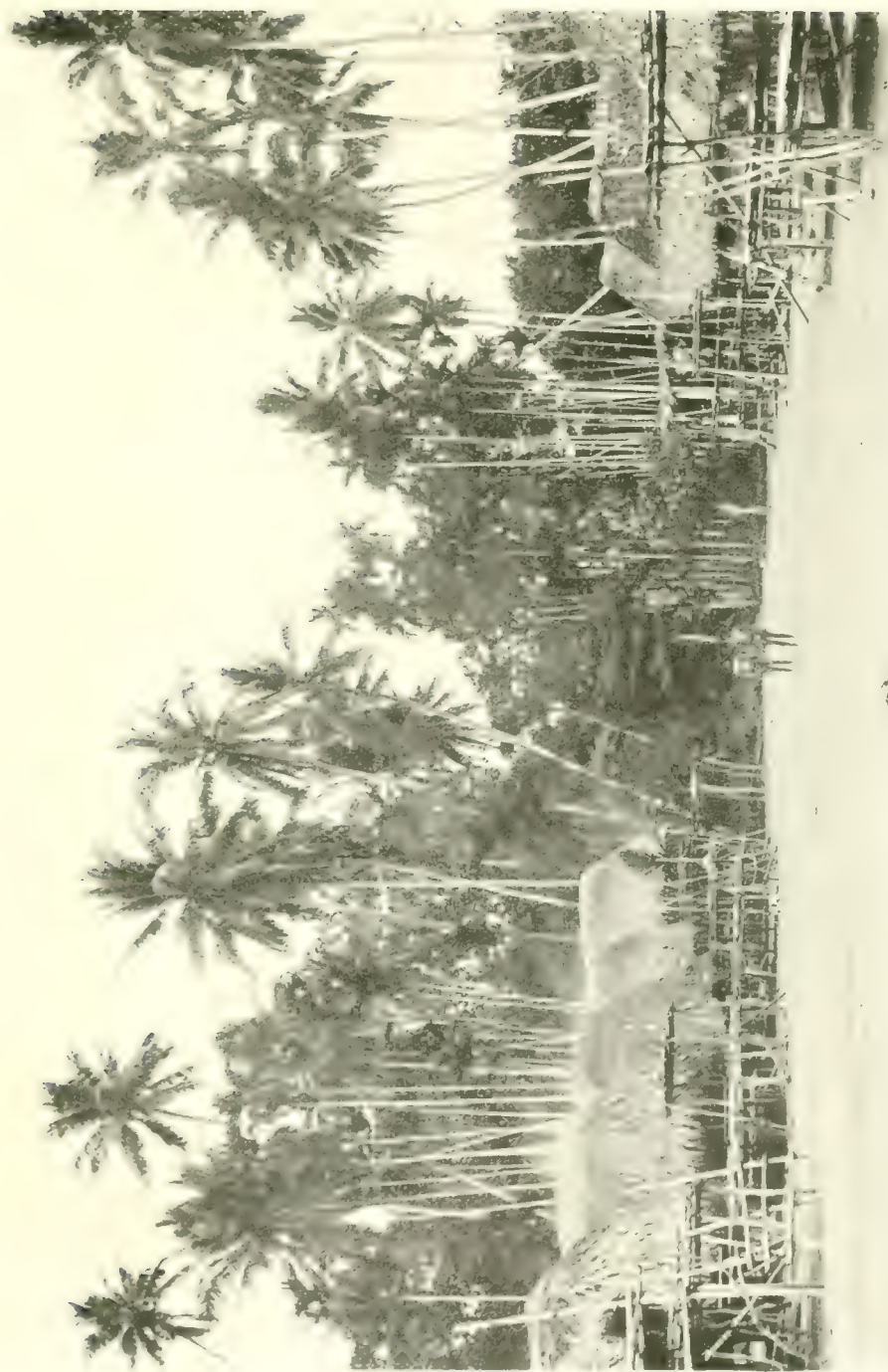
rushed at him to protect the canoe. Ryan then drew his revolver and shot the man. I committed him to the Central Court for trial ; and, not wishing to carry him and his mate about with me on the *Siai*, decided to run back to Samarai and lodge him in the gaol, pending the arrival of the Chief Justice.

Hardly had the *Siai* dropped anchor in Samarai harbour, than Symons came running down the beach yelling, "The Mambare men in the gaol have broken loose ; they have cleared out the warders and are now armed with crowbars and picks. For God's sake hurry up !" Hastily I ran up to the gaol, followed by my armed boat's crew, and in a few minutes we had the Mambare men in irons. Then I sent for Armit, to ask his advice as to what I should do with them. "Flog the ringleader and keep the lot in irons," said Armit ; "there is nothing else to be done." The following morning, as visiting Justice to the gaol, I held an inquiry into the whole affair, the result of which was that I ordered Gorla, the murderer of Clark, and Bushimai, who were responsible for the outbreak, each to receive six lashes with a "cat of nine tails." This being done, and Ryan having been safely lodged in gaol, I sailed again for Dobu and the Trobriands.

At Dobu I learnt from Bromilow that Fellows needed me badly, and so went straight on to the Trobriands. One morning at daybreak, when the *Siai* was about twenty miles away from the group, Sione came to my cabin and said, "The *Eboa* is in sight, sir." I went on deck and sighted Graham's old tub about five miles distant, and palpably endeavouring to dodge away from us. "Chase, Sione," I said. "Give the *Siai* all she can carry." It was a dirty morning, with a rough sea and nasty fierce rain squalls at intervals. Until the *Eboa* was sighted we had been dodging along under mizzen, staysail and jib only ; Sione—who was at all times only too pleased to carry on—at once set mainsail and topsails, and the *Siai*, with her lee rail under water, tore after the *Eboa* as if she liked it. We began rapidly to overhaul her, while the wretched *Eboa* tried every point of sailing in an effort to escape. "Look, sir," said Sione, "a *guba* to windward." A *guba* is a fierce blinding rain squall, very narrow in width—sometimes only half a mile and seldom more than three miles—tearing its own track across the sea, and rarely lasting more than half an hour to an hour in duration. I looked at the *guba*, then I looked at the wriggling *Eboa*, still carrying every possible stitch of her ragged canvas. "Carry on, coxswain," I said ; "it would be a disgrace for the Government ship to shorten sail while that old tub carries it." Whish ! came the *guba* ; on her beam ends went the *Siai* ; bang ! bang ! bang ! went topsail, staysail and mainsail ; and, amidst the devil's own din, we brought the crippled *Siai* up into the wind, hove-to, and began to clear away our wreckage. Nothing was to be seen more than

fifty yards away in the blinding rain and spray torn from the tops of the waves by the squall. "God help the *Eboa*," I said to myself, "for she must have gone to Kingdom come."

As we worked at our wreckage, the *guba* passed as swiftly as it had come, and when the sky cleared we sighted the *Eboa* uninjured, still carrying all sail, the squall having missed her altogether. While we watched her, she apparently became aware of the crippled state of the *Siai*, for she suddenly went about and stood down to us; when within hailing distance Graham jumped on her rail and hailed: "*Black Maria*, are you in any danger?" "No," I yelled back, "but there is a fine big bill for sails, thanks to you." "All right, good-bye, this is no place for me;" and away went Graham, while the *Siai* proceeded to crawl into the Trobriands. I did not again fall in with Graham for many months, by which time he had paid his debts and the summonses had been withdrawn. When I did fall in with him, however, there still remained the matter of the anchor and chain. "Touching the matter of that anchor and chain," I remarked. "There will be nothing further said about it by either Moreton or myself; that matter is settled once for all, after the way you stood down to my assistance in the *guba*, knowing well that, even if you helped me, I should have been obliged to serve the summonses on you and haul you into Samarai to answer to them, and that if I discovered the Government anchor and chain in your ship, I should also have had to jug you. I have reported the gear as lost, and if there is any further fuss, either Moreton or I will pay for them; but I want to know whether you really did collar them?" "If nothing further is to be said," replied Graham, "I don't mind telling you that I did take them. By the time I had refitted the *Eboa*, I was up to my eyes in debt to the stores; and they—knowing that they had the security of my boat whilst in Samarai—would not sell me an anchor and chain, for fear of my clearing out to German New Guinea and leaving them in the lurch. I always meant to pay my debts to them, but I couldn't do it while the *Eboa* was tied up in Samarai; I would not steal the gear from a trader who could ill spare it, but I thought the Government could well afford an anchor and chain for an enterprising pioneer. Accordingly, one night I quietly sailed alongside the *Siai*, when only a few of her crew were on board, and sending a couple of my boys to her with a concertina and a supply of betel nut, they wiled her anchor watch into going into the forecastle. I then unshackled the *Siai's* chain at her windlass, fastened it on to my own, and—as the *Siai* drifted away—got my own boys back on board, lifted the anchor and went out to sea. The rest of the story you know; but, as a matter of fact, when you chased me, the *Siai's* anchor and chain were the only ones I possessed. Now they are at the bottom of the sea, for as soon as I



VILLAGE IN THE TROKAND ISLANDS

had money enough to pay my debts and buy some gear, I let her anchor and chain go in deep water." I only met Graham again once or twice, but he afterwards took an appointment under some German prospecting company, and was killed in German New Guinea.

At last the *Siai* came to anchor off Kavitari, and I called upon the Rev. — Fellows, and asked him what all the trouble was about. The first thing was, that there had been an epidemic of some sort among the natives, scores had died, and been buried a few inches below the surface in the houses of the village; truly the stench was appalling. The village was situated only a few score yards from the Mission house. I sent for the village constable, and demanded what he meant by allowing burials in the village. "I cannot do anything with the people," replied the village constable; "they will not listen to the wise orders of the Government or the good advice of the missionary." "He is a liar," said Poruma; "make him dig up the corpses and put them in the cemetery. That man has got ten wives, and is always gammoning Mr. Moreton; some of his relations are buried in his own house." "Is this village constable to be altogether trusted?" I asked Mr. Fellows. "No," was the reply; "I regret to say that he gives me more trouble than any one else, and shelters himself under the protection of the Government and his office." "Then, Mr. Fellows," I said, "I should be greatly obliged if you would send off your Mission boat to the *Siai*, to carry a messenger from me, who will instruct Sione to land all available men, whilst I pay a visit to the v.c.'s house." Poruma told the v.c. that we were going to his house, and he at once tried to make excuses to leave, upon the ground that he wished the village and his house cleaned up to a fitting state to receive me. "Don't let him go," said Poruma; "the last time we were here, he got ten pounds of tobacco from Mr. Moreton to buy yams with, and then got called away to see a sick mother." Poruma then kindly leading the v.c. by the hand, we proceeded to his house; there—as Poruma had said—we found several bodies just beneath the floor, which the v.c. swore must have been placed there without his knowledge.

Going along through the village, Poruma still kindly leading the v.c. by the hand, we found everywhere freshly buried bodies. Mr. Fellows, who had at first accompanied me, then, at my request, went back to the Mission house, for the village was now swarming like a hive of angry bees. Sione, Warapas and a dozen armed men having by this time made their appearance, I ordered the v.c. to tell the villagers at once to disinter their dead and bury them in the cemetery. For a few minutes we were defied, but the police—mercilessly using the butts of their rifles on the heels and

bare toes of the men—made them see reason, and drove them to the graves, where they were compelled to gather up the rotting remains of the corpses in baskets, and carry them to the cemetery. Once, and once only, they turned nasty; but Warapas immediately withdrew a boat's crew and, before half a dozen levelled rifles, the Kavitari men funked. That exhuming of bodies was altogether a sickening and disgusting business, for matter and beastliness dripped the whole time from the baskets, and carriers, police and myself were seized by periodical fits of vomiting.

Having cleaned up the village, I again visited Mr. Fellows and asked him what his further troubles were. I found they were mainly due to the influence of the old paramount chief of the islands, Enamakala, who lived some ten miles inland, and who instigated thefts from the Mission and attacks upon the teachers. Plainly it was necessary for me to deal with the old chief, but I knew that, if I marched inland with an armed force, there would be a lot of bloodshed and the chief would escape; if I left, however, without doing anything, he would become bolder, and the position of the Mission after my departure would be an impossible one.

Accordingly, accompanied by Poruma and Warapas, I went off to his village, first sending one of the local natives ahead to tell him I was coming. Poruma wore Moreton's revolver under his jumper, and I, a couple of revolvers under a loose shirt: Warapas carried my gun, for the ostensible purpose of shooting pigeons, but had a supply of ball cartridges in his pouch. For fighting in scrub, a double-barrelled fowling piece with ball is just as effective as a rifle—shot, of course, is not much use against men carrying thick shields. Passing through the numerous villages on the way to the centre one, where the old chief lived, I noticed everywhere fresh graves under the houses, and found there were large numbers of the villagers sick and dying from dysentery. Arriving at my destination, I found the chief seated on a sort of raised platform, surrounded by at least two hundred men, who all set up a tremendous clamour as I walked up to him. "Tell him, Poruma, that I have come to have a little friendly conversation with him," I said, as I climbed up on to the platform alongside old Enamakala, who was an enormously fat man with a shaved and shining head. Poruma told him what I said, and he replied that it was good and he was pleased to see me. Then he wanted to know why Warapas and Poruma did not stoop half-double before him as did his own people. "Because they serve the great white Queen whom the Governor told you about," I replied, "and stoop before no man." Old Enamakala gave me some fruit, and I presented him with some cigarettes; then we settled down to business. First of all I asked him to make his people stop yelling, as it was

not fitting that our conversation should be carried on in such a babel ; a sort of grand vizier person, with a face like a fowl, screeched at the crowd and the noise fell to a murmur. The chief suddenly bent over to me and ran his hands over my waist ; as they came in contact with the pistol butts he smiled knowingly at me and said : " That is good. Poruma, tell your master I wanted to know whether he was fool enough to walk the bush paths unarmed." Poruma told him, that as an act of politeness to him I had covered up my arms (great always was the cheek of Poruma), as I did not wish to make him nervous, but that now, as we were on such friendly terms, I should wear them openly. Accordingly I slipped my hand inside my shirt, unhooked my belt and fastened it on again outside, Poruma doing the same.

Then, through Poruma, I told him the Government was exceedingly displeased with him for allowing his people to steal from the Mission, and for threatening the teachers with spears ; also for permitting the burial of the dead in the villages, and for refusing to send the children to school. Then I demanded that some six men, whose names the missionary had given me as having behaved in a particularly outrageous manner, should be given up ; also that he should come out with me to the coast and attend at the Court, at which I should punish the wrongdoers, as a sign that he supported the authority of the Government. The chief said he did not want to go to the coast, and that he did not know where the men were. " If I don't get the men I want," I said, " I shall keep you in gaol until I do get them ; as for coming to the coast, you must do that, whether you like it or not ; I promise you safety and release when I get them." The devil's own clatter was set up by the natives at this, but Poruma yelled at them to shut up. " Tell the chief, Poruma, that I have twelve lives at my belt, and if there is any hostility, I'll blow a hole through him as a start." Old Enamakala said, that he would not have seen me, if he had known I was going to treat him in such a fashion. " Tell the old reprobate, Poruma, that I know he thought he was safe, when he heard there were only three of us coming ; and that I also knew, that if I had come with a strong force, he would have slipped into the bush, and set his people chucking spears." The chief argued and protested for some time ; then he said that he would come in his own palanquin, as he was fat, and also that it was not dignified for him to walk so far. " You tell him that the Governor is the biggest chief in New Guinea, and he walked right across the island, so that he can walk to the coast. I walk first, then he comes, then follow you and Warapas, and Enamakala can have as many men as he likes bringing up the rear." The chief grumbled and complained, but at last we set off in the order named, with Heaven only knows how

many hundred men following us, and the women all howling behind. Half an hour after we started on our journey to the coast, a messenger caught us up and told me that the six men I wanted were coming after us to surrender themselves.

Half-way to the coast, we got one bad fright, for a terrific yelling broke out ahead of us and was taken up by the men behind. The chief gabbled excitedly to his followers, whilst I held him affectionately by the arm with one hand, and ostentatiously displayed a heavy revolver in the other. "Ask him what the devil all the racket is about, Poruma." Then we found that a large body of natives was preceding us, warning the villagers, that they were not to interfere in what was taking place; this party had come into contact with a couple of boats' crews from the *Siai*, whom Sione, getting nervous, had dispatched after me. I sent Warapas off with one of the chief's followers to bring the *Siai*'s men to me, and told Enamakala that there was nothing to get excited about, as it was only an escort coming up to accompany me home in fitting state. When we arrived at the Mission Station, I found the six offenders whom I wanted, sitting outside, they having made a detour in the bush and passed us on the way. "Good Heavens!" called out Mrs. Fellows to her husband as I entered the Mission grounds, "here comes the great Enamakala, following Mr. Monckton like a little dog!" "Mrs. Fellows," I remarked, "if you want to make a lifelong friend of the old fellow, you will give him some sugary tea at once, for he has walked further and faster than ever in his life before. He is not a bad old chap when you know the way to treat him." The chief spent the night on board the *Siai*: I reassured him by permitting about twenty of his people to sleep on board also.

On the following morning I held a session of the district court at the Mission house, and sentenced the six offenders to varying terms of imprisonment. The chief at once became very friendly with the missionary, and begged him to intercede with me for the men, saying that if Mr. Fellows could get them let off, he would help the Mission in every possible way. Mr. Fellows accordingly begged me to let them go again, and I like a fool consented, thinking that I should encourage friendly relations, and at the same time save the Government the expense of six prisoners; but later, when the Governor heard what I had done, he gave me—as I have previously mentioned—a severe lecture for permitting the Mission to interfere with the course of justice. The old chief then made me a present of his own carved lime spoon; I told him that I should like to make him a return present, but that I did not know what to give him—the trade in pearls had filled his villages with tomahawks, print, trade goods, etc., and really I had nothing to give that he did not possess

already. "I have not got a knife to cut off my hair with, such as that you used this morning," he said ; therefore I conferred upon him my razor, strop, and brush, with a couple of bars of yellow soap, which I got from the Mission. Old Enamakala was much pleased with the gift, and, when we parted, he swore there should be no further burials in the villages, or harrying of the missionaries.

At the Trobriands more outward and visible signs of respect were paid to the chiefs than I have met with in any other part of New Guinea. The old paramount chief never walked, but was always carried in a palanquin borne on the backs of men, and was invariably accompanied by his sorcerer and a sort of grand vizier. Before the old chief, women crawled on their bellies, and men bent almost to the ground.

I have lately received from Dr. Seligman, F.R.S., a book written by him entitled, "The Melanesians of British New Guinea," in which he flatly contradicts a statement made by Sir William MacGregor that Enamakala was the paramount chief of this group of islands. Dr. Seligman is a personal friend of my own, and a man of world-wide celebrity as an authority upon anthropology, and he is a man to whose views, in most cases, I should immediately defer ; but, in this instance, I have no hesitation in saying that he is not right.

Sir William MacGregor's statement was quite correct ; he is not a man in the habit of making rash assertions upon hearsay evidence. Moreton knew the Trobriand Islands better than any man either before or since, and he always held that undoubtedly Enamakala was paramount chief. I, when acting for Moreton, never had occasion to doubt this fact, and never met a chief who disputed his position as such ; in fact, I myself have seen the chiefs stooping before him and paying homage. Certainly after his death, "Christianized" chiefs, under the influence of the Mission, declared that his successor had no authority over them, as did also other chiefs holding Government authority as village constables ; but before the domination of Government and the influence of the Mission were established, there is no doubt Enamakala was supreme.

Elaborately carved and painted shields and spears of heavy ebony were the arms of offence and defence of the Trobriand Islanders ; both plainly showing, by their exaggeration of design and size, that long since, this people had finished with fighting or war as a serious thing. Broad-bladed wooden clubs, shaped like a Roman sword or a Turkish scimitar, were also carried ; but all alike showed, from their fantastic carving and shape, that beauty of pattern and design had been far more considered by the makers than effectiveness as weapons. The Trobriand people, or rather

their sorcerers, had brought poisoning to a fine art, using as their most deadly poison the gall of a certain species of fish.

The Trobriand people acquired so many steel tools from their trade in pearls, that afterwards, the astute German Harry made a good haul in money by purchasing back from the natives—for tobacco—hundreds of axes, adzes, and tomahawks, which he then sold to miners bound for the Mambare, or traders working at other islands where the steel tools still possessed a very high value. Leaving the Trobriands I fell in with his vessel, the *Galatea*, and held an inquiry into the death of one of his crew; he, however, came out of it with a clean sheet, and was rather aggrieved at the Government considering it necessary to watch him so closely. Harry's vessel was loaded with native sago, cocoanuts, tobacco, and a deck cargo of pigs, which he was going to exchange for pearls. Parting with him, the *Siai* sighted and chased a cutter, but the people on board her apparently had bad consciences, for she fled over a reef where the water was too shallow for the *Siai* to follow, and disappeared into the night.

At Wagipa we caught Patten, and I committed him to the Central Court for trial for shooting a native during a quarrel; we also took with us his native wife, Satadeai, and half a dozen native witnesses of the shooting affray. The *Siai* left Wagipa towing Patten's boat—a thing little bigger than a whaleboat, and hitherto manned solely by Patten and his wife. As we stood across the Straits between Ferguson and Goodenough Islands, the look-out at our mast-head reported a large canoe, crowded with men, and apparently trying to dodge out of our way. The *Siai* ran down to the canoe before a strong breeze; she came from the northern coast of Goodenough Island, but we found nothing suspicious in her; so, after exchanging a few sticks of tobacco for fish, we went on our way.

Night, a strong south-easter and rough seas came together; by morning we were still battling against the head wind, in much the same place as we had been on the previous evening. Again the look-out reported a canoe; this time a small out-rigger, struggling in the big seas, with but a single man in it. To the canoe went the *Siai*, only to find the man half paralysed by fright and exhaustion; time and again we got within a few yards, yelled at him and threw ropes, but all he would do was to look straight ahead and mechanically keep, with his paddles, his tiny craft's head to the waves. The sea was too rough for us to drop a boat, but at last, sailing close to the canoe, Poruma and Warapas—secured by ropes round their waists—leapt into the sea and fastened a rope round the stranger and his canoe, whereupon we hauled the lot on board together. We found the native to be a Ferguson Islander, who had been taken by surprise and blown

out to sea by the squalls of the previous night. The man at first was greatly relieved and overjoyed at finding himself safe on the *Siai* ; then, when warmed and fed, he got in a funk that we should carry him away with us, as others of his people had been carried off by strange vessels. "Take me to my home," he said, "and I will give you pigs or women, yams and sweet potatoes." Satadeai told him we did not want his gifts, but would safely land him at his village when the weather permitted ; also that I should be pleased if he would induce his friends to sell us all the yams and sweet potatoes they did not require. The *Siai* then put in three uncomfortable days, waiting for the weather to moderate sufficiently to permit us to land the man ; then land him we did, and that was the last we saw of either him or his yams.

We learnt one thing, however, from his village friends and relations, namely, that the large canoe we had spoken the day before we picked him up, had been to Ferguson on a cannibal raid, where they had captured and eaten several people. I groaned as I thought how I had had that canoe full of malefactors in my hands, and had let them go ; I also thought of the delightful story they would be able to tell in the villages. Poruma said, "Mr. Moreton would have known ; he would not have let that canoe go. Mr. Moreton, he——" What Moreton would have done, I don't know, as Poruma was asked to go to the mast-head and wait there until I needed him. Poruma at times was trying to the nerves ! From here we sailed for Samarai.

CHAPTER XI

WHILE we were at Samarai, I put Patten to work re-rigging the *Siai*. When Sir William MacGregor arrived, he gently hinted that he rather thought I must have caught Patten for the express purpose of refitting the *Siai*, a remark that I thought was better passed over in dignified silence !

Hardly had the *Siai* dropped her anchor, when in came a cutter owned by Thompson—the man owning the plantation on Goodenough Island—who reported that his Station had been surprised, and many of his native employees murdered by the islanders. Thompson himself only escaped by the accident of being engaged with some of his boys in night fishing on a reef when the attack occurred. Hastily, therefore, the *Siai* prepared for her departure to Goodenough Island once more ; Thompson refused to accompany us, upon the ground that he had escaped once, and never wished to see the island or its inhabitants again.

Before leaving Samarai, I had to hear several cases set down for trial at the R.M.'s Court ; among which were charges against Billy the Cook and Carruth of supplying natives with grog. The Ordinance, under which the cases were heard, was the first act passed by Sir William MacGregor, upon his Excellency assuming control of New Guinea, and was probably the most severe act of its kind in the world. It provided a minimum fine of £20 or two months' imprisonment, and a maximum one of £200 and two years' imprisonment, for any person convicted of supplying fire-arms, liquor or opium to a native. It defined a native, as any person other than of European parentage. The Emperors of China or Japan, or the Rajahs of India would be natives under the act ; Sir William MacGregor was nothing if not thorough, and when he said that the natives should not have liquor, he left no loop-hole of escape for the person found guilty of supplying it.

Up to the time I left New Guinea, this act was always very strictly enforced ; so much so, in fact, that hotel-keepers would not even supply ginger ale to a coloured man, for fear of having to defend themselves against a charge of liquor selling ; and this is exactly what I found had occurred. Billy the Cook had imported a wife and a sister-in-law to help in the hotel ; his

sister-in-law, being ignorant of the local law, had sold a glass of something to a Malay over the bar, and a native boy passing, saw him drinking it and told Symons, who promptly charged Billy with a breach of the act. A nice time I had with this case; Billy, of course, swore he knew nothing about the matter, the girl and his wife wept and contradicted themselves half a dozen times over, and the Malay said he had bought ginger ale. My difficulty chiefly lay in the fact, that should I convict, the minimum penalty was too great for an innocent mistake; so at last I threw the case out of Court. Carruth's case came on next. The evidence here was clear, but he tried to wriggle out of it, by saying that he had merely supplied the stuff for medicinal purposes; that was a little too thin, as the Malays all looked as tough as wire rope. I forget what I fined Carruth, but it was something heavy. "I am going to appeal," he remarked; "I believe you think you are here to raise revenue for the Government." "There is no appeal under this act," I replied, "and if you are not careful you will get a little more; if, however, you are dissatisfied, you can petition his Excellency for a reduction or remission of the fine." Carruth did petition the Governor, and I heard afterwards that the reply he got from the Government Secretary was, "I am directed to express his Excellency's surprise at your petition and the leniency of the Magistrate."

Under this act, a Resident Magistrate was empowered to issue an annual permit, to a "native," to keep and use fire-arms; and in the case of a "native" possessing a greater proportion of white than coloured blood—in order to avoid individual hardship—a permit could be granted to purchase intoxicating liquors.

The *Siai* now sailed again for Goodenough Island, calling on the way for Satadeai, who was needed as an interpreter. Carefully picking our way among the shoals of the north-east coast of Goodenough, we at last dropped anchor abreast of Thompson's Station and plantation. Here we found that the bodies of the murdered men had been buried by the natives, not eaten as I expected; and the house, though looted, had not been burnt. On this trip I had with me the Queensland boys—Billy, Harry, and Palmer—who had latterly formed the crew of the *Guinevere*, as I intended to use them as trackers. From the plundered house we found tracks of natives leading in a northerly direction; these we followed until we came to a village, the tracks leading into which were thickly sown with small sharpened foot spears, pointing in the direction from which we came; picking these out as we passed, we at last came to within a hundred yards of the village—apparently unperceived by the natives—and, rushing it, secured two men. The remainder bolted, and set up a clamour in the bush some distance away; dragging our two unwilling

prisoners with us, we hastily returned to the *Siai*, reaching that vessel unattacked. Safely on board I examined the men, and found that the village from which we had captured them was innocent of complicity in the murders ; they, however, were able to give me the names of the actual murderers and the inland villages from which they came.

Taking, therefore, ten men and Poruma, I left in the afternoon for the nearest village, swimming on the way a river in which alligators seemed to be disagreeably plentiful. Getting some miles inland, we ascended a ridge in a grassy pocket situated in the dense bush, and sighted the cocoanuts and gardens of a large village ; at the same time, like quail, rose two scouts from the grass ; these fled for the village, giving loud yells of warning, and were promptly pursued by four of my men. Shouts of defiance, mingled with the beating of drums and blowing of horns, answered the warning cries. "See, sir !" said Poruma, "the grass moves with spears." Following his pointing hand, I looked and saw the tips of a long sinuous line of spears ; hurriedly I whistled my men back, and ordered them to lie down in the long grass on the ridge. The line of spears came nearer, then the bearers broke into a trot and started up the hill ; just behind them came a number of slingsmen, who were beginning to pelt the hill with sling-stones, which, however—concealed in the grass as we were—failed to do any damage. "Hold your fire, you blackguards," I said to my men, as they began to flop home the breech blocks of their Sniders, and to whimper like a pack of eager hounds.

The sling-stones were now flying harmlessly over us ; at about sixty yards I ordered the men to stand up and fire, the result being that several natives were knocked over, and for a minute their line reeled down the hill, allowing us to get in another telling volley. Reforming, they charged up the hill, only to be driven back again by a steady fire, I myself using a sixteen-shot Winchester repeater. Yelling with excitement, my men broke line in their impatience to charge after the Goodenough natives. "Don't let them go," said Poruma, "those bushmen are not beaten yet ; Mr. Moreton, he——" "Shut up, Poruma," I said, and then yelled at the men to lie down in the grass and crawl twenty yards downhill. It was well we did ; for in a few minutes, the spot we had occupied was having chips knocked off it by sling-stones. "Oh, master, you know too much," said my men as, in security, we watched the peppering of our late position. Then—sudden as a hail shower—the stones ceased, and again the islanders charged ; only three, however, reached our line, the rest either dropping in the grass or turning and running away before our fire. By the time the three men reached us, the Snider rifles

of the police were empty. I shot one man at about twelve yards, and hastily jerking at the lever of my Winchester threw it again to my shoulder, and pulled the trigger at a second man who was coming straight for me. The lock clicked, but no report followed, and dropping my rifle—as the man raised his spear to strike—I tried simultaneously to draw my revolver and squirm out of the way of the stab. Just in the nick of time, there came an appalling explosion close by my ear, nearly stunning me, and my enemy's face seemed to go out at the back of his head; Poruma had fired both barrels of my shot gun into the man's face. The order to charge was hailed by the police with a yell, and, using the butts of their rifles freely, they captured several prisoners from among the now flying islanders.

Then we returned to the *Siai*, dragging our prisoners with us, leaving the natives to bury their dead and succour their wounded: a small body of freshly arrived natives followed us, but a shot or two kept them at a distance. My men had only sustained a few bruises. I learnt that night from our prisoners, that we had rather taken the village by surprise, as a much larger body of men than we had yet encountered was available from some further back villages. I thanked my stars that we had not met their full strength, for it had been touch and go with us as it was.

The following morning—after letting go the *Siai's* second anchor to render her doubly secure, and having chained all the prisoners in the hold—I landed every man on board, viz. fifteen fighting men, the three armed Queensland boys and Satadeai, for an attempt on the inland hill villages. Mesdames Sione and Warapas were left sitting on the hatch, with tomahawks in their hands, and instructions to crack any man on the head who attempted to break loose. We hid the *Siai's* boats in the mangroves and struck inland, avoiding tracks in order to dodge ambushes, and marching silently in very extended order. Suddenly we came upon a point where half a dozen tracks from the mountains converged upon the main path to the coast; here I broke up my party into small bodies to explore the tracks, and all had orders to move at once towards any sound of rifle fire. I remained at the junction of the tracks with a lame boy, Giorgi, an ex-private of Constabulary, who, having injured his tendon Achilles in a fight, had been transferred to the *Siai's* crew, as no longer fit for severe marches.

Giorgi knew a little of the Goodenough language, and as he and I sat and smoked our pipes—whilst I awaited a report from one or other of the scouting parties—we heard voices, and, secret-ing ourselves in the scrub, saw emerge from it half a dozen armed men only a few paces away. "Tell them to throw down their arms, or they die this instant," I whispered. Giorgi yelled at

them, and they stopped petrified by surprise ; then—in response to a still more imperative roar from him—dropped the spears, clubs and slings, and stood still. Handing my Winchester to Giorgi, and taking his two handcuffs and my own pair, I walked up to the men, and, moving them together, handcuffed them one to another, Giorgi meanwhile uttering blood-curdling threats of what would happen to them if they moved. When I had secured them, Giorgi emerged ; and great was the disgust of that six when they discovered that they had been taken by two men. Every one of these men, we afterwards found, had been concerned in the massacre of Thompson's boys.

Shortly after this my scouting parties returned, and reported that the islanders were apparently in strong force in a village approached by a razor-backed spur, to which I at once proceeded. As we came to its foot, loud horn blowing and beating of drums showed plainly that our whereabouts was known ; as I gazed at the spur, wondering how on earth I could storm the village without losing all my men, a party of natives suddenly emerged from the bush and, to our mutual surprise, walked right into us. A few hastily aimed shots on our part, and a few hurriedly thrown spears on theirs, ended the affair, the natives flying into the bush. They were evidently a party moving up to the assistance of the threatened village, quite unaware of our position.

This last encounter alarmed me exceedingly : for, when all was said and done, we only numbered fifteen rifles ; and had that last party of islanders discovered us before we did them, or had they been more numerous, we should have been overwhelmed in the first rush. At close quarters an empty Snider is a no more efficient weapon than a club or spear, and numbers would tell : my revolver, at the most, would only last for a couple of minutes. Accordingly I summoned Sione, Warapas, and Poruma and put the case to them. "You have seen what happened just now," I said ; "shall we stop and fight the people ourselves, or shall we ask the Governor for help ? I want your advice before we run away." "The man who hunts the wild boar with a fish spear is not strong, only mad," said Sione, "and we are but a fish spear." "It has been a good fight," said Warapas ; "it will be a bad one for us if we stay." "If Mr. Moreton were here," said Poruma, "he would have had more men to begin with, and would not have run away." Solemnly then I clouted Poruma's head. "What do you mean by that, you young devil ?" I asked. "We are far too few, and should bolt as fast as we can," replied that injured individual.

Our course of action decided, I lost no time in putting it into effect ; we therefore began our backward march. Yells of triumph from the natives told us clearly that our retreat was

noted—though little cause for rejoicing had we given our opponents up to the present time. Shouts behind us and horns on either side, soon showed me that we were not out of the wood yet. For greater security, I marched my party along in the open grass patches, and kept them doubling like a hare from side to side, whilst occasionally a harmless volley shifted a too venturesome lot of natives out of our way; once or twice we faced about, and drove back the following body. The day wore on; and then I saw that unless I made the coast very quickly, dusk would be upon us, when, under its cover, the surrounding natives could come, unperceived, sufficiently near to shatter us with their sling-stones, while the flashing of our rifles would serve to keep them informed of our exact location. Hastily we made for the coast in a direct line by compass, plunging into and swimming a horrible alligator-infested stream on the way, and whacking along our reluctant prisoners. We struck the sea just at dusk, and marching out into it up to our middles—in order to prevent our figures showing prominently against the sky-line—waded along the coast, until opposite the point where we had hidden our boats, when once again we put off safely to the *Siai*. Mrs. Warapas and Mrs. Sione hailed their husbands with joy, and gladly handed over their watch.

At daybreak we sailed again for Samarai, on the way warning off a small trader bound for the disturbed district. On our arrival, I found the *Merrie England* at anchor with Sir William MacGregor on board, to whom I at once proceeded with my report. His Excellency listened to me and then asked, "Have you secured all the guilty men?" "No, sir, I have only nine of them." "Why have you not arrested them all?" "Because, sir, they have taken refuge in a hill village, which is too strong for the *Siai*'s force to capture." "I will give you Captain Butterworth and a detachment of Constabulary," said his Excellency, "and you will go to Goodenough Island at once, returning here in two weeks with all the men wanted, in time for the return of the *Merrie England* from the Mambare; but see that there are no houses burnt and no trees cut down by your men. When will you be ready to sail?" "In half an hour, sir," was my answer; "I only want time to water and provision the *Siai*." "To-morrow will do very well," the Governor told me; "now sit down and tell me about the rest of the district affairs."

Sitting down, I unfolded my tale, getting approval here, remarks as to how I could have done better there, and so on, until I came to the gaol mutiny, and the flogging of Bushimai and Gorio. Thunder of Heaven, as the Germans say, then did I catch the storm! "Mr. Monckton, I entirely disapprove of flogging under any circumstances; you have exceeded your powers and gone

outside my known native policy." In five minutes I was reduced to a very dismal state, though I don't believe that any man other than Sir William MacGregor could have done it. At last I quacked out, "But, sir, I flogged under the authority of the Prisons Ordinance, and by the advice of such an experienced magistrate as Mr. Armit." "It does not matter to me whose advice you acted upon, I expect my officers to act upon their own good judgment. Ask Mr. Winter to come to me, and come back yourself," said Sir William. Glad to escape, I fled for the Chief Judicial Officer. "His Excellency wants you, sir; I'm in an awful mess, what shall I do?" "Don't worry about it," said that always sympathetic Judge; "go to my cabin, and bring up the volume of the Gazettes containing the Prisons Ordinance." Finding that Ordinance, in desperate haste I tore after the C.J.O., arriving on the fore-deck close on his heels.

"Judge," said Sir William, "under the Prisons Ordinance, has the R.M. power to flog prisoners without reference to me?" "Yes, your Excellency, I believe he has; though it has never been exercised by a magistrate in New Guinea before. Mr. Monckton, give me the Ordinance. Yes, sir, see, here is the section, the R.M. was within his powers." "I still consider your action ill-considered and ill-advised," remarked the Governor. I waited a few minutes, and finding Sir William continued to talk to Judge Winter, I said: "If, sir, you do not require me further, I will wish you good-night." "Good-night," was the gruff reply; and walking to the gangway, I whistled for my boat, which was waiting at the wharf. As I waited for her to come alongside—meditating the while on my iniquities—I heard a step behind me, and turning round saw the Governor. "Mr. Monckton," said Sir William, "it is not late: I should like to present you to Lady MacGregor, and offer you a glass of wine in my cabin."

After meeting Lady MacGregor and drinking my wine, I went ashore to my house and found there the Commandant, Private Secretary, the Commander of the *Merrie England* and several other officers, all sitting in solemn state discussing my fate. "They have drunk up all your whisky, sir," said Poruma; "I told them you had only one bottle, and hid the glasses, but they took tea cups." "Go to Billy's pub and get me some more," I said, to get rid of Poruma; I then unfolded to sympathetic ears my tale of woe. Poruma, the whisky and Armit arrived at the same time. "What is this mothers' meeting about?" said Armit; "you all look as if you had dined on bad oysters!" "A bucket full of bad oysters would not have put me in the state I feel in now," I said, "thanks partly to you: it's that flogging business. I'm sending in my papers in the morning." "Don't be a damned fool," said Armit; "I've just come from the *Merrie England*, and

Jock never once used the word 'reprimand,' when he blew you up. You swallow your pride, and take the pricks as well as the plums; you ought to feel jolly proud of the position in which Jock has put a young man like you."

The following morning I was up bright and early, and went off to the *Merrie England*, where I found that the Governor had risen still earlier and intended inspecting the gaol; accordingly, I departed to make all ready. At that time the whole Government reserve—including in which was my house, police quarters, the gaol compound and the cemetery—was surrounded by a high wooden fence, with a gate across the only street of Samarai, leading into it; at this gate there was a guard house, occupied by a married gate-keeper and a few police. As the gate-keeper admitted me, I called for the police, but found they were at a parade ordered by the Commandant; I then told the gate-keeper to close the gate, and ran to the gaol to tell the gaoler to keep in all his prisoners for inspection, instead of sending them to work as usual. Hardly had I reached my house, than, looking back, I saw Sir William arrive at the gate; the gate-keeper's wife gazed at him, horror-stricken at the thought of the Governor waiting and her husband away, then—rising to the occasion—she rushed at the gate and, throwing it wide open, stiffened herself and flung her hand up to the salute. I met the Governor who, drily smiling, remarked, "I see, Mr. Monckton, ye drill the women as well as the men." Crimson with shame, I dropped to the regulation half-pace behind his Excellency, and softly cursed to myself the misplaced zeal of the woman.

The Governor's inspection over, the *Siai* was prepared for sea. In the evening she dropped down the harbour with the tide, and stood away to Taupota on the north-east coast, carrying, as well as her own complement, Butterworth and fifteen men of the constabulary. There she picked up some twenty natives, to act as carriers for the heavy luggage of the police, in order to allow the force freedom of action and mobility when camped away from the *Siai*.

With these men on board, we were badly crowded, and it accordingly behoved us to make a rapid passage to our anchorage at Goodenough; in our haste, *Sione* ran the *Siai* upon a shoal off the north-east of that island, where we apparently stuck hard and fast. Sending out a kedge anchor astern and lightening the vessel in every possible way had no effect; whereupon I recalled a story told me by my father, of an experience of his in the Baltic during the Crimean War, when Captain Fanshawe got the *Hastings* battleship off a shoal, by commanding her crew to stand at the stern and jump as one man to the sound of the bo'sun's pipe. Accordingly I stationed six of the *Siai's* crew at the

windlass, to haul on the kedge at my whistle, and ordered the remainder of the crew, police and carriers, at the same sound to rush aft and jump violently. This was done, and worked like a charm; as the men jumped, the *Siai's* bow flew into the air, the strain on the kedge caught her, and away she went into deep water again. A few hours after this we dropped anchor off Thompson's plantation, and prepared for another attempt at the hill villages.

Our plan of campaign was this. First marched the *Siai's* men, flung out as a screen of scouts, with myself as the centre pivot of the line; then came Butterworth and his men in support, about a hundred yards behind, followed by the carriers bearing camp equipment. Some miles inland we came upon a grass patch, not previously found by me, at the end of which was a stony hill topped by a village, which apparently was deserted. My line of scouts slowly converged upon the village, when suddenly—whilst still about fifty yards distant—a shower of sling-stones fell amongst us; to wait for the main body was practically impossible, therefore I gave the word to charge, and the *Siai's* men rushed and carried the village, killing some of the defenders and taking several prisoners. Safely in occupation, I looked back for Butterworth and his men, thinking that they were close on my heels, and saw, to my amazement, that they were halted at the bottom of the hill. I called to them to come up and, upon their arrival, asked Butterworth why he had not followed in support. He explained that our arrangement was, that when we encountered hostile natives, I was to signal to him to close up; as I had not signalled, but gone on, he had halted his men to await developments. I thought myself that a sudden blaze of rifle fire, and the sight of my men at the charge, should have been a sufficient signal to any one that we were in action—and with very little warning.

Hardly had Butterworth brought his men into the village, than the dislodged inhabitants started pelting us with sling-stones from a high and commanding ridge; so much so, in fact, that we were obliged to take refuge in the houses, from which safe shelter, half a dozen of our best shots soon inflicted such loss upon them as to compel them to retire and, for the time being, leave us in peace. We stayed in the village to rest our men and eat our midday meal, and whilst so engaged, we were surprised to hear the voice of a man gaily singing and approaching us. On looking over the hill, we saw, to our amazement, a fully armed native walking up the track towards us. "Fire a couple of shots over that man's head," I said to the police; upon the shots being fired, the man looked up, gave a howl of surprise, and then fled. "What did you do that for?" asked Butterworth; "we might have caught him." "It is an obvious thing," I remarked, "that that man is

ignorant of everything going on here, and therefore innocent of complicity in the murders; he is either a local native returning from a protracted visit to a distant tribe, or a stranger paying a visit here, otherwise he would not be walking about alone and announcing his whereabouts by song." During the afternoon Butterworth's men took possession of a higher ridge overlooking the razor-backed spurs, on which was situated the village I had previously failed to occupy, and, under cover of their fire, the *Siai's* men entered and seized it without fighting. Here we camped for the night, and remained unmolested.

Then, for several days, the constabulary and my men searched the country and took several prisoners; we found that the fight had been taken out of the natives, and they were no longer massing to oppose us but scattering, taking refuge in every possible way. I now decided to return to Samarai, having captured most of the principal men concerned in the attack on Thompson's plantation; the Goodenough Islanders, too, had learnt that the Government was something more than a name, and also more than their match at fighting.

Having an afternoon to spare on the day before we left Goodenough Island—while the police and the *Siai's* men were engaged in chopping wood and carrying water to that vessel—I took the dingey, Poruma, Warapas, and Giorgi, and went shooting duck and pigeons up a small river. I got the most mixed bag I ever made in my life: pulling into the river, a hawksbill turtle suddenly rose about twenty feet in front of the boat; this I succeeded in shooting through the head, and Poruma retrieved it by diving; the turtle must have weighed about two hundred pounds when out of water. Then I got about a dozen duck and a score of pigeons, Warapas shot a wild pig, and Poruma killed a python fully fourteen feet in length with a half-axe (that is, a tomahawk with a long handle like an axe). After this, Giorgi discovered an alligator asleep on a bank some thirty yards away from the river; creeping up, I fired my gun into one of its eyes, and Giorgi gave a yell of joy and rushed at it; but the alligator, which was only blinded on one side and not disabled, pursued him, whilst I pursued the alligator, firing my revolver into its body, as opportunity offered. Poruma, however, gave it the *coup-de-grâce*, by getting up on its blind side and belting it just behind the head with his half-axe. We returned to the *Siai* with the dingey's gunwales nearly awash under the weight of game of sorts.

Whilst on the subject of alligators, I may remark an extraordinary peculiarity of these reptiles, and that is, that in some ports and rivers of New Guinea, they appear to be absolutely harmless, for instance, in the Eastern Division, Port Moresby, and

the fiords of Cape Nelson : whereas in the mouths of the San Joseph, Opi, Barigi, and Kumusi Rivers, they are a malignant lot of man-eating brutes, neither hesitating to attack men in canoes, nor to sneak at night into the villages and seize people. The same thing, in a lesser degree, applies to sharks haunting Papuan seas ; I have never known a man taken at Port Moresby or in the Mekeo district by a shark, nor do the natives there—who are at the best a cowardly lot—show fear of them ; but on the bars of the Opi, Musa, and Kumusi Rivers, I have known the brutes swim alongside a whaleboat and seize the blades of the oars in their teeth. On one occasion, at the Kumusi River, my men caught a shark, the belly of which contained several human bones, a human head, the complete plates forming the shell of a large turtle, and the freshly torn-off flipper and shoulder of a large dugong or sea cow.

In relation to sharks and alligators, L. G. D. Acland—who afterwards got his arm chewed off by a tiger in India—Wilfred Walker, author of “Wanderings among South Sea Savages,” and myself, once got a bad shock at Cape Vogel. Both men were my guests, and at the time we were camped on the edge of a tidal creek, all of us occupying the same tent, at the door of which sat a sentry. The sentry had thrown out a strong cotton line, with an enormous hook at the end baited with a sucking pig, with the idea of catching a shark, and had tied his line to the upright pole of our tent ; without warning, the whole tent vibrated violently, and the sentry, seizing the line, began to haul it in. Cursing him for disturbing our rest, we lay down and prepared for sleep again, when suddenly the sentry fell backwards into the tent, closely followed by the head of an alligator. Hastily we scurried under the canvas at the back of the tent, swearing hard ; the alarm awoke the police who, running up, fired at the alligator, which promptly shuffled into the water, and went off carrying our line and tent pole with it.

The Rev. W. J. Holmes, of the London Mission, once told me an alligator story about one of his Mission boys ; a story which the local natives confirmed as true. Holmes sent off one of his Mission boys to borrow some dozen six-inch wire nails from a trader, who lived some miles away ; the boy was shortly to be married to a village girl, and she accompanied him on his message. On their homeward way it was necessary for them to ford a shallow river ; the boy walked first, when suddenly, hearing a shriek, he turned round to find that an alligator had seized his sweetheart by the leg. Hastily running back, the boy grabbed his lady-love by one arm and, inserting his hand behind her leg, jammed his packet of nails down the reptile’s throat, thus forcing it to open its mouth and release the girl, whom he then

dragged to the shore. The only remark the boy made about the incident, when he returned to Holmes, was to regret that the alligator had "stolen the missionary's nails."

From Goodenough, the *Siai* ran rapidly to Samarai, on the way landing our carriers at Taupota. Here I took the opportunity of visiting the Mission and its school for native children; to my amazement, I was received by the children all rising and singing the National Anthem. Standing with my escort at the salute, I waited until the end, and then explained to the Rev. — Clark of the Anglican Mission, who was in charge, that ordinary people like myself should not be received in that manner, that they should only pay such compliments to the Queen's representative, the Governor. "That's all right," said Mr. Clark; "but I have been rehearsing my children for months to receive the Governor, and he has never come, so, in order to avoid disappointing the children, I thought I would try it on you." The main portion of the school consisted of girls under the care of two ladies of the Anglican Mission, and my embarrassment was great when the good ladies displayed for my judgment the articles made by their pupils; the garments were all of them white, and I did not know what the devil to say or do. At last I threw myself utterly upon the mercy of the ladies, and begged them to select the articles and girls I was to commend; having done this I departed, vowing to myself, that in the future, the inspection of missionary schools was a duty I should delegate to the Assistant R.M.

Leaving Taupota, I called at Wedau to inquire into the murder of a mother-in-law, that Moreton had told me about; I found the culprit safe in the custody of the village constable, and also that the calling of evidence was hardly necessary, as he made confession in this way. "Two years ago I married my wife, then my father-in-law died and my wife's mother came to live with us. At early morning she got up and talked, when I came home at night, she talked; she talked, and talked, and talked, and at last I got my knife and cut her throat. What have I got to pay?" "Six months' hard labour," I replied, "when the Judge comes along; and many a white man would be glad to get rid of a talking mother-in-law at the price!"

On our arrival at Samarai I landed my prisoners, also Butterworth and his men, held a Court, and got everything in order for the Judge; two days latter the *Merrie England* came in, and the Governor was pleased to approve of what I had done. Then his Excellency pointed out that there was still a murder in Goodenough Bay undealt with by me—Goodenough Bay is in the mainland of New Guinea, and entirely distinct from Goodenough Island—and that it behoved me to get to work and clean that up. Sir William's method of praise was always to pile on more work.

Upon going into the matter I found that it was not one murder, but two, I had to deal with ; one at Radava, and the other at Boianai.

There was no anchorage opposite either village, accordingly the *Siai* sailed up the coast and hove-to at night opposite Radava. Landing two boats' crews just before dawn, we entered the first house and, seizing the inhabitants, asked the names of the murderers, which were at once given. I then detailed two men to go to each of the guilty men's houses, the police being guided by the men and women we had picked out of the first house ; Poruma and I then went on to the house of the chief, whom I also intended to arrest ; my whistle was to be the signal to burst into the houses and secure the men. Just as Poruma and I walked, or rather sneaked, up to the chief's house, we saw a man emerge and enter another house ; whereupon I told Poruma to follow and catch him when I whistled. Then, looking in at a deep window in the chief's house, I saw a man sleeping by the fire and—first blowing my whistle—leapt through the window and seized him ; he fought like a wild cat, and together we rolled through the fire, my cotton clothes catching alight and burning me badly ; I was still struggling with the man when Poruma and Warapas arrived and pulled us apart. Then I found that—with the exception of the chief—we had got all the men we wanted, and that the man I had been struggling with was the village lunatic.

It had been necessary for me to take the village by night surprise, otherwise the people would have taken one of two courses : either bolted into the bush of the rough mountains or resisted arrest. At Boianai they did bolt, having got tidings of the coming of the *Siai* ; but here I was able to bring a peaceful method to bear, that resulted in the surrender of the guilty men. The Boianai natives have a very well-designed scheme of irrigation, and go in for a most intensive system of cultivation of their somewhat limited area of rich flat land. A portion of the irrigation scheme consisted of a wooden aqueduct, carrying water at a high level over a small river. Their main crops were of taro, a vegetable requiring a large amount of moisture in the soil.

Finding my birds at Boianai had flown, I seized the aqueduct and diverted the water from their gardens ; then I told the people, that when they surrendered the men I wanted, their gardens should again have water, but until then, none. I thereupon sat down in the *Siai* and awaited developments, leaving most of my men camped at the aqueduct under Warapas. Upon the evening of the second day, I took my gun and went off on shore to shoot pigeons ; Poruma, Sione, and Giorgi being at the time asleep in the fore-castle. As the dingey returned alongside

the *Siai*, pulled by the cook and a village constable, they clumsily contrived to bump her violently ; the row woke up Sione, who, finding out that I had gone off alone, promptly sent Giorgi and Poruma after me—a very fortunate thing for me as it proved. I, meanwhile, had wandered down a path to seek for pigeons ; Poruma and Giorgi, after some little time, discovered the track I was on and followed. As I peered into a tree, I suddenly heard a yell and a crashing blow behind me ; turning round I saw Poruma and Giorgi astride of a fallen man. Whilst I had been stalking pigeons, they had discovered him stalking me, armed with a horrible-looking spear ; whereupon they had stalked him, and cracked him on the skull, just as he poised his spear to launch it into my back. After Poruma and Giorgi had handcuffed the man, and I had examined his broken head and reproached Giorgi for cracking the stock of a good rifle, Poruma remarked, "It was a little hard that he could not have a few minutes' sleep without some foolishness being done." I got one home on to Poruma by telling him that it was the monotony of his cooking and the vileness of his curries that had sent me off in search of game.

Poruma then asked the prisoner why he had tried to spear me, to which he replied, that he had just been examining his garden and was annoyed at finding that the leaves of his taro were beginning to wilt, from lack of water : while so engaged, he had been seen by the watching police, who had chased him over the rough river-bed for a long distance ; then, while lurking in the scrub, he had caught sight of me and thought that the opportunity was too good to lose. After a little more conversation, our new acquaintance resigned himself to his fate, and volunteered—as a sort of propitiatory measure—to take us to where pigeons were plentiful ; he proved better than his word, for as well as pigeons, he showed me the haunts of wild duck, and I got a good bag.

Later, Judge Winter gave this gentleman six months for his attempt at bagging an R.M. ; after serving which he enlisted upon the *Siai*, and then returned to his village as village constable—and a very good village constable he made.

The following day I again looked at the gardens, and made up my mind that if the people did not soon surrender the men I wanted, I should be obliged to turn on the water, for the simple reason that I really did not feel justified in destroying their whole food supply. Fortunately, the people did not know I was weakening, as that very night they sent a message to me that all the offenders—except one—were coming in, and that they would catch him as soon as they could ; of course, the missing man was one of the most important of the lot. Sure enough the men were brought that night and a request made that they should be allowed

to turn on the water. "Certainly," I replied, "so soon as I have the missing man." An hour later he was brought, and they got their water.

From Goodenough Bay I returned once more to Samarai, there to await the return of Moreton.

CHAPTER XII

ONE night, in Moreton's house, I had a curious and uncanny experience. I was sitting at the table, writing a long dispatch which engaged all my attention; my table was in the middle of the room, and on my right and left hand respectively there were two doors, one opening on to the front and the other on to the back verandah of the house; both doors were closed and fastened with ordinary wooden latches, which could not possibly open of their own accord as a spring lock might do; the floor of the room in which I was, was made of heavy teak-wood boards, nailed down; the floor of the verandah being constructed of lathes of palm, laced together with native string. As I wrote, I became conscious that both doors were wide open and—hardly thinking what I was doing—got up, closed them both and went on writing; a few minutes later, I heard footsteps upon the coral path leading up to the house, they came across the squeaky palm verandah, my door opened and the footsteps went across the room, and—as I raised my eyes from my dispatch—the other door opened, and they passed across the verandah and down again on to the coral. I paid very little attention to this at first, having my mind full of the subject about which I was writing, but half thought that either Poruma or Giorgi, both of whom were in the kitchen, had passed through the room; however, I again rose and absent-mindedly shut both doors for the second time.

Some time later, once more the footsteps came, crash crash on the coral, squeak squeak on the verandah, again my door opened and the squeak changed to the tramp of booted feet on the boarded floor; as I looked to see who it was, the tramp passed close behind my chair and across the room to the door, which opened, then again the tramp changed to the squeak and the squeak to the crash on the coral. I was by this time getting very puzzled, but, after a little thought, decided my imagination was playing me tricks, and that I had not really closed the doors when I thought I had. I made certain, however, that I did close them this time, and went on with my work again. Once more the whole thing was repeated, only this time I rose from the table, took my lamp

in my hand, and gazed hard at the places on the floor from which the sound came, but could see nothing.

Then I went on to the verandah and yelled for Giorgi and Poruma. "Who is playing tricks here?" I asked in a rage. Before Poruma could answer, again came the sound of footsteps through my room. "I did not know that you had any one with you," said Poruma in surprise, as he heard the steps. "I have no one with me, but somebody keeps opening my door and walking about," I replied, "and I want him caught." "No one would dare come into the Government compound and play tricks on the R.M.," said Poruma, "unless he were mad." I was by this time thoroughly angry. "Giorgi, go to the guard-house, send up the gate-keeper and all the men there, then go to the gaol and send Manigugu (the gaoler) and all his warders; then send to the *Siai* for her men; I mean to get to the bottom of all this fooling." The gate-keeper arrived, and swore he had locked the gate at ten o'clock, that no other than Government people had passed through before that hour; that since then, until Giorgi went for him, he had been sitting on his verandah with some friends, and nobody could have passed without his knowledge. Then came the men from the gaol and the *Siai*, and I told them some scoundrel had been playing tricks upon me and I wanted him caught.

First they searched the house, not a big job, as there were only three rooms furnished with spartan simplicity; that being completed, I placed four men with lanterns under the house, which was raised on piles about four feet from the ground: at the back and front and sides I stationed others, until it was impossible for a mouse to have entered or left that house unseen. Then again I searched the house myself; after which Poruma, Giorgi and I shut the doors of my room and sat inside. Exactly the same thing occurred once more; through that line of men came the footsteps, through my room in precisely the same manner came the tread of a heavily-booted man, then on to the palm verandah, where—in the now brilliant illumination—we could see the depression at the spots from which the sound came, as though a man were stepping there. "Well, what do you make of it?" I asked my men. "No man living could have passed unseen," was the answer; "it's either the spirit of a dead man or a devil." "Spirit of dead man or devil, it's all one to me," I remarked; "if it's taken a fancy to prance through my room, it can do so alone; shift my things off to the *Siai* for the night."

The following day I sought out Armit. "Do you know anything about spooks?" I asked; "because something of that nature has taken a fancy to Moreton's house." "Moreton once

or twice hinted at something of the sort," said Armit, "but he would never speak out ; I will come and spend to-night with you, and we will investigate." Armit came, but nothing out of the ordinary occurred ; nor did I ever hear of it afterwards, and before a year had elapsed the house had been pulled down. When Moreton returned, I related my experience to him, and he then told me that one night, when he was sleeping in his hammock, he was awakened by footsteps, such as I have described, and upon his calling out angrily to demand who was making the racket, his hammock was violently banged against the wall. "I didn't care to say anything about it," he said, "as I was alone at the time, and didn't want to be laughed at."

I have told this story for what it is worth : I leave my readers, who are interested in the occult or psychical research, to form what opinion they choose ; all I say is, that the story, as I have related it, is absolutely true.

Some few days after Moreton had resumed his duties, the *Merrie England* came in with Sir William on board, and his Excellency told me that as Ballantine, the Treasurer and Collector of Customs, had broken down in health, it was necessary for him to be relieved at once, and that I was to take up his duties. I protested that I knew nothing about accountants' work or book-keeping, and respectfully declined the appointment. "You can do simple addition and subtraction, that's all I want ; find your way to Port Moresby as soon as you can," was all the Governor replied. Then the *Merrie England* left ; and I consulted Moreton. "The Lord help you, laddie," said he ; "you will make a devil of a mess of it, but you must do what Jock says." Then Armit. "You must take it, or you will never get another job ; but you will be all right if you sit tight, and refuse to sign anything without the authority of the Governor or Government Secretary." Then I went to Arbouine and unfolded my tale of woe. "Oh, that's all right," said he ; "I will write a line to Gors, our manager at Port Moresby, and if you get stuck, he will lend you a good clerk for a day or two, who will keep you all right."

Then I resigned myself to the inevitable ; Treasurer and Collector of Customs I had to be. The next thing was to find my way to Port Moresby, and break the news to Ballantine. A steamer came in, the *Mount Kembla*, an Australian-owned boat recently chartered to carry coal to German New Guinea ; Burns, Philp and Co. were the agents, and upon my going to book a passage to Port Moresby, Arbouine said, "This vessel is bound by her insurances to carry a pilot in New Guinea waters ; I can't let her leave here without one, and you are the only man I can get hold of capable of acting as a local pilot." "Damn it all," I said, "I only want a passage, and you can hardly expect the Acting

Treasurer and Collector of Customs of New Guinea to act as your blanky pilot." "Oh, all right," said Arbouine, "if you don't sign on as pilot, the ship won't leave."

Eventually I did take on the job as pilot of the *Mount Kembla*, and left for Port Moresby. She was an iron collier with iron decks, and utterly unsuited for tropical work; hardly had we got out of Samarai Harbour, before the skipper, a nice, genial little man, came to me, and said, "I'm feeling very ill, for Heaven's sake look after the ship." I looked at him and, taking his temperature with a clinical thermometer, found he was in a high state of fever. "Get away to bed, man," I said, "and I will dose you." Then I told the mate to fill him up with brandy and quinine. "I can't do it, pilot," said the mate; "everything is in the lazerette and under Government seals, and I dare not break them." I soon settled that by smashing the seals myself, meanwhile explaining to the mate that the ship's pilot happened to be the Collector of Customs for the Possession. "My God!" said the mate, "I've been in the coal trade all my life, and been in many parts of the world, but I have never been in a country like this before." I took the *Mount Kembla* safely into Port Moresby, from whence she departed two days later; and, to my regret, I afterwards heard that hardly had she cleared the harbour before her nice little skipper died.

Leaving the *Mount Kembla*, I went to the office of the Government Secretary, the Hon. Anthony Musgrave, and told him I had been sent by the Governor to relieve Ballantine. "I suppose, Mr. Monckton, you have had previous experience of accountancy and audit {work?}" said Mr. Musgrave. "On the contrary," was my reply, "if you searched New Guinea from end to end, you could not find a man more blankly ignorant of the subject." Muzzy—as he was generally termed in the service—gaped. "Did you tell the Governor that?" he asked. "Of course I did; but he seemed to think that a man who knew navigation and could do simple addition and subtraction was all he required," was my reply. Muzzy sighed, and then sent for Ballantine and introduced me to him, after which, he gladly washed his hands of the matter. Ballantine was very nice and kind about it all. "You had better work with me for a few days," he said, "it's not all quite as simple as his Excellency appears to imagine." Three days satisfied me that the job was quite beyond me; Ballantine was doing sums all day long, and could do work, in five minutes, that would take me a full day. At the end of the three days, I got him to accompany me to the Government Secretary, to whom I pointed out, that if I were to carry out the Treasurer's duties for one month, at the end of that time it would require at least ten clerks and one expert accountant



A MOLLAN GIRL

to unravel the tangle. "What am I to do?" said Mr. Musgrave. "Sir William must be obeyed." Ballantine also intimated that he was Registrar for Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and that, as the Death Register had not been written up for some years, I might delve into piles of letters and papers reporting deaths, and write it up; to which cheerful occupation I betook myself.

Meanwhile, Muzzy caught Dr. Blayney, R.M., for the Central Division, and told him that he was to act as Treasurer, etc.; Blayney undertook it with a light heart, but three days of it reduced him to a mass of perspiring and swearing humanity. Again came a council of war. "Bramell, Government Agent at Mekeo, is an expert accountant," said Ballantine; "fetch him here to act as clerk to Blayney, and send Monckton to Mekeo as Assistant R.M." "The very thing," said the Government Secretary. I accordingly was sworn in as Assistant R.M. for the Central Division; and, a few days later, Blayney took me to my new district in his patrol vessel, the *Lokohu*, a sister ship to the *Siai*.

Mekeo Station, at this time, was situated some twenty miles inland, amongst a fairly thick and troublesome population. It had originally been opened by the late John Green; he was followed by Kowald, who was killed on the *Musa*; then Bramell was appointed. The Station consisted of an officer's house—the usual three-roomed affair—constabulary barracks, gaol, storerooms, drill ground, and about twenty acres of gardens; the buildings and drill ground were surrounded by a high and strong stockade. The Station was originally established to protect the missionaries of the Sacred Heart Order, who were penetrating into the country. The Mekeo natives were a cowardly, treacherous, and cruel lot, much under the influence of sorcerers, and averse to control by the Government. Blayney, some four weeks previously, had swooped through the villages and arrested every sorcerer he could find; he told me that the villagers would not give evidence against them unless he undertook to kill them, so that they could not return to exact vengeance. Blayney accordingly simply convicted them upon discovering any implements of their trade in their houses, such as charms, skulls, snakes, etc.

Upon our arrival at the Government Station, Bramell received us with very mixed feelings. "I am glad to get out of this hole," he said, "but it seems I have got an Irishman's rise." Blayney, after staying a day, went off again, but Bramell stayed a little while to put me in the way of things, and a cheery way of things they appeared to me. He showed me his bedroom closely shut up, and his bed surrounded by a circle of tables, upon each one of which he had deposited loaded firearms. "What on earth is all that for?" I asked. "Sorcerers," he replied; "they are the

most poisonous brutes, and keep me perpetually on the jump ; how they get in I don't know, but get in they do, and put snakes and other beastliness in my bed. Arrows, too, come over the stockade in the night and light anywhere, though we can never catch the men shooting them ; on dark nights we have frequently discovered strangers prowling about the houses, but up to now, they have always managed to get over the stockade before we could catch them. The beggars are always trying to poison me too ; don't you ever buy cocoanuts with the husks off, or anything else into which they can possibly have inserted poison ; they have contrived to kill three boys in succession carrying my mails to the coast ; the boys are all supposed to have died from accidental snake bite, but I know better."

After having given me all the information in his power about the working of the district, and having completed the formality of handing it over, Bramell left for the coast to take ship for Port Moresby, being escorted by half a dozen constabulary. I spent a week overhauling the last year's reports from the Station, and getting a grip, as best I could, of the trend of affairs in the past. I soon saw that the district was out of hand, and would require fairly strong measures in dealing with it ; I saw also that it was not Bramell's fault, for he had not sufficient authority as a Government Agent and Native Magistrate to keep the people in order : my appointment, however, carried the full powers of a Resident Magistrate.

A few days after his departure, one of the nocturnal visitors was discovered in the compound, but as usual he streaked over the stockade and disappeared, leaving several poisonous snakes behind him. The Mekeo constabulary could not hit an elephant in the dark with their rifles, much less a running man. I began to feel nearly as annoyed with the sorcerers as Bramell, and determined to cure them of coming inside the stockade : accordingly I drew the shot from several gun cartridges, and replaced it with coarse bluestone, and then I gave the sentry my gun with the doctored cartridges instead of his rifle ; next I pulled the bullet out of a rifle cartridge belonging to each private, and replaced it with mixed bluestone and dust shot. "Now," I explained to the men, who hated the sorcerers as thoroughly as did Bramell, "I'm going to play sorcery against sorcery ; I have charmed these cartridges, so that if you hold your rifle firmly, take plenty of time in aiming at a sorcerer at night, and he is a true sorcerer, you can't miss him."

In the gaol I had found Poruta, a son of Bushimai, one of the Mambare prisoners who had given me the trouble at Samarai, they having been scattered among the different gaols. I took uta, who was very lonely amongst a strange people, as my



DORO HOUSE, MEKEO

private attendant ; I had plenty of work for the constabulary, without taking one as an orderly, and I did not feel keen on having a local boy as servant, for fear that he might insert something in my grub or a snake in my bed. Poruta—like all the Binandere people—had no fear of the dark, and was a born fighter ; he took a keen interest in my plans for the discomfiture of the sorcerers, though he thought that all of them should be sought out and dealt with, with a club. He pointed out that the sentry always stood in one place—a place that must be perfectly well known to our night visitors—and also that the police, with the exception of two on my verandah, were always grouped about the barracks. “I would undertake,” said Poruta, “under the present system, to come inside the stockade every night and escape unseen. Make four men lie flat on their stomachs in the middle of the drill ground, each man watching the sky-line on one side of the stockade, and they are bound to see any man climbing over.” I did this ; but I also tied a string on to the toe of the corporal in the barracks, and led it into the midst of the four watchers, so that they could alarm the barracks without noise, and also without giving any warning to our night visitors.

The very first night that the plan was tried, it worked excellently. Watching the sky-line carefully, one of the sentries noticed a head appear, followed by a second one ; gently touching his three companions, he directed their attention to the intruders ; immediately one fowling piece and three rifles, loaded with small shot and bluestone, converged on the figures of two men, as, flat on their stomachs, they slid sideways over the fence, and then gently began to lower themselves on the inner side. In their excitement, each of the four sentries forgot to pull the string attached to the corporal's toe. Bang went all the guns together, an awful series of shrieks went up from the smitten intruders, as they hastily hauled themselves back over the stockade, and fled howling into the night. At the same time the air was rent by fearful yells and curses from the barracks ; the police, at the sound of the shots, had hastily jumped to their feet and rushed out ; man after man tumbled over and tangled himself up with the line attached to the corporal's toe, thereby nearly dragging off that much enduring member.

For weeks after this, we were untroubled by nocturnal visitors ; and by every one on the Station—bar the corporal—the plan was regarded as a gigantic success. My fame as a charmer of rifles, for use against sorcerers, spread through the land. I never found out who our two visitors were, but I will wager they never forgot their experience that night.

The next thing to which I had to turn my attention, was the straightening up of the detachment of constabulary ; they showed

a slackness and lack of smartness; that I did not like. On the drill ground they appeared willing enough, but they could neither march, shoot, nor drill decently. I slanged the non-com. in charge, who was a Western man, but came from a different tribe and village to the rest of the men. "I can't do anything with them, sir," he said; "whenever Mr. Bramell was away they would not drill, and now, if you are not on parade, they only play the fool and cheek me." I drilled and cursed the men myself, but they merely said that their non-com. was a liar, and that their behaviour was immaculate. For a long time I could never get hold of any specific instance of disrespect or disobedience to the non-com.; at last, however, I caught them, and this is the way I did it.

I went one night to the Mission house, taking with me Poruta and half a dozen constabulary; arriving there, I sent off the police, telling them I meant to stay the night with the missionary. I had previously told the non-com. to station a gaol warder—a countryman of his own—at the gate instead of a private, and to tell him to hold his tongue as to the hour I came home. Returning at about five o'clock in the morning, I was admitted by the warder, went straight to my house, which overlooked the parade ground, and got into bed without striking a light. Poruta slept in my room. Daylight and six o'clock came, and I was awakened by the yells of the non-com. parading his men; peeping out, I saw them come slowly strolling on to the drill ground and languidly fall in, some wearing fatigue kit of cotton, some full dress of serge, some without belts, and some without jumpers; one shining light fell in attired in the white "sulu" he slept in, some smoked in the ranks, others chattered, and they drilled like a newly enlisted volunteer company. For half an hour I watched the beauties, and listened to them answering back their non-com., who cursed and beseeched alternately.

Then I buckled on my belts, and walked slowly down my steps and up to the squad, watching them stiffen and their eyes start, as they saw the unexpected apparition of their officer. "I think I will finish the drill, Corporal," I remarked; then to the squad, "Pile arms!" and they piled arms. Then I inspected man after man, ordering each one that I found incompletely dressed to strip to the buff and fall in for physical drill. Only one man, Private Keke, passed inspection; and I made him lance-corporal on the spot. After this, I drilled that unhappy squad until sweat ran down their brown bodies in streams; winding up by sending them at the double straight up against the stockade, at which they instinctively stopped. "I did not tell you to halt, you slack-backed pig-stealers; your meat rations and tobacco are stopped for a week; forward!" Over the stockade

that sweating detachment went. "About turn!" Back they came; and I kept them at it until they were falling from the top, instead of jumping, from sheer exhaustion. Then I halted them on the parade ground again, and made a little speech; telling them that I was weak from shame at having to do with such a lot of feeble wasters, and that I felt certain the Commandant had made a mistake, and sent to Mekeo a sanitary gang—or something of that sort—instead of a detachment of constabulary. Their disgraceful exhibition had made me feel so faint, that I must go and breakfast, but meanwhile they would stand at attention.

I went to breakfast and lingered over it; then I returned to my depressed squad. "You have already lost your meat and tobacco for halting without orders; do it again, and I will clap the whole lot of you into gaol and feed you on pumpkins, until the Commandant can send me some real constabulary from headquarters." Then I marched them into the garden, where, after doubling them about in extended order for some time, I suddenly wheeled them up to about an acre of pine-apples—horribly prickly things—and then, "Double! Charge!" Into the awful things went those naked men, whilst I yelled curses at them for breaking line. When they were fairly in the middle, I shouted, "Halt!" and then remarked, "I think you have had your lesson, pick your way out of the prickles and go to your breakfast; I don't think you will want me to do your non-com.'s duty again in a hurry." Leaving the men to crawl out as best they could, I went back to my house, where, shortly after, Corporal Sara came to get braid for Keke's stripe. "They will give no further trouble," he remarked; "they are blood from their thighs to the soles of their feet, and most of them are crying from pain and shame; but they won't be fit to march for another week."

On looking into things at Mekeo Station, I found that a vast number of economic plants had been planted by Kowald, who was an expert botanist, for experimental purposes; and that there was a strict order from Sir William MacGregor that they should receive every care and attention. I knew nothing about them; cinchona was the same to me as cocoa, a rubber plant as a coffee plant; vanilla, hemp, and the rest were as Hebrew, and not a man in the detachment—as was naturally to be expected—knew any more. Also I found that I had not a man that could read or write, or who was really fit to be in charge of the Station during my absence; accordingly I sent a loud wail to Blayney that I must have a Station-keeper, with a knowledge of plantation work and capable of keeping books, otherwise I should chuck the work at once. Blayney promptly sent me Basilio, a Manilla man, an excellent fellow, who immediately flung himself into his new

duties with great zeal. By the time he arrived, I had got my police as sharp as terriers, and ready for anything in the way of work.

Basilio brought me a mail from Hall Sound, the port of the Mekeo district; among the letters I found one from a German trader and copra buyer in the Gulf of Papua, stating that he was constantly being robbed and threatened by the natives, and went in constant fear for his life; he also referred to several previous letters, and said that if his present complaint was not attended to, he would shortly be a murdered man. I looked through the Station correspondence, and found several letters from the man, making complaints against the natives, the letters being marked in Bramell's writing with "rot," "more rot," "bunkum," "sheer funk." I read them all, and thought to myself, "This chap may be merely crying wolf when there is no wolf; but if he does happen to get killed, his Excellency will want some one upon whom to vent his wrath, and it strikes me I shall be the victim." Therefore I prepared to go into the Gulf in the whaleboat: when I remark that it was the South-East season, and meant a trip against a heavy sea, current, and head wind, with a big surf to land through every night, it will be seen that the prospect was not cheerful.

For some days the police nearly pulled their insides out, forcing the whaleboat in the teeth of the south-easter; for several nights regularly, whaler, police, and myself were capsized in the surf, when we were landing to camp, and rolled up upon the beach in a heap, all our belongings, which were lashed to the boat, being soaked with salt water. Blistered by the sun, hands raw from tugging at the oars, and bruised all over from the bumps as we rolled upon coral beaches, at last we made the complaining German trader's Station, and I asked him what all the trouble was about, as his Station appeared quite happy and peaceful, and the natives very friendly. "A few months ago I had a few cocoanuts stolen," he said. "Well," I asked, "what about all your stories of imminent battle, murder, and sudden death?" "I thought that it was time the Government looked me up, and I had better pitch things a bit strong, or they would not bother," he had the ineffable impudence to remark. "You German swine," I said, "you have made me risk my life, and the lives of a dozen men, coming here, merely to pander to your sense of importance; if I can get the slightest excuse, I'll gaol you." Unfortunately I could get no excuse for doing so; accordingly, I had to content myself with blackguarding him up hill and down dale before leaving, and telling him that the natives could eat him, before I would move a man to his assistance again. If he had been a native, I could have given



MASKS OF THE KAIVA KUKU SOCIETY, MEKEO

him a fortnight's gaol for sending a lying report, but unfortunately that law did not apply to white men.

Whilst in the Gulf, I received constant complaints about the doings—or rather misdoings—of a strange nomadic inland tribe, called by the coastal natives Kuku Kuku ; people who apparently appeared unexpectedly, and hovered about the coastal villages, snapping up stray men, women, and children, and cutting off their heads ; then vanishing into the unknown. I promised the villagers that, in the near future, the Government would deal with the Kuku Kuku people, but that I had too much other work at present ; in any case, my whaler's complement was not sufficient for an inland expedition.

I also heard of the existence of a secret society called the Kaiva Kuku, the members of which assembled fully disguised in strange masks and cloaks, and went through secret ceremonies and ritual ; branches and agents of it also existed in every coastal village. I did not like this at all, thinking that probably many of the murders and crimes alleged against the Kuku Kuku were offences committed by this secret society. I did not stay long enough in the Mekeo district to have any dealings with the Kaiva Kuku, but, from what I heard of the society whilst I was there, I believe that they were a set of blood-thirsty, terrorizing, and blackmailing scoundrels, badly needing stamping out. In later years, when Captain Barton was R.M. of the Division, I gave him my views about native secret societies, and the Kaiva Kuku in particular ; but he held they might be a benevolent organization, created for the suppression of immorality and vice. My own opinion was, that they were bad, and existed merely for the purpose of carrying out unnameable rites and beastliness, this being borne out by the history of all native races among which secret societies were established ; also I held that the morality and conduct of a village or tribe were better maintained by a Government Chief, or village constable, acting openly, than by secret tribunals.

Secret societies—to the extent of my experience—only exist in British New Guinea west of Yule Island ; and bestiality, human sacrifice, incest, and other abominable crimes, have never been heard of out of the regions in which such societies hold their sway ; the natural inference, therefore, is that there is some connection between them. I can see no reason to justify any Government official in permitting the existence of such societies in any district over which he holds control, unless he means to shirk his responsibilities and abuse the powers entrusted to him by Government in favour of an organization of which he can know nothing. I do not wish to dogmatise ; but I hold—after many years' experience and intimate connection with natives—

that a magistrate is fully justified, once he finds any man or body of men pretending to esoteric, occult or supermundane powers, in smashing that man or society, even if he has to use force to do it. Secret societies can do no possible good amongst any race of people, and they possess tremendous potentialities for harm and injustice. Every Englishman would rise in horror at the thought of having the old Spanish Inquisition established again ; therefore let every Englishman see to it that, among the native races he governs, no similar thing can possibly exist.

Returning from the Gulf, a storm compelled me to beach the whaleboat at Maiva, a collection of villages just east of Cape Possession, where I found a violent epidemic raging among the people, and was told that it was spreading like wildfire amongst all the villages of the Mekeo district. Here I hauled up the whaleboat and had a house built over her, as I saw I must quickly get to my Station in order to procure fresh police and be able to devote my whole attention to dealing with the sickness, which I could see was going to be no light undertaking. Leaving my whaleboat safely housed to protect her from the sun, I marched my police as rapidly as possible overland to the Station ; we arrived there a couple of hours after nightfall on the second day, the whole squad of men accompanying me being—like myself—utterly tired and worn out.

Basilio came to my house whilst I sat waiting for Poruta to prepare some food for me, and, after watching the tired Poruta for a few minutes, he volunteered to make me a Malay curry and let him go to the barracks to sleep. Poruta accordingly was sent off to bed ; whilst I—after listening for a short time to an unusual and angry hum from the native village of Veipa, situated a short distance beyond our gate—also dropped off to sleep. Basilio woke me up a little later, and directed my attention to a table spread in Malay fashion with food, consisting of an excellent curry and the choicest of the Station's garden fruit ; he then sat down and waited until I had finished.

"What the devil is the meaning of the row in the village, Basilio ?" I asked, by way of beginning the conversation. "It is humming like a swarm of angry bees." "I don't know, sir ; but twice the fathers have sent here to-day asking for you, and I have answered that you were away, and I did not know when you would return." Basilio was a devout R.C., and invariably referred to the Sacred Heart missionaries as "the fathers." "I have warned Corporal Sara to keep ten men under arms," he went on, "as I am certain there is trouble of some sort brewing, over the sickness of the people ; ten have died in Veipa since you left, and the sorcerers say it is either the fault of the Government or of the Mission." "Send a couple of men to the Mission



HOUSE AT APIANA, MEKEO

house at once," I said, "and ask Fathers³ Bouellard or Vitali to let me know what the trouble is." Basilio sent the men off; meanwhile the angry hum from the village rose to a yapping, snarling note, that I did not like.

The Mekeo detachment, at this time, was the only one in New Guinea armed with bayonets. The strain on my nerves became rather greater than I could stand; therefore I bolted to the barracks and told Sara to turn out every available man to be ready for action in the village. Hardly had the men paraded with bayonets fixed, than back came my two men. "The Veipa villagers are fighting," they said, "arrows are flying thick, and the fathers are trying to pacify them; unless you are quick, the missionaries will be killed." Hastily I doubled my men down the path to the village, which I found lit up by enormous bonfires, while two opposite factions of villagers were wildly shooting arrows and fighting savagely; Fathers Vitali and Bouellard, with several brothers of the Mission, were dancing about among them and endeavouring to maintain peace. Veipa village had a nice wide straight street, in which the riot was going on; swinging my men into line at the end of it, I bid them charge. No one was killed, though a few bayonets bit deep, and a few skulls were damaged by the butt ends; in five minutes the natives were flying howling to their houses. Then I gathered up the fathers and took them off to supper with me, leaving a patrol to keep the village in order. "The good God sent you in time," said Father Vitali; "we thought you were away, and that it was the revolution." "After I have had a little sleep, I think the villagers of Veipa will think it is the revolution," I remarked. "I will warrant them tribulation." Later I had the two priests escorted home, and at the same time sent a message to the patrol, that they were to bully and bang the inhabitants about as much as possible, and also that they were to tell the natives that, if so much as a piece of soft mud touched the good fathers or sisters, I would make them believe that millions of devils were loose among them. "Remind them," I said to the patrol, "of what happened to the two sorcerers climbing my fence, and tell them that I am devising a worse punishment still for them, if they offend further."

The following afternoon, I sent for the village constable of Veipa and withdrew the patrol, as I heard from the priests that all was now quiet, and the people waiting in a chastened frame of mind for the punishment to come. The explanation of the riot, given to me by the village constable, was that several deaths had occurred, and, in compliance with Government Regulations, the bodies had been buried in the allotted cemetery; then several more people died and the village was filled with fear and wailing.

Now came the sorcerers' opportunity ; and they promptly improved it by preaching to the people, that the plague had come upon them for abandoning the old practices of the tribe, in favour of Government and Mission ways. "Did we have deaths like this, when we buried our dead under the floors of the houses?" they asked, answering themselves, "No!" Then—instigated by the sorcerers—the natives began again to bury their newly dead in the houses, whilst others dug up those already in the cemetery, for removal to the village. The constable and Government chief had asked the fathers to come and help them to persuade the villagers to obey the law ; but by the time the fathers could come, feeling between the factions—respectively obeying the constable and the sorcerers—was running high : arguments, threats, and persuasion having failed, the constable started removing the bodies by force, and the riot began. "Where is the chief sorcerer?" I asked. "He ran away when the row began," was the reply. "Why did you not arrest him?" "I did suggest it," said the v.c., "but he threatened to smite me with a wasting sickness, if I touched him."

The village constable then reeled off a list of offenders and law-defying men in his village, which I wrote down, and then sent him off to tell them to come to me at once ; they came—about forty of them—some looking sulky or sullen, some angry, and some frightened. "Tell them, Basilio, to sit down in a line in front of me." They sat down ; the v.c., glad to get a little revenge, hastening the laggards by sharp blows with his truncheon.

"Now," I remarked, "I have heard a lot about sorcery since I came here, I am going to treat you to a little. Basilio, tell them to look at my eyes as I pass down the line, and tell me what they notice!" "Well?" I asked, when they had all looked, "what do they see?" "They say your eyes are not as the eyes of other men, alike in colour, but differ one from the other." "Very true," I said, as I stepped back a dozen feet where all could see me plainly. "Now tell them to look at my mouth," and I grinned, showing an excellent set of false teeth. They looked. "Well?" "They see strong white teeth," Basilio interpreted, smothering a grin as he guessed what was coming. Turning my back for a second, I dropped my false teeth into my handkerchief and, swinging round again, exposed a row of toothless gums. A yell of horror and amazement went up, and fearful glances were cast behind for somewhere whither to bolt. I swept my handkerchief before my mouth, and again grinned a glistening toothful grin. There were no sulky or defiant glances now, nothing but looks of abject fear and horror. "Ask them, Basilio, whether in all their villages, there

is a sorcerer that can do such a thing as that?" "No," was the answer, "the white chief is greater than them all."

"Now explain to them," I said, "that the white men know more witchcraft than their own sorcerers, but they do not practise it, as it is an evil thing. I am going to make things uncommonly hot for the sorcerers in this district: the first one I catch, I will show to you what a feeble thing he is; for I will smell at a glass of clear water and then make him smell it, and he will jump into the air and fall as a dead man." A wonderful effect can be obtained with half a wineglass of strong ammonia, I may remark in passing. "Basilio, tell them I am going to punish them but lightly this time; but if I have to deal with this particular lot again, they will get something to remember. First of all, they will return to the village and remove the corpses to the cemetery; then they will clean up the village thoroughly; after that, they will return here and work in the gardens for a week without pay, and will cool their hot blood by living exclusively upon pumpkins."

The v.c. then asked permission to make a speech to his people; he had been as much surprised as any one at my performance, but also regarded it as throwing reflected glory upon himself. He pointed out to them, that all this trouble had fallen upon them through neglecting his good advice and defying his authority; perhaps now they would see what a pattern he was for them to follow! He then began to take them individually to task, and to rake up past misdoings on their part that had escaped retribution; but here I cut the worthy constable short, and told him to conclude his remarks while they cleaned the village. I heard afterwards that he stood on a platform in Veipa, and inflicted a two hours' oration on his unfortunate people. The next day the village constables from a dozen villages came in, to tell me that the people—with the exception of the Veipa villagers—were burying their dead in their houses, but that all the sorcerers had skipped for the bush.

CHAPTER XIII

MY first business now, was to try and find out the nature of the rapid and deadly disease from which the people were suffering, and with this object in view I consulted the priests of the Sacred Heart. The only London Missionary Society man in the district had just left for England. The priests were looking after his Samoan and Fijian teachers, who were all blue with funk, and were also supplying them with medicines. I believe four of the teachers died during the epidemic, as well as a number of the European members of the Sacred Heart. I soon came to the conclusion that the source of the infection was in the water supply of the villages, and ordered that all water for the domestic use of the villagers should be drawn from the San Joseph river, or other big streams, where pollution was practically impossible, instead of from pools near the river. Threats, punishment, persuasion, nothing was of any avail ; still the people would persist in drawing and drinking the water from the pools to which they had been in the habit of going.

I rushed through the district with a flying patrol, and made the lives of the village constables and chiefs a burden to them ; but still the natives died like flies, and still they drank from the pools. In each village I made the village constable give me a list of houses in which bodies had been buried, and then set the police to prod with their bayonets through the earthen floor until the corpses were discovered ; whereupon, we made the householder disinter them and plant them in the cemetery ; if there were no cemetery, I laid one out for them. I sent every householder off to gaol in whose house I found a corpse, until Basilio sent to say there would soon be a famine in the Station ; then, to prevent this, I levied toll of food upon the villagers, and plundered their gardens if they did not pay. But still the people drank from the pools, and sickened and died.

I called a meeting of chiefs and village constables, and threatened and prayed them to stop the burial in the houses and the drinking of polluted water. "We can't stop it," they said ; "you are strong and wise, tell us what to do." I racked my brains, and at last I thought I saw a way out. "Take this message to

your people," I said : "I am going myself to poison every hole from which they draw water, except running streams, and they can come and see me do it ; after that, I shall burn down every house in which a man is buried, and if I find five corpses in one village, I shall burn the whole village. In the meantime they are all to leave the villages, and camp in shelters half a mile away." Then I wondered how I could make the people believe that their wells and pools were really poisoned ; hunting amongst my supply of drugs, I found about half a pound of Permanganate of Potash, a few grains of which, placed in a bucketful of water, is sufficient to produce a red colour. "Ah," I thought to myself, "now for a little sorcery." I carefully filled up two wine glasses, one with Ipecacuanha wine, an emetic ; the other with water, coloured by Permanganate to a passable imitation of it. Then I returned to my meeting of chiefs and village constables, carrying the glasses in my hands.

I addressed the meeting in this way. "You see these glasses ? They contain a virulent poison, the poison I am going to put in the wells and pools. I am going to drink one glassful and Maina, v.c., the other ; but the strength of my magic will save us from dying, though you will be able to see what a bad poison it is." Maina was not at all keen on drinking his brew, but as his brother v.c.'s all told him to rely upon me, and I told him he would get the sack as a v.c., and gaol for disobedience of orders, if he did not, he plucked up courage and swallowed the nauseous draught with many grimaces. I then swallowed mine, passed round cigarettes, and awaited developments. In twenty minutes Maina asked whether I was certain of the efficacy of my protection against the poison I had given him, as he was feeling very ill. I explained that I was, and that he would be quite safe, unless at any time he had neglected his duties as a v.c. : should he have done that, he would be extremely ill for a few minutes, and then get quite well again. Somehow or other I think Maina must have been remiss in his duties, for in a few minutes he was most uncommonly sick, after which he rapidly recovered. The meeting then dispersed, fully convinced that my threat of poisoning the water was no idle one, and prepared to explain to the people the colour and nature of the poison I intended using.

Village after village I then visited, drawing from each well or pool a bucketful of water, which I coloured red with Permanganate and exhibited to the natives : after which, I made some hocus pocus passes with my hands over the pool or well, whilst I poured in the mixture, dismally chanting all the time, "Boney was a warrior, Boney was a thief, Boney came to my house and stole a leg of beef." My voice, I may remark, is not a melodious one. At very big pools I constructed a little boat of leaves—like the paper

boats made by children—and placing a little gunpowder in it, I focussed the rays of the sun through one of the lenses removed from my field-glasses, until it exploded in a puff of fire and smoke. Then, gazing severely at the village constable and assembled villagers, I would groan loudly, and explain that the poison devils I had placed in that particular pool were of the most malignant description, and I hoped that they would not be fools enough to allow them to enter their systems through the medium of the water. “Not much!” was the equivalent of their reply; “we are not going to risk magic of this sort. No! Not even if we have to walk miles for our water.”

I sent a report to Blayney describing the symptoms of the sick, and asking for advice. Blayney was a doctor, as well as R.M., the only one besides Sir William MacGregor in New Guinea. He replied, “I can’t come to help you, I am tied up by this infernal Treasury work; there is no doubt, I think, that the illness is enteric fever. Look to your water supply and drive the people out of the infected houses.” I had already done all this, so I merely continued patrols to make sure that the natives were carrying out my orders; the immediate effect being, that the sickness slackened and the deaths dwindled down to almost nothing. “Thank Heaven,” I thought, “I have got it under.” Suddenly a fresh outburst occurred, sweeping like a wave with awful virulence through the people, who were now mostly camped away from the villages.

At my wits’ end, I again assembled the chiefs and village constables. “What foolery are you up to now?” I asked. “Are you drinking the water from the poisoned wells, or burying the dead in the villages or houses?” “Oh no,” they said, “we have obeyed you most strictly; also we have carried out a precaution suggested by the sorcerers.” “What was that?” I demanded. “They have told us that when a death takes place, the body of the dead person is to be licked by all the relations.” Frantic with rage, I jumped to my feet and howled for the Station guard. “Strip the uniform and Government clothes off these men, and throw them into gaol, until I can devise some means of bringing them to their senses,” I yelled, as the police came running up. Pallid with funk, and loudly protesting that they were good and loyal servants of the Government, my village constables and chiefs were hauled away. Soon, from the villages, came streaming in the wives, friends, and relations of the imprisoned men, weeping bitterly and praying me to release their husbands, fathers, brothers, etc. Then I took counsel with Basilio. “The men are not to blame,” he said, “it is the sorcerers; you will do no good by punishing the v.c.’s and chiefs, who are trying to help you, merely because they are fools.” “Very true; but how can I catch the elusive sorcerer?” I

remarked. "The v.c.'s are badly frightened now," said Basilio ; "scare them a little more, and they will drop a hint as to the whereabouts of some of them." I had my v.c.'s brought back, and threatened and abused them alternately ; they all—with one exception—squirmed, lied, and tried to excuse themselves, and all denied knowledge as to the whereabouts of the sorcerers. "How then did you receive the message from them, as to the licking of the bodies of the dead ?" I demanded. Dead silence and more squirms.

Then I turned to the one man who had not lied and excused himself. "What have you to say for yourself ?" "Nothing : if you choose to put me in gaol, put me there ; but since you came, I have most strictly carried out the orders of the Government, and I have had no communication with sorcerers ; neither have I had any deaths in my village since you closed the wells ; also the people of my village have not licked the bodies of the dead." Three minutes' inquiry confirmed the truth of this village constable's statement : whereupon, I returned his uniform, gave him a brass bird of paradise badge (the badge worn on the caps of the constabulary), and told him, that for the future he was senior village constable for the district with double pay, and when he visited the Station he should have the right to sleep in the constabulary barracks, instead of in the visitors' house. The name of this man was Aia Kapimana, and on his leaving to return to his village, he called up a youth of about fourteen : "My son," he proudly said ; "I give him to you as a servant." I didn't want a servant, but not wishing to offend the man, whose feelings I had already most unjustly hurt, I said I would keep him for a while. The boy had the same name as his father, "Aia," and was a nice smart-looking lad ; I sent him to join Poruta.

This youth remained in my private service for many months, accompanying me afterwards when I left the Mekeo district to go to the South-Eastern Division ; I found him to be always loyal and obedient. After he left my service and returned to Mekeo, he was engaged as a private servant by my successor, Amedeo Giulianetti, who was a man, like myself, very severe upon the sorcerers : unfortunately for him, however, he was never very popular with the constabulary. One night Giulianetti was sleeping in the house of the local London missionary on the coast, about twenty miles from Mekeo Station, while his police and Aia were sleeping in native houses some distance away. To Aia, came a sorcerer and said, "You are to shoot your master dead ; if I could shoot, I would do it ; but as I cannot, you must ; and if you refuse I shall strike you dead." Aia took a police rifle and, accompanied by the sorcerer, walked up to the Mission house ; Giulianetti was sleeping with a lighted lamp on a chair

beside his bed ; Aia blew out Giulianetti's brains, then, firing another shot at him, fled—as did the sorcerer. The sorcerer, in fording a stream during his flight, was seized by an alligator and severely mangled before he could escape from its jaws ; believing then that the alligator was on the side of the Government and that escape was hopeless, he made no further effort to get away, and was secured by the police. Aia either gave himself up to them or was secured by the fathers of the Sacred Heart Mission. These, shortly, were the facts elicited at the trial of Aia and the sorcerer, both of whom were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment.

At the time the murder took place, I was stationed at Cape Nelson on the north-east coast, and amongst my constabulary were some of the men of the Mekeo detachment, who had been transferred to me there. I have no hesitation now in saying, that I am convinced that all the facts as to how Giulianetti was murdered were not elicited at the trial, and that I believe some of Giulianetti's police were concerned in it. Firstly, it was not clear how Aia got the rifle and cartridges without the consent and knowledge of the owner ; secondly, Aia swore that Giulianetti was sleeping with his mosquito net raised and a lamp burning, thereby allowing Aia a clear view of him. Now, it is utterly impossible for a European, in the Mekeo district, to sleep without a mosquito net ; and to say that a man could sleep unprotected, in a room with a light attracting mosquitoes in myriads, is rank absurdity. If the mosquito net was down—as I am convinced it must have been—Giulianetti's body would not have been visible to the man shooting at him, and some one must have raised it to allow Aia to aim. The shot, according to Aia's statement, was fired from the doorway ; this must have been true, for otherwise, the flash would have scorched the mosquito net or bed-clothes. Two shots were fired : now, Aia was a first-class shot, and had—according to his own statement—killed Giulianetti with the first ; why, therefore, did he remain to reload his rifle and fire again, after the first shot had alarmed the house ? That second shot came from a rifle other than Aia's I am convinced. Another point to be considered is, that when the sorcerer first commanded Aia to shoot Giulianetti and threatened him with death if he disobeyed, why did he not appeal for help to the police, who were his friends, and some of whom came from his own village ?

My own opinion is that Aia did tell the police, and that some of them were concerned in the murder. This view of mine was shared by my own police at Cape Nelson, and by nearly every member of the constabulary with whom I talked. Another reason I had for thinking that the Mekeo detachment—at that time—would not have been above making away with an unpopular

officer was, that on one occasion, while they were under Bramell's command, the whole lot had arranged to fire at him on the parade ground during inspection. When the time came, however, only one man carried out the plot by raising his rifle, firing, and missing him at about ten paces; Bramell had then deliberately walked up to the man, taken his smoking rifle from him and led him up to the police cell, into which he had shoved the offender, after which, he had resumed his inspection of the squad. Bramell punished the man afterwards, but, as he was in hot water at the time at Headquarters, did not report the incident for fear of—somehow or other—being blamed himself. The punishment he allotted to the culprit was a peculiar one, and one that I cannot say commended itself to me, richly though the mutineer deserved it. At that time there were in the Station two dark cells, one of which was never used, for the reason that on a previous occasion a man had hanged himself in it, and the police thought it was haunted by his ghost; Bramell gave his would-be murderer twenty-four hours in it, telling him that if he lacked company, he could call the ghost.

The police of Mekeo Station had a most extraordinary yarn of a strange happening there, on the night of Giulianetti's murder (Amadeo, they called him). A group of them were sitting talking together, when one man jumped to his feet, pointed to Giulianetti's house and exclaimed in surprise, "When did Amadeo return?" They all looked, and saw that the house, which had been in darkness, was lit up, and that Giulianetti, clothed in his usual white clothing, was seated in his chair in the open place between the rooms, looking across the parade ground. They all ran up to the house, to ask him how and when he had returned, and where his police were. As the men went up the steps of the house, it became plunged in darkness: puzzled, they called to Giulianetti and struck matches, and to their surprise could not find him; the lamp, which a few seconds before had apparently been burning brightly, was dead and cold. This story was told me by Sergeant Kimai, who was not an imaginative person.

The attempted murder of Bramell by his police was afterwards the cause of a serious quarrel between him and me, and for a time we were not on speaking terms, though we lived in the same house and dined at the same table. I did not know that Bramell had not reported the matter, and one day, in the course of casual conversation with the Government Secretary, referred to it. Mr. Musgrave pricked up his ears, asked me several questions, and then ordered me to put in a written report; I demurred, pointing out that the alleged shooting at Bramell by the police was all hearsay and Station gossip. Muzzy insisted; whereupon I made out a garbled version of the affair, to which Bramell had

no difficulty in giving a flat denial. He, however, then took it into his head that I had been trying to get him into trouble, and "words" ensued, which resulted, as I have said, in a total split between us.

The quarrel ended in a funny way. I had a temporary Port Moresby boy engaged as a servant, who of course knew of the split between Bramell and myself; coming home one day unexpectedly, I found the young reprobate smoking one of my pipes and brushing his hair with my brushes, whereupon I cuffed him soundly. The boy whimpered, and I told him to shut up or he would get a little more; this had the desired effect, and I left. Mr. Musgrave at this time made pets of the Hanuabada boys, as they were called, and always came down like a sledge hammer on any officer who struck one, for whatever cause. After I had gone, the boy sat down outside, waited until he saw Mr. Musgrave in the distance, and then set up a terrific bellowing, as though he had been half murdered. Bramell heard the howls and asked the boy what the row was about; the boy said I had hit him, and he was howling to attract Mr. Musgrave's attention: Bramell promptly cuffed the howler into silence, and kept him with him until the Government Secretary was safely out of sight. I heard of the incident from the boy, and when Bramell came home that night and went to his side of the verandah, I called after him, "Bramell, have a drink?" He came, had a drink, remarked that, "We were two fools," and buried the hatchet.

After these digressions I must return to my epidemic and the Mekeo district. I released my chiefs and v.c.'s, after uttering the most blood-curdling threats as to what would happen if they indulged in any more corpse-licking. Again I raced through the district with a patrol, burying the dead and harrying the natives, as well as snapping up a sorcerer here and there. On an average, the patrol covered twenty miles a day, until the men and myself were as thin as catgut, and as tired as a sweated seamstress, from work and worry. We had our prisoners, sorcerers principally, handcuffed on to a chain; one evening, so tired out were we, that I commanded a halt in the middle of a grass patch and told the men to sleep where we stopped. Looking through my men for some one to take charge of the prisoners, I found they were all so utterly done up as not to be relied on to keep awake for half an hour. Aia was the only fresh person, he having sat in charge of our effects, while the constabulary and I worked. Calling Aia, I told him that, seeing the state the patrol was in, I meant to handcuff him on to the chained prisoners, in order that, if during the night they tried to bolt, he might alarm us. Aia protested, but handcuffed he was: in a few minutes I noticed that his hands were so small that he could slip them out of the handcuffs,

accordingly I had one clasp of the handcuffs fastened to the prisoners' chain and the other locked round his ankle, and I also lent him my heavy hunting knife—a most formidable weapon. Then we all slept, the dead heavy sleep that only a tired lot of men know.

Shortly before dawn, one of my men awoke and noticed that Aia and the prisoners had disappeared. He at once awakened the camp, and spreading out in every direction like spokes from the hub of a wheel, one of the men ran into the chain gang, who were soon secured again. They had watched us go to sleep, and had waited until Aia slept also, when they had suddenly seized him and gagged him with their belts—disgusting things those belts were too—then, muffling the clink of the chain with the remainder of their belts, they had slunk away, carrying Aia upside down with them. He had the extreme pleasure of hearing them discuss how they would cut off his ankle with my knife to release themselves, when sufficiently remote from the camp. This incident showed me clearly that it was high time we returned to the Station; for when a patrol is so worn out that it cannot find a man to mount guard, it is evident that its usefulness has ended.

At Mekeo it was my custom to spend a couple of hours on Saturday afternoons attending to any simple surgical cases, or broken bones, brought to me by the village constable. Sometimes I got one that was anything but simple. For instance, on one occasion a native came in with his shoulder all plastered up with mud and leaves; he told me that he had fallen from a cocoanut palm the week before and hurt his shoulder, and that it was so painful that he could not sleep at night and that he meditated suicide. In passing, I might remark that a favourite New Guinea method of suicide is to climb a cocoanut tree, and then drop head first to the ground. I examined the shoulder and found it badly dislocated, but apparently nothing broken. I struggled with that shoulder for a good hour, the man's howls meanwhile alarming the country for a couple of miles around; then I gave it up in despair. "Are you not going to mend me?" he asked in an injured tone. "Mend you, yes," I replied. "But I shall have to hurt you a bit, and you make my head ache with your howls." "I won't say another word," he said. Then I sent to the whale-boat for blocks and tackle, which I attached to his arm, after lashing him firmly to pegs driven into the ground; in five minutes, by the aid of that tackle and some lusty police, the shoulder was back in position, and during the whole process the man did not give so much as a whimper.

Another native came in, and exhibited a lot of nasty long gashes about his arms, body and head. "How did you collect these?" I asked. "I got clawed by a bush alligator," he replied.

"Don't tell me silly lies, there are no alligators in the bush; alligators live in the water," I retorted. "There are water alligators and bush alligators," he said; "bush alligators have sharp claws and climb trees." "Do you mean iguanas?" I asked; "the reptile whose skin you use for your drums?" "No, I don't," he said; "the skin of the bush alligator is no good for drums." I dressed the man's wounds; and when next I met the Sacred Heart missionaries, I asked them whether they had ever heard a native yarn about a bush alligator. They had frequently heard of it, but had never seen the beast. Old Bushimai, chief of the Binandere, once showed me a lot of scars about his body, which he had got as a young man in an encounter with—as he put it—a devil. Bushimai and his wife were walking through the bush, he being unarmed (I may say he was an enormously powerful man); suddenly the wife, who was following, gave a yell, and, turning round, he saw her in the grasp of a beast strange to him; he got her away, but in so doing sustained the scars he showed me. Bushimai's description of the beast was like nothing either on the earth, in the sea or sky; he was, however, perfectly satisfied with his own opinion—that it was a devil.

One day, whilst I was engaged attending to my patients, an old woman appeared, followed by a man hobbling along with the aid of a stick; the woman staggered under an enormous bunch of bananas, which she dropped at my feet. "There," she said, "you cut my husband with your knives and cure him, and I will pay you these bananas." I looked at the man, and found he had elephantiasis in one limb, which was swollen to an enormous size; I shook my head, and told the woman that I could do no good. "Yes you can," she said; "I have heard of wonderful things that you have done. I suppose the payment is not enough, but we have nothing else with which to pay you." Basilio at last made the woman understand that there were things beyond my power, and this was one; and, to make clear to her that it was not for lack of adequate payment, we made her presents of turkey-red twill, tobacco and beads, and also gave her husband an adze, the tool most prized by the Mekeo natives; but in spite of all, it was a very sad couple that went away. A leper once came to me, and he also had to depart disconsolately.

One of my difficulties at Mekeo was to make the natives keep the roads and tracks clean; each village was compelled by law to keep the roads throughout its own lands clean and open, and each village did its best to dodge doing so. One village in particular gave me a lot of trouble; say what I would, and do what I could, they would not clean their roads. Mohu was the name of this village. At last, in exasperation, I threatened, that if at my next visit the tracks were not cleaned, I should shoot the village pigs.

Time went on, I visited Mohu again and found the roads worse than ever. I caught several of the prominent men, and cursed them ; then I said, "You know what I told you last time, that I should shoot your pigs if you did not obey me ; now I am going to shoot your largest and best pig, as a warning that I am in earnest. At the end of a week I shall return and kill the rest, unless you clean the roads." The police drove out an uncommonly fine pig ; I pointed it out to the chief and said, "I am going to kill that pig." "Kill it, if you want to," he said contemptuously. Shot the pig was, and I left the village, the chief and natives not appearing to worry much about the killing. Hardly had I gone a mile, before a fat Belgian brother of the Sacred Heart Mission came running after me. "For why ?" he asked, "for why, Monseigneur, have you slain the pig of my lord the Bishop ?" I sent humble apologies to the Mission, and offers of payment for the pig ; the apologies were accepted, the payment they declined, telling me that they hoped I should succeed in making the lazy Mohu villagers clean their roads. Jumping with temper, I returned to Mohu, arrested the chief and all his most prominent followers, and sentenced them to a month's gaol with hard labour. "We can only get three days' simple imprisonment for neglecting to clean roads," he complained. "Yes, you villain," I replied, "but you are now getting a month's hard labour, as accessory before the fact, to the stealing of a pig ; and unless your roads are cleaned within a week, I'll forget my judgment and make it six months." Cleaned those roads were, within the week.

Mohu was a village that had always given a great deal of trouble ; once it even went to the length of fighting Sir William MacGregor. A Station of the Sacred Heart was established near it, and the people, not caring about sending their children to school, tried to drive the missionaries away by depositing filth close to the Mission house. I cured them of that trick, by making the prominent men clean up, and carry away the mess, with their bare hands ; they were all very angry, but one man especially so. Father Victor told me that one day afterwards, when he was walking towards the village, this particular individual slipped out in front of him from behind a bush, with bow bent, and arrow pointed straight at the father ; he yelled at the man, who then apologized and explained that he thought the father was I. I sent for the man, and gave him three days' solitary confinement on a pumpkin diet. "How do you like that ?" I asked him at the end. He candidly said that words could not express his opinion of it, that he had never felt so lonely nor so empty in his life before. "Very good, then," I told him, "don't you play the fool any more with your bow and arrows, or you will get ten years of

it." Some time afterwards I made this individual a village constable, which position he filled in a very satisfactory manner.

Mekeo Station was absolutely the worst place for snakes I have ever known; they were there in all sizes, from pythons, that came after my fowls, to deadly little reptiles, that coiled up in bunches of bananas. If one sent a boy up a cocoanut tree, he had to beat at the bunches of nuts with a stick, before putting his hand in, to make certain that there were no snakes concealed. It is a fact, not generally known, that snakes climb trees in exactly the same manner that they go along the ground: they don't coil round them, as picture books show, but I think they must grip the bark by elevating their scales; when they want to come down, they merely release themselves and fall like a wet piece of rope. I've only known two men in my life who really liked snakes: one was Armit, and the other was a camp-keeper he had, called Rohu. Once at Cape Nelson, I got my knee-cap knocked to one side, and went up by boat to get Armit, who was then stationed at Tamata, to fix it up for me. Rohu and Armit had half a dozen tame snakes, which used to crawl over their beds and chairs, in fact they were everywhere; if either of their owners wished to sit in a canvas chair, very frequently he had to pick a snake out of it first. To the contempt of the pair, I declined a bed in the house in favour of a bunk in the police barracks. "They are quite harmless," said Armit. "That may be," I remarked, "but if I must have bed fellows, I prefer constabulary to snakes."

It was quite a common thing for the store-keeper on the gold-fields to have a small python—one eight or ten feet long—in his rice store, to keep down the rats; these pythons usually became very tame. I remember one big fellow, that my police caught in the Mambare and sold to Hancock, a store-keeper at Tamata. Hancock got this particular snake very tame; it would come to his whistle for a bowl of tinned milk, and it used to climb about the beams in the roof of the store. At that time, there was working in the Mambare district, a miner named Finn, whose habit it was to come in once a year, pay his debts, have a week's wild drunk, buy a case of brandy and some hams, and return to his claim again; he then usually camped a few miles from the store, and lived on raw ham and brandy until it was done, by which time he was seeing horrors. One day, I was sitting writing at a table in Hancock's store—he and I being the only men in it at the time—when Finn came in on his annual visit; he handed over his gold to Hancock, asked for his bill and a drink, then, seeing me at the table, came and sat down opposite, and said, "Give me a new Miner's Right, Warden." As I began to fill up the form, Hancock's snake swung down from the rafters, and waved its head about over the table, looking for somewhere

to alight. Finn's jaw dropped, his eyes bulged in his head ; then he got up, and, without a word, left the room, leaving his drink untasted behind him. I finished his "Right," and Hancock, turning from his desk with Finn's account in his hand, asked, "Where has Paddy gone?" "I don't think he liked your snake," I replied, "he seemed to think it wanted to kiss him." Hancock waited for about half an hour, then sent up to the rival store to find out whether he was there, only to learn that Finn had called his native boys and gone straight back to his claim.

The Binandere or Mambare people are the only natives in British New Guinea who have no fear of snakes ; I have seen them snatch up a poisonous snake by the tail, and crack its head against a tree.

Most of the Port Moresby snakes are harmless, but I remember one of Captain Barton's men being bitten by a snake, and as a precaution he filled the man up with whisky, and ordered the remainder of the police to keep him walking about, and not on any account to allow him to go to sleep. Unfortunately he forgot to fix a time limit ; the result was, that on the following morning, the feeble voice of a man bewailing a cruel fate was heard, and it was discovered that the constabulary had kept their unlucky companion walking up and down the whole night long. Upon the man recovering from the comatose slumber into which he promptly fell when released, he vowed that in the future—if he were bitten by fifty snakes—he would keep it quiet, as no snake bite could be half as bad as that cure.

At Mekeo I got my first taste of black-water fever, that strange form of malaria of which the cause is not known ; and in which quinine—the sovereign remedy for ordinary malaria—is poison. I have never known black-water outside the Mekeo and Mambare districts in New Guinea ; the name describes one symptom, another is a constant retching and vomiting of blood. Basilio and the police did all they possibly could for me, which of course, except for the constant attention, did not amount to much ; hour after hour the constabulary relieved one another, holding my head and supporting me during the violent paroxysms of vomiting. One funny little interlude occurred, though. The sorcerers in the gaol inquired the reason of the silence and gloom over the Station, and were told by the warders that I was dying ; whereupon they set up a loud chant of joy. The constabulary, sitting in a circle round my bed, heard the chant ; several of them got up, went to their rifles, took out the cleaning rods, and paid a visit to the gaol, from whence soon came the wails of suffering sorcerers.

"What can we do?" said Basilio at last ; "you die fast." "Dig my grave under the flagstaff, where I can hear the feet of the men at drill," I replied. Then appeared Fathers Bouellard

and Vitali, whom Aia in despair had gone to fetch ; they brought me white wine and bismuth. "You are in time for the funeral, Father," I gasped out, "but that is about all." "Oh, my friend," said Father Bouellard, "I want but one little second at the end, and your soul is safe ; but we are not going to let you die if we can help it ; Sister Antoinette is very skilful with medicines, but as she cannot come here, we will take you to the Mission." The police picked up my camp bed and carried me to the Mission house, where they nursed me back to life. When stronger, the police carried me to the Monastery at Yule Island, where Dr. Seligman, who was then visiting New Guinea with Professor Haddon's party, came along and completed the cure, and also told me the name of the cheerful complaint from which I had been suffering. I had enteric some months later, but I call that an infantile thing alongside black-water.

After my convalescence, I was had rather badly one night by the Father Superior, who, by the way, was a most charming man, and was afterwards sent as Parish Priest to Thursday Island. The fever had left me very weak and with a terrific appetite, which the good fathers did their best to appease with all they had to offer. Having slept some time, I woke with a horrible sinking feeling in my tum-tum. "Faith," I thought, "I should like a good stiff whisky and soda." I made my way to the Father Superior's room and, rousing him up, explained that I had a dreadful feeling of coldness in my tummy, and inquired if he could give me something to allay it. "Ah," he said, "I know the very thing for you." No sooner said than done, and he handed me a tumbler half full of a horrid tonic draught of iron and other beastliness, which I had to drink ; then I slunk back to bed. Long afterwards I told Ballantine how I had aroused the worthy priest to get a drink, and received a bolus instead. He meanly told the Mission, for he said that the story was too good for them to miss. "Why, Mr. Monckton," asked the Father Superior, "why, if you wanted cognac, did you not say cognac ?"

When sufficiently recovered, I took passage in one of Burns, Philp's vessels, the *Clara Ethel*, which Inman now commanded. At Port Moresby I reported myself to the Government Secretary, told him the tale of my adventures, and praised the priests of the Sacred Heart as a fine lot of men—my predecessor at Mekeo had always quarrelled with them. "I did not know that you were a Roman Catholic," said Mr. Musgrave, when I had finished. "I am not," I replied ; "I am a Churchman, and a Churchman I'll die ; but if all Roman Catholics were like the members of the Sacred Heart Mission, there soon wouldn't be any other Church in the world." Muzzy was a dissenter of some sort, and regarded the Church of Rome with aversion. "Get away and report

yourself to his Excellency," he growled. I went over to Government House, and reported myself. Sir William told me to send for my things, and take up my quarters at Government House; then he said, "I had a cough like you once, a liver cough; I got rid of it. Captain Jones got one; he died. You should go away for a change, but I can't spare you at present; you had better take a trip to Thursday Island in the *Merrie England*: she is taking the Judge west, and then going on there for coal.

When the *Merrie England* sailed, I accordingly went with her, and the trip proved to be a truly dreadful one. We had on board one mid-wife and two domestic servants, who had been in the service of the wives of some of the Government officers in Port Moresby; as each of these women took up a cabin, and we were—with the exception of the Governor—carrying our full complement of people, the accommodation was limited. I occupied a settee in the cabin of Commander Curtis; a settee that, when we struck really bad weather in the Gulf of Papua, I abandoned for the security of the floor. No ship that I have ever known could roll like the *Merrie England*: one night, whilst we were at dinner, she rolled so prodigiously as to tear the saloon tables from their fastenings, and rolled tables, men, table gear, and food backwards and forwards across the cabin, nearly crushing the lives out of Judge Winter and myself, who happened to be on the lee side when the first roll came. The sea-sick white women heard the din, and thought the ship was sinking; accordingly, they rose from their bunks, attired merely in their night things, and rushed into the saloon, where of course they were promptly swept off their legs into the chaos of swearing men and smashing crockery. That night was the sole occasion upon which Judge Winter was known to use bad language; but I think even a judge is justified in making remarks, when he finds the edge of a heavy table, crowned by a dozen men, resting on his liver. At last we disentangled ourselves, dragged out the shrieking women, and shoved them back into their cabins. "Why the blank blank don't you go and attend to those women?" yelled the skipper at one of the stewards, who was grovelling about amongst the mixture on the floor. "I'm looking for my teeth, sir," he said. The unfortunate man had lost his false teeth in the excitement.

At Daru we found De Lange, Assistant R.M., carrying on Bingham Hely's duties; Hely, R.M., at the time being on leave, and occupied in dying in a Thursday Island hospital. De Lange was afterwards drowned in the mouth of the Fly River, his whaleboat having capsized in a bad tide rip some four or five miles from land: his police started to swim for the shore, carrying him with them; but finding that—hampered by him—the police could not make headway against the tide and current, and that

probably all would be drowned, he ordered them to release him, and, bidding them "Good-bye," put his hands above his head and went down like a gallant man. Cruel, certainly, was the toll New Guinea took of her first officers.

Returning from Thursday Island, the *Merrie England* landed me again at Hall Sound, where, after having sent in to the Station for my police, I returned to my duties. On the first parade after I got back to the Station, I addressed my men as follows: "That you are a lot of rogues and villains, I am convinced, and also that you have got fat from idleness during my absence; but what steel instruments do you want most?" "Razors," said some; "scissors," said others. "Ah, you scoundrels, I can read your hearts even in Thursday Island." Then solemnly I presented each man with a razor and a pair of scissors. "If ever you are sick again and the prisoners sing," said Keke, "we will pull their tongues out."

CHAPTER XIV

AT this first parade, after my return to Mekeo, when I was inspecting the men I found one of them all gashed about the face and body. "What have you been up to?" I asked; "more pine-apples?" He grinned sheepishly, and explained that whilst I was away his grandfather had died, and so he had cut himself all over with broken glass as a sign of mourning. "The Queen is your grandfather and grandmother and all the rest of your relations," I told him, "and you belong to her. The next man I catch cutting himself about as a sign of mourning will get something to mourn for." Exasperating people they were, one never knew what they would do next; Kipling's definition of a native as, "half devil and half child," is a very true one.

The signs of mourning were almost as varied as the tribes themselves, and it may be of interest if I mention one or two of the other methods in vogue. The Goodenough Islanders had a horrid habit of cutting off their finger joints with bits of obsidian, *i.e.* volcanic glass: until, after a sickly season, the hands of some of the men were merely bleeding stumps. The Suaus cut down the cocoanut trees belonging to the deceased, until Sir William MacGregor passed a Regulation forbidding it; and the Kaili Kaili used to hurl themselves face forward into the sea, and inhale salt water until they nearly burst their lungs.

One of the troubles of the Mekeo Government Officer was a periodic friction between the members of the Sacred Heart and London Missions, concerning the limitations of their respective districts. Sir William MacGregor had, with his usual perspicacity, foreseen the likelihood of difficulties and sectarian disturbances, should rival denominations come into contact in the same village or district, and had made a Regulation allotting each Mission a special sphere of influence. The London Mission being first on the field, and scattering its men over a very wide stretch of coast line, received the lion's share; its territory extended from East Cape in the extreme east, to the Dutch boundary in the extreme west. The Sacred Heart Mission had merely Yule Island, containing a very small population of natives, at most a couple of hundred; one tiny village on the coast, and the actual district

of Mekeo; it did not, however, include Maiva, which was in the London area. The Sacred Heart, having occupied all its available territory, wished to extend its borders, and cast envious eyes upon the large unoccupied portions belonging to the London Mission: then, having sent in its priests, it began work in those parts. Bramell, acting under orders from Port Moresby, promptly pulled down their houses and ordered them back.

I was appointed to the district just while matters were at this stage. "What are we to do?" the priests asked me. "Our orders from home are to extend our work, but the Government will not let us." "I am very sorry for you," I told them, "but I cannot help you, unless you can persuade the London Mission to resign their right to some of the coast line." "They won't do that," said the priests. "Then I am afraid I must pull your houses down, if you trespass on their country." Those brave Frenchmen then set to work to bore a road right into the heart of New Guinea, amongst the wildest of the tribes, and seek converts there. When I left New Guinea, they had penetrated with their road, which was fit for horses, for over sixty miles into the interior, and had found in the mountains a large field for their labours. I have known many brave men in my time, but none more brave than those priests and their ascetic chief, the Archbishop of Navarre. The Archbishop, and the fathers that I knew, are now all dead; may their souls enjoy a peace and rest that their bodies never knew. "Let the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere known," was the motto of their order; rather should it have been, "Courage, mon ami, it is the will of the Good God," the words for ever in their mouths in times of trouble and tribulation. I am not a Roman Catholic, but one of my most pleasant memories of the Mekeo district is of one occasion, when I had halted my men on a track, and the Archbishop and Father Bouellard passed by. "Stand to your arms!" I yelled at the men, as I saw the good old man coming. "Shoulder!" "Present arms!" As the rifles clashed up into the salute, the Archbishop stopped. Looking at us, he said, "My blessing will not hurt the Protestant soldiers." So he blessed us and passed on.

While I was at Mekeo, Sir William MacGregor departed from New Guinea. The Government Secretary sent a notice to all officers within call, inviting them to come and bid him farewell. On account of some district trouble I was prevented from going, but fortunately had an opportunity of bidding him good-bye on board the *Merrie England*, which touched at Hall Sound on the way to Thursday Island. I was not sorry afterwards that I had missed the official ceremony at Port Moresby, as I heard that most of the men present had broken down lamentably, and wept as the vessel steamed away. Many an

Administrator has since come and gone in New Guinea, but none have ever left such an awful void behind them as Sir William MacGregor's departure created ; and I doubt whether any other will ever do so again.

About my only relaxation from duty at Mekeo was an occasional afternoon's shooting with the fathers ; never shall I forget those shooting parties, or the way my sides ached from laughing, the first time I took part in one. Pigeons of all descriptions—from the enormous plumed Goura, down to a little dove—were very plentiful ; and there was also a lake, a few miles from Mekeo Station, which simply swarmed with wild geese, duck, and all kinds of water-fowl. Game formed a pleasant change from the everlasting luke-warm tinned meat, of which my usual fare consisted. We assembled at one of the Mission Stations, when I naturally thought we should at once get to business ; not so, however. First, we must drink success to the chase ; then each good father possessed a dog of sorts, which he had taught to do all kinds of tricks, and which the proud owner of the mongrel then exhibited ; after that, I had to inspect and admire each man's gun. "My God !" I exclaimed softly to myself, as in turn I examined the rubbish in which the owners took such pride. The good fathers were all deadly poor ; twenty pounds a year was all they had, with which to find everything—food, clothing, and all else ; and their guns were the cheapest and vilest of Belgian make, things I expected to see burst every time they were fired. My gun, a plain old seven-guinea Bland's keeper, which had seen many years of hard service, rose tremendously in my estimation, after looking at those Belgian affairs ; for it, at all events, could be trusted not to blow my head off ; its very plainness, however, did not appeal to my brother sportsmen, for though they politely praised it, I could see that the tassels and brass of their gimcracks were more to their liking.

At last, all preliminaries completed, we started, under the command of Father Bouellard ; one good father merrily chanting a gay little French song in praise of *La Chasse*, and another one tootling on a round horn. One member of our party wore an enormous old-fashioned hunting knife, gaily caparisoned with cords and tassels, the sort of thing that might prove useful for cutting collops off a wild boar ; we, however, were in search of feathered game. When we had left the village a few hundred yards behind us, Father Bouellard sternly ordered silence, and we all began to walk with the stealth of wild Indians ; the fathers marched with unloaded guns, I was pleased to observe, as I frequently found myself looking down the muzzle of the gun of the man in front of me, or being poked in the ribs by that of the man behind. Suddenly Father Bouellard stopped and held up his hand ; we all

halted, and I peered to find out what he had discovered, but could see nothing except a little dove—hardly bigger than a tom-tit—sitting on a bough across the track. “A pigeon,” he whispered, in a voice of suppressed excitement. He pulled a cartridge from his bag, inserted it into his gun and, cocking the hammer, raised the gun to take aim; bang went the gun into the air and away flew the tiny dove. “My gun was too quick,” remarked Father Bouellard. “Well, I’m d—d!” I quietly exclaimed to myself, as the other sportsmen accepted the statement in perfect faith. At the sound of the shot, the assorted mongrels tore yapping into the scrub, while the horn tootled, and their masters shrieked shrilly for them to return. The excitement having subsided, we resumed our stealthy march.

Again our leader held up his hand, and loaded his gun; the squalling of a parrot pointing out the quarry this time. The father fired, the parrot fell squalling from the tree, the mongrels dashed at the bird, one of them securing it; the sportsmen hurled themselves upon the curs, each man grabbing his own: while the one with the bird fled into the bush, hotly pursued by its master and Father Bouellard. I could not help; I could only roll against the nearest tree and nearly suffocate with laughter. At last the dog with the bird was caught, the mangled remains of the parrot dragged from its mouth, and once more we resumed our march. Father Bouellard having blooded his gun, took his place in the rear, and another sportsman took the father’s place, I declining the honour. By the time we reached the lake, the fathers had collected a large assortment of birds; most of them either nearly blown to bits by being shot sitting at the closest possible range, or torn to pieces by the curs. There was not a game bird in the lot, for the mongrels and the horn saw to it that they were kept a good mile away.

Upon our arrival at the lake, while the Mission boys and my police prepared some canoes for us, Father Bouellard and another priest went off to stalk some wood-duck sitting in a tree. Presently there came a shot, followed instantly by the screams of an excited Frenchman; the men with me listened, and then exclaimed in horror, “He says the good father is shot!” We tore off to the spot, only to find Father Bouellard sitting on the ground, ruefully contemplating the tip of a blackened and bleeding finger; while his companion wept, screamed, and embraced the father alternately. I examined the finger, and found the damage was but slight. It seems that the two sportsmen had exchanged guns for a shot; sneaking under the wood-duck, his companion was taking aim, when Father Bouellard noticed some dirt on the muzzle of his cherished gun; he was in the act of brushing the dirt off with his fingers, just as that infamous piece

chose to go off "too quick" again. Separating into canoes, we soon got a heavy bag of duck and pygmy geese, the latter quite the best game bird in New Guinea. The method of the fathers was simple in the extreme: they merely sneaked their canoes up to within thirty or forty yards of a flock of feeding duck, and blazed both barrels into the brown of them; after which they would put in an excited, gesticulating, and noisy half-hour, chasing and shooting the cripples. I concealed my canoe in a patch of reeds, and had lively sport with the birds which the fathers kept putting up and driving over my gun. Excited, tired, and laden with duck, we wended our homeward way; and once more songs in praise of La Chasse and the tootling of the horn enlivened our weary footsteps.

At the end of some four or five months, the Mekeo district was in a condition of satisfactory order; the roads were clean and in good repair, the sickness had apparently disappeared from among the villagers, the bodies of those that did die, or were killed by snakes or in other ways, were buried in the cemetery, and the sorcerers were hiding their diminished heads. Then I got enteric myself, and narrowly missed pegging out, after which I sent in my resignation. One bout of black-water, another of enteric, with a few odd doses of malaria thrown in, were bad enough; but when they were coupled with work amongst a tribe I disliked, I thought it was too much of a good thing altogether.

Leaving Mekeo in due course, I went again to the Eastern Division, where I recruited my health, cruising with Moreton in the *Siai*. Whilst I was thus occupying my time, Shanahan, one of Green's successors in the Northern Division, died of combined malaria and dysentery. Already since Green's death, Stuart-Russell, Chief Government Surveyor, and Butterworth, Commandant of Constabulary, had put in a term there and been invalided. During one of my periods of absence from Samarai with Moreton, Judge Winter came there looking for me to succeed Shanahan, the Judge being then Acting Administrator. Fortunately for me, I was away: therefore, as the position had to be filled at once, he appointed Armit; I very much doubt whether, had I been sent to the Mambare in my then state of health, I should have lasted six months.

Returning from the Mambare in the *Merrie England*, Judge Winter sent me off in her to relieve Campbell, R.M. and Warden for the South-Eastern Division, the easiest and healthiest division in the Possession. With the exception of the mining work at Woodlark Island, my duties consisted of sailing from one small island to another and hearing petty cases; there was not an island in the division that one could not walk across in a day, and, if one wished, the boat could be anchored every night.

A. M. Campbell, the man I relieved, possessed a perfect mania for office work, tidiness, and writing reports ; if a constable cut his toe or a prisoner sneezed, Campbell could manage to make a two-page report of the incident. When the *Merrie England* reached Nivani, the Government Station for the Division, we found the patrol vessel, the *Murua*, had been wrecked. Campbell was no sailor, and his crew were fair-weather men ; so accordingly, on a strong gale coming up, they had anchored in the harbour and made for the safe security of the shore. The *Murua*'s anchor chains were nasty galvanized things, which in her peaceful summer cruising had never met a strain ; consequently, when she had to ride out a moderate gale, they snapped, and she—being without a crew—was blown up on the nearest reef. A white prisoner at Nivani, named Clancy, upon the return of calm weather, had dived and tacked canvas over the vessel's holes ; then it was found that, by fitting her with some extra pumps, manned by relays of constabulary, she could be towed to Samarai by the *Merrie England*, where she could be repaired upon the slip.

I was not pleased, as I saw the unpleasant prospect looming before me of having to do the district work, in the absence of the *Murua*, in a whaleboat ; the whaler would be safe enough, but when under sail one could have no awning, and would therefore be alternately grilled by the sun and wet through by every passing shower. The *Merrie England* sailed, leaving me to my work. The first thing to which I turned my attention was, as usual, the detachment of police : the Commandant, while there, had fallen them in with the travelling patrol, but in three minutes had dismissed them to their barracks in despair ; they were all, with the exception of a corporal, locally recruited by Campbell and trained by him. They were an uncommonly clean and tidy looking lot, very polite and attentive, excellent body or house servants, and taught to salute on every possible occasion ; a man could not even hand one a cake of bath soap without saluting as he gave it, and again when he left. "Corporal," I asked (a corporal being in charge of the ten men forming the detachment), "what are the hours of parade here, and how often do you have musketry instruction ?" "I fall the men in once a week," he replied, "and we never have musketry instruction." "My stars !" I said ; "what do you teach them ?" "I teach them right-hand salute, left-hand salute, officers' and general salute," was the answer ; "that's all Mr. Campbell wants." I groaned. "You will fall them in at half-past six every morning, and at five o'clock every evening whilst I am here," I ordered, "beginning this evening."

I went to the first parade, and found that—beyond saluting—the men knew absolutely nothing of drill : their rifles were

spotlessly clean, but several were out of order, and the men ignorant of the component parts of their arms ; most of them had never fired a shot. When I snapped out an order, as I had been accustomed to do with my hard-bitten devils of the Mekeo detachment, instead of a brisk movement following it, they would shiver and wilt like a lot of scared valets. "My Faith, what would you be like in a fight?" I asked them. "There are no fights in the south-east," they said, "but we should like to be made the same as the other police ; we are ashamed now when we meet them, and the corporal cries." "Well he might," I remarked, "for such a lot of sleek pussy cats I have never yet met." Then I put them through a sweating hour of recruit drill ; the corporal, who had once known his work, soon remembered the drill, and began to take hold again. Clancey, the white prisoner undergoing sentence for manslaughter, was a handy man, and, after I had once shown him how to take to pieces and assemble a rifle, I made him take a class and instruct each of the police how it was done. When I left the south-east, I had those men cocking their caps at a rakish angle, and walking with a very passable imitation of the swagger of the fighting constabulary of the mainland.

Campbell had been in the Customs at Tonga ; he was, while there, a Corporal, a Colonel, or a Field-Marshal in the King of Tonga's "Guards," I never quite knew which. He had a wondrous uniform which he had brought from there, and which he donned on state occasions : Moreton and Armit swore that from it, they never could decide whether he was horse or foot, sapper or gunner ; and the confusion was made worse by the addition of epaulets and spurs. Anyhow, it was a harmless conceit, amused Campbell, and hurt no one else : perhaps it is rather unkind of me, while peacefully farming in New Zealand, to laugh at a man still writing interminably in a New Guinea office ; my only excuse is, that I am trying to picture New Guinea as I knew it.

Among my office papers were numerous applications, from miners on Woodlark Island, for leases and reefing claims, also notices of pending litigation ; they were all nicely docketed and filed, with copies of acknowledging letters, but apparently nothing had been done, and the men were getting frantic. I put in a month visiting islands, and then, not caring to carry my Court Registers and books in the whaler, I went to Samarai, to find out what had become of the *Murua*. I discovered that she had been handed over to Symons, who in his turn had handed her over to carpenters for repairs : the carpenters—being busy—had merely planted her on a mud bank, where she lay, with her decks warped and ruined by the sun, and her hull full of

borers ; clearly she was now going to be a three months' job. After cursing Symons very thoroughly, and the carpenters as well, I sought out Moreton and reproached him. "I can't help it," he said, "I have nothing to do with the vessel, and Symons is now so spoilt by Headquarters that I can do nothing with him."

I learnt from Moreton that he had some awkward work on hand in the Trobriands and at Ferguson Island, for which he had not a sufficient force : I accordingly suggested that, if he would take me to Woodlark Island first to hold my Warden's Court, I would then join him with my police, who by now were fairly efficient in their work ; a plan to which he readily agreed.

Moreton and I therefore sailed in the *Siai* for Woodlark, where we put in a strenuous time. He took all the police court, civil and native cases for me ; whilst I held the Warden's Court, dealing with multitudinous applications and technical work. Moreton's time was limited, as native affairs in his own district were pressing ; accordingly, I sat night and day, to get through the work in the Warden's Court. I had no clerk or assistant, and as there were many forms to be filled up and signed, all of which carried a fee for which receipts had to be given, I stationed my corporal at the door of the Court room, with his cartridge pouch open. As I granted each application and wrote out a receipt, I told the applicant the amount, and that he was to pay the corporal at the door, for I had no time to count money or weigh gold-dust ; and it says a lot for the honesty of those men, that afterwards when I weighed the gold-dust and counted the cash in the corporal's pouch, I found the amount to be in excess of what was due. A sweet time that excess of money gave me later on with the Treasurer ; having sent it all through with the duplicate receipts and returns, he demanded why they did not tally. When he received my explanation that it was due to overpayment by miners, he wanted to know why I had not returned the surplus to the owners ; and when I explained that I did not know who the owners were, he censured me for the "grave laxity in supervising payments of money due to Government."

While we were at Woodlark, I had one very unpleasant case. The miners presented me with a petition, praying for the removal of a man named Brown, who was a drunken dissolute expugilist, and who spent his time in jumping the claims of weak or elderly men, and then demanding a payment to quit ; if they did not pay, he would post a notice stating the title to the claim was in dispute, which thereby caused all work to cease until the next sitting of the Warden's Court, sometimes months later. I told the petitioners that I could not deport a man, but would call on Brown to find sureties to keep the peace, and that, if he failed to find them, I would send him to gaol. Sending for Brown, I

read the charge to him, and told him I wanted two men to go bail for him to the extent of fifty pounds each, otherwise I should be obliged to gaol him. He produced a hundred pounds and said, "Hold that." "That's no good," I said; "I want two men to guarantee you, and I will give you till to-morrow to find them." Brown went off, but could find no one to stand bail for him; so, in a rage, he went to a tent owned by a man with a considerable knowledge of medicine, and in which was stored the entire stock of drugs in the island, and smashed the lot. I saved him from being killed by the irate miners, and then clapped him into irons.

On the morning I left the mining camp, Brown's irons were taken off; whereupon he flung himself flat on his face and refused to walk to the vessel, saying, that if I wanted him, I could carry him. I appealed to the miners. "Drag this blighter to the *Siai* for me, I'm not going to struggle with him myself and I don't like having him taken by the native police." "Set the niggers on the ——," was their answer, "we won't touch him." In obedience to my order, the police dragged Brown—kicking, fighting, and swearing—some hundred yards from the camp; then I had him set down. "Brown, will you come quietly?" I asked. "No, you ——," he answered. "Corporal, load your rifle," I said. The corporal loaded it. "Sit here and guard that man, and blow his head off if he moves," came next. Brown looked rather disturbed; then I took the remainder of my men away, and instructed them in the manner in which the frogs' march is performed. Returning to Brown, I nodded my head at the men, and said, "Frogs' march!" In ten minutes he was praying for mercy and release; I gave him fifteen minutes of it, and then he walked with us like a pet lamb.

When we reached the *Siai*, he was put in the hold where there were a couple of native prisoners; afterwards he had the ineffable impudence to send in a report to Port Moresby, complaining about Moreton and myself having put him in with natives, and quoting in support of his complaint, the treatment he had received in English and Colonial gaols, where he had never been put with niggers! Brown only spent a week in Samarai gaol, for a vessel then left for the Mambare, and he begged Moreton to procure his release and let him go thither. "Better let him go," said Moreton, "he is only a nuisance here, and he can't have a worse time than sweating for gold on the Mambare. We can let Armit know what he is like and there are enough hard cases among the Mambare diggers to make things hot for him, if he plays any tricks there." "All right," I said, "let him go; I don't care where he is so long as he is out of my Division; but you and I will have to go bail for him."

We released Brown, signed bail, and escorted him upon the vessel bound for the Mambare, where he was afterwards murdered by a boy he had brutally misused. His reputation was so bad on that gold-field, that white men, conversant with all the facts of the murder, declined to give evidence against the boy.

At the Woodlark Island gold-field, at that time, a very peculiar position existed. The Mining Act, under which I worked, was an Act adopted from Queensland, where all lands not alienated were vested in the Crown; certificates of titles, rights or leases in Queensland being granted upon that assumption. In New Guinea, however, under our constitution, all lands not purchased by Government, not gazetted as waste and vacant, were held to belong to the natives; no land in Woodlark had been purchased by the Crown, nor had any been taken over as waste or vacant. The position therefore was, that on behalf of the Crown, I was granting titles to land to which the Crown itself held no title. As a matter of fact, I believe that if the natives had had sufficient knowledge, they could have capsized the title held by every miner and mining company in Woodlark, and could have entered into possession of all the claims or mines; moreover, they could do so still, unless those lands have subsequently been acquired by the Crown.

There was at that time no Government Officer stationed on Woodlark Island, and, before we left, I received a petition from the miners, praying that the headquarters of the Division should be moved to that island. This petition had my entire sympathy. It was utterly absurd that an island carrying two hundred European inhabitants, and some hundreds of natives, should be passed over in favour of a tiny islet, the population of which consisted solely of Government servants. I put in a recommendation to this effect, which was referred to Campbell on his return, and pooh-poohed. Later, however, the Government was compelled to adopt my recommendation, and transfer the Station from Nivani to Woodlark.

From Woodlark, Moreton and I sailed for Ferguson, Trobriand, and Goodenough Islands; then—having completed certain police work—we returned to Samarai. From thence I took the *Murua* (her bottom now having been repaired) to Nivani, there to complete refitting. Hardly had I got her fit for sea again, when the *Merrie England* appeared, bringing the new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Le Hunte, also the R.M., Campbell, back from leave.



MR. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, K.C.M.G.

CHAPTER XV

THE new Governor was a man as different from Sir William MacGregoraschalk from cheese. Mr. Le Hunte (as he was then) was a pleasant, genial Irishman ; greeting each one of his officers, as if he were the very man he most wanted to see ; ever being painfully anxious to avoid hurting any one's feelings, or being obliged to censure them. He certainly was a man who inspired great liking and affection in his subordinates ; but he would sooner cajole a slack man into doing his work, by increasing his pay or easing his duties, than spur him on with a caustic reprimand or a little additional work.

The Governor brought with him Captain Barton, late West India Regiment, and the Honble. C. G. Murray, as private secretary and assistant private secretary respectively—the latter without pay. One of these men, at the present time of writing, is First Minister to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the other, Administrator of St. Vincent ; whilst in New Guinea they each received appointments in the Service.

At Nivani, after I had handed over the Station to Campbell, the Governor desired me to accompany his party in the *Merrie England*, on her round voyage of inspection among the islands, and back to Port Moresby, where another appointment would be found for me. Devoutly hoping that the new billet would not have anything to do with Customs or Treasury, or be in the Gulf of Papua, I thankfully accepted the offer, and promptly attached myself to Judge Winter as unpaid associate. The *Merrie England* visited Sudest, St. Aignan, Rossel, and Woodlark Islands, where nothing of interest or moment took place ; from thence she went to the Trobriands.

Here the Governor decided that he would walk across the island, through old Enamakala's village ; as the track was good and the country flat all the way, the journey could very easily be accomplished in two days. Sir George and his staff, being new to the country and utterly ignorant of local conditions, consulted me as to the method of procedure. A little friction occurred at the beginning of this journey : for I found that, from something that Moreton had told him, his Excellency thought it inadvisable to carry arms or to take more than a few police. The Commandant

and the travelling patrol were accordingly to be sent round the island in the *Merrie England*, to await us on the other side ; the shore party was to consist of the Governor, the Judge, Barton, Murray, and myself, with the Governor's boat's crew and a score of local carriers. I, of course, had now no police of my own. Finding what the arrangements were to be, I went to my cabin, buckled on my revolver, and borrowed a Winchester rifle from the Chief Officer of the *Merrie England*. Then I went to Captain Barton, and unbosomed myself in this way. "We have already earnt in New Guinea the folly of proceedings such as this : you might walk unarmed across the island a score of times, and nothing happen ; or you might be attacked the very first time, and wiped out."

Captain Barton and I then went together to the Governor, who was talking to Judge Winter, and Barton told him about my protest. "I have been assured by Mr. Moreton, that he walked across the island with nothing but his walking stick," said his Excellency. I groaned. "Moreton has been guilty of that folly, sir ; but Moreton is known to the people, and what he can do another cannot ; also he only risked his own life, and not the lives of the Governor and the Chief Justice." "You really think it unsafe to cross unarmed, Monckton ?" asked Judge Winter. "If we do it, sir, I consider that we shall incur an unnecessary and very grave risk," I replied. The Judge turned round, walked to his cabin, and returned wearing a heavy revolver at his belt. The Governor turned his shoulder to me pettishly ; but when we got into the boats, I noticed that both Barton and Murray were wearing their revolvers. As soon as we got on shore, Barton told me to take command of the police. "Then first detail two men to keep the Governor in sight all the time," I said. Mr. Le Hunte carried a butterfly net, was a very slow walker, and kept perpetually crashing off into the scrub in pursuit of butterflies.

We halted for lunch in a village : the chiefs were presented to the Governor, a large crowd of natives assembled, and the personal servants of the Governor, the Judge and Murray, began trading with them for curios and betel-nut. Suddenly, there arose an angry clamour among the local natives, and we heard the voice of the Governor raised in anger. I yelled to the police to stand to their arms, and—with Barton—rushed off to Mr. Le Hunte, whose orderly we found holding a native by the arm, whilst a large number of others chattered angrily. It appeared that the Governor's boy had paid a native for a large bunch of betel-nut, the native had then tried to bolt with both betel-nut and payment ; the boy complained to Mr. Le Hunte, who promptly commanded his orderly to seize the man and demand return of either the betel-nut or the payment—hence the row.

The affair was soon arranged. "Well, sir," I whispered to Judge Winter, "you see how easily friction can arise, out of nothing; what sort of fools should we have looked, ten minutes ago, without our revolvers?" "His Excellency seems to be very impulsive," remarked the Judge. Sir George Le Hunte (as he afterwards became) certainly was very impulsive, and it was made worse by an entire lack of fear of consequences. I remember once, at a later period, visiting a village on the Fly River with him, and getting a bad fright, through that same trait in his character.

I was returning from leave, and joined the *Merrie England* at Thursday Island. Barton was then Commandant, and there had been a fuss on the Fly River, brought about in this way. A native Mission teacher had gone up the river to an enormous Dobu, *i.e.* a huge tribal house, divided by partitions into family quarters, meeting halls, etc., in which there was a sacred place, where the natives kept some sort of god. The fool of a Mission teacher had torn down their god, and had just managed to escape, but it was in the midst of a storm of arrows. He then complained to another fool—a Government officer—who proceeded to the spot and burned down the Dobu: destroying not only the building that sheltered about five hundred people, but also the whole of their personal belongings and property with it. The homeless natives, suffering under a sense of injustice, became as venomous as a lot of scorched snakes. Sir George dismissed the officer responsible, and was proceeding there to restore friendly relations, and to compensate the natives for their loss.

The site of the Dobu was in a narrow mangrove-fringed creek, running into the Fly River, and afforded excellent cover for archers. Barton and myself were in the constabulary boat, which was filled with keen-eyed men, who were prepared to fight at a moment's notice. Sir George was in his own gig, manned only by her crew, who of course all had their backs towards the direction in which they were going, and who would have had to drop their oars in order to seize their rifles. The proper course, and the course adopted by us—with the Governor's consent—was, that the fighting boat should be in advance. Imagine, therefore, our disgust and dismay when, just as we were well within comfortable arrow range of the mangroves ahead, Sir George suddenly stood up, and commanded us to fall to the rear. "What shall I do?" said Barton. "Don't hear him," I said; "if he is killed, we shall be blamed." A very angry and imperative bellow now came from behind us, to which Barton was forced to pay attention, and very reluctantly we dropped to the rear. By a lucky chance the natives did not see us coming, so we were able to land before being discovered by them and then to make peaceful

overtures ; but a more unreasonable, impulsive, and dangerous action than that of Sir George I have never known ; for he not only exposed his own bulky form to the risk of arrows, but the backs also of his defenceless crew, and our crowded boat as well ; since we should not have been able to come into action, for fear of killing him.

Sir George Le Hunte was a most kindly man and, as a rule, very considerate to his officers ; but these impulsive actions of his were absolutely damnable. If he had been killed (as well he might have been), how could his officers have explained why the Governor, with a helpless crew, came to be in the position of danger ? He would not have been there to exculpate us, and the result would have been that we—for the remainder of our lives—would have suffered under the stigma of leaving him in the lurch.

We completed our journey across the island without any further incident worthy of note, old Enamakala being very friendly. Then we sailed for Goodenough Island ; there, Satadeai collected some natives, and gave an eye-opening exhibition of sling-stone throwing. "I never before realized, what a poor chance Goliath had against David," remarked Judge Winter, after he had watched the slingers for a few minutes. At Wedau, on the north-east coast, the Governor and Judge went up to the Mission Station, while Barton, Murray and I went shooting : as I noticed the state of the tide in the streams the idea occurred to me that my friends might like to witness a peculiar method of catching fish. "Would you like to see a fishing even stranger than the Dobu kite fishers ?" I asked. They would most certainly : so I took them to the mouth of a small stream, where a row of four or five women stood in it, holding shallow scoop nets in their hands and attentively watching the water. Presently, first one and then another in succession leant forward and milked her breasts into the water ; then very carefully and quietly she inserted her net under the surface, and brought it up full of tiny little fish ; after which she emptied her basket, and resumed her watch.

"Ugh ! disgusting !" said Murray. "No doubt," I replied ; "but you will see more disgusting things than that before you leave. Why, one of those very women and her daughter dug up a corpse and ate it, because they wanted to be with child ; some sorcerer or witch having told them that it was the best way to ensure it." "What happened then ?" asked the shuddering Murray. "Judge Winter gave them six months for desecrating a sepulchre ; there is no law against cannibalism," I told him. Native tradition on the north-east coast tells how a fearful epidemic swept through the island many years ago ; it must undoubtedly have been smallpox, as several old men still showed pitted faces

caused by the disease. It was followed by a year of famine, during which the women exchanged their children with each other for culinary purposes, and every one went in fear of being knocked on the head and eaten by his neighbour. The people from East Cape to Bartle Bay are a miserable, decadent lot.

A great portion of the coast is hilly grass land, carrying excellent pasture for cattle, but containing also a nasty spear-grass, the seed of which will work its barbed way through one's clothes, and in the case of sheep right into the carcase. The Bishop of New Guinea once bought a flock of sheep, intending to breed from them, and turned them out on the hills. I came along some months later, and noticed the sheep wanted shearing very badly. Bishop Stone-Wigg then told me that he had got shears, but no one in the Mission knew how to shear; so accordingly I volunteered to do it. The police rounded up and caught the sheep, and I set to work. I made two discoveries: one was that the breeding flock consisted mainly of wethers, the other, that their skins and flesh were literally stuck full of spear-grass seed, the skins feeling like a very worn-out horse-hair sofa. When I had concluded my shearing operations, I went to the Mission house, where I found that the natives, who had been lost in amazement at the performance, had sent to ask the Bishop, "What the poor sheep had done, to cause the magistrate and police to cut off all their hair?"

From Wedau, the *Merrie England* went on to Samarai, and thence to Port Moresby.

Upon our arrival at Port Moresby, I accompanied the Governor to Government House, there to await an appointment; in the meantime I assisted Barton in engaging native servants, and also in other things which were strange to a new-comer. There was at that time a European market gardener, named Weaver, living alone some miles out of Port Moresby (he was, by the way, afterwards murdered). He was remarkable for two things: the moroseness of his temper, and the size of his feet. He got his boots by special order through Burns, Philp and Co.; and on one occasion, the bootmaker to whom the size was sent, forwarded children's boots, thinking that it could not possibly mean size thirteen in men's boots. Weaver came in with a horse-load of vegetables, and went to Burns Philp for his boots, where he was given the parcel containing the children's boots. When he had opened it and had seen what it contained, he nearly went mad—thinking a joke had been played upon him. At last, after he had half wrecked the store and frightened the unfortunate clerks into fits, he was made to understand that there were no other boots for him; he then seized his horse and brought it over to Government House, where I began to buy his vegetables.

While so engaged, Murray came out and said "good-morning" to Weaver, a salutation that was received with a glare and a grunt. Then Murray—who still possessed the finicking airs and graces of the exquisite of the Bachelors' Club—took out a dainty little cigarette case, and proffered a cigarette to the clay pipe and strongest of tobacco smoking Weaver. Weaver thought it was another insult of the small boot variety, and before his stream of lurid blasphemy, Murray fled indoors. I soothed him, and went on buying cabbages. Out then came the Governor, asked me who Weaver was, and in his genial way shook his hand and asked after his health. "Another blanker!" groaned Weaver. "None the blanky better for your asking," said that courteous person; and his Excellency fled. "There appear to be some very peculiar people in this country, Monckton," remarked the Governor at breakfast. "Very true," I said, "and when you, sir, have completed your term of service here, you will think, as I do, that the whole country is a weird compound of comic opera and tragedy, with a very narrow margin between them. I have been buying cabbages for you this morning; Heaven only knows where you will send me, or what I shall be doing next week."

When we first arrived at Port Moresby, we found that Ballantine was away in the hills with a relief expedition for H. Stuart-Russell, who had been sent to survey a road over the Owen Stanley Range to the Yodda valley gold-field in the north-east; a gold-field that, at the time, could only be reached by ascending the Kumusi River to Bogi, and then doing a ten days' march inland. Stuart-Russell had sent out word that he was in hostile country, and had run out of supplies.

One morning, the Governor called me to his room and said, "Ballantine has returned, having failed to connect with Russell: I am getting very anxious about him, and intend to dispatch another relief expedition with you in command. The Government Secretary has been instructed to make all arrangements, and you should be able to leave to-morrow morning: here are your minutes of instructions." I glanced at my orders, and my heart sank: first of all, Muzzy to organize the expedition: as well have a well-meaning hen-wife; then, when I did find Russell, I was to place myself under his orders; Russell, whom I knew to be a surveyor, and ignorant of anything else. Wending my way to the Commandant, I worried him about the personnel of the constabulary I was to take, and at last got him to include Keke and Ade in the lot; he had been detailing for me all the rotters and recruits in barracks. My next interview was with Mr. Musgrave, who I found had provided a most elaborate equipment of stores, etc.—a collection that would take about six hundred men to carry—and had engaged the Hanuabada natives

and a mule team to carry it to the Laloki River, which was about seven miles distant.

The Hanuabada (Port Moresby) carriers were the most pampered lot of lying, lazy loafers in New Guinea; they were to receive in pay one shilling per day, the ordinary Government pay was twopence, and a heavy ration of rice, meat, biscuit, tea, sugar, etc.; as well as to be equipped with blankets, tents, cooking utensils, and all the rest of it, for this one night's camp at the Laloki; and this, too, on a warm tropical night. When I looked into the arrangements made by Muzzy, I felt inclined to sit down and cry. First, I had the awful Hanuabadas as far as the Laloki; then in some mysterious way I was supposed to transport my stores to the Brown River—Heaven only knows how. Muzzy, however, suggested I should bribe the Hanuabadas, by double pay, to go on there; then, I was to pick up Russell's time-expired and worn-out carriers, and "induce" them to return with me to the Main Range. Muzzy had had a flat-bottomed, square-ended, bull-nosed brute of a punt built, and placed upon the Brown River: a thing calculated by him to carry about five tons, which I was instructed to take to the head of the Brown; this was by him fondly supposed to solve the transport difficulties.

"Look here, sir," I said to Mr. Musgrave, once I had grasped the full beauty of his arrangements. "I understand speed is the very essence of this expedition. Let me chuck all arrangements at present made; give me twenty constabulary, forty fresh and strong carriers, allow me to spend twenty pounds in meat extract, pea flour and cocoa, and follow my own road; then I will guarantee to fetch Russell out in a fortnight." "Mr. Monckton," said the Government Secretary, "Mr. Chester, Mr. Giulianetti and I, have given a great deal of thought to this expedition, and our arrangements are perfect; you are to carry them out." I did not dare tell Muzzy what I thought about it all. "Supposing, Mr. Musgrave," I said, "Russell's carriers refuse to return with me, or that they are sick and exhausted, what am I to do?" "I have made the most elaborate arrangements," said Muzzy, "it is for you to carry them out."

Accordingly I sought out the driver of the mule team, and led him to the pub; after I had loaded him up with whisky, I asked, "Could you get that team of yours on as far as the Brown River?" "Yes," was the reply. "Could you and the team work for twenty-four hours at a stretch, if necessary?" "Yes, if it's made worth my while, and the mules are fed," he said. I then saw my way out of the difficulty of getting from the Laloki River to the Brown; accordingly I told the driver I

would give him half my month's pay, and steal the Hanuabadas' rice for his mules. "Put it there," he said, spitting on his hand and holding it out for me to shake. "I won't take your pay, it's poor enough; take a bottle or two of rum with you, and I will work my blanky mules until their eye-balls start from their heads and play marbles along their back-bones."

In the early morning, accordingly, I made my start; and half a mile from Port Moresby abandoned the biscuits, blankets and sugar of the Hanuabadas. From the Laloki, the carriers returned to Port, and I went on to the Brown River accompanied by my police and the mule team: there I at once stationed a picket to catch Russell's returning carriers, who were drifting down in threes, fives, and tens. The police and I then loaded the punt with stores, ready for the ascent of the river, which is a rapid mountain stream, full of whirlpools, rocks, snags, and rapids. From here, I sent back the mules to bring up another load of stores, and sat down to await their return. One day passed, two days passed, still no sign of the mules; I sent some police off in search of them, and then—with such carriers as had by now come down from Russell's party—I began to haul that infernal punt up the river. The punt at once started to go to pieces: it was built of the heaviest timber, fastened together with trumpery flimsy wire nails; the planking of the bottom, instead of running lengthways, ran across, and therefore, whenever we began to haul her over a rapid, the edges caught on the sharp rocks of the bottom and opened up—making the thing leak like a basket. A ring had been fixed on one end, with a rope tied on it for hauling on; this ring was attached to a plate fastened by two one-inch screws, which were fondly supposed, by its architect, to withstand the strain of large numbers of men hauling a dead weight of five tons up a rapid. After one hour's experience of this ark, we dragged it ashore, plaited vines all round it to keep it together, caulked it with strips of blanket, and made a rope cradle all round to haul on. Then we went on again.

The carriers, I was now using, were men recruited from Mekeo; their time had expired, and they were keenly anxious to return to their homes. It was only by a vigorous use of cleaning rod that we could "induce" them to work, and we had to keep them under perpetual guard, lest they should desert; also they could not swim, so that when we came to a deep crossing we had to haul them through on a rope, and, in addition, forcibly tie them to the rope, as the procedure was not one they relished. Mile by mile we fought our way up that awful river; the constabulary and I stripped naked, hauling, sweating, swimming, and swearing, until at last we came to a whirlpool under a rapid. The police were swimming alongside the punt, the carriers hauling on the



THE TATOKE FALLS

rope, I was steering the ark by a rough paddle, when suddenly a swirl of the current carried her into the whirlpool. I yelled at the carriers to slack the rope, but they lost their heads and pulled harder : punt, stores and I, accordingly disappeared into the swirl, and then those mutton-headed carriers let go the rope altogether. I am a bad swimmer at the best, and was about done in the swirl : the police were doing their best to stem the current and get to me. At last Keke managed to crawl out on a bank and, running along, dived from a rock, caught me round the waist as he swept past, and carried me to a sharp-edged rock, upon which he tore his feet badly in climbing out. I lay on a rock, and coughed up about half the Brown River. Rifles, stores, clothes, all were gone ; mother-naked stood the constabulary and I, with the exception of one flannel police shirt which had washed ashore, and which I promptly annexed. Nothing now remained for us but to return to our first camp, get fresh stores, and start again.

A melancholy procession returned to that camp, even my shirt failing to add dignity to our march. I then heard that the mule driver had contrived to let his mules stray on the night of his departure, and was still engaged in hunting for them. I sent a letter to Captain Barton, conveying a blistering curse concerning all punts, and asses who drove mules ; and asking him to forward me some fresh rifles and clothing for the police, as well as some clothes and boots for myself. Whilst awaiting their arrival, I met with a fresh misfortune ; for in moving about the camp, I jumped with my bare foot upon a rusty nail, fixed in a piece of board belonging to an old meat case left by Russell, and ran it clean through my foot. I feared tetanus ; but hunting in a medicine chest at the camp, I found sticks of lunar caustic, and decided to cauterize the wound with it. Calling Keke, I showed him how to poke a probe through the puncture ; and when he apparently understood, I took a small piece of caustic and shoved it into the hole. "Now then, Keke, shove it through," I said, as I lay on my stomach and elevated the sole of my foot in the air. Keke gave a gentle push, and then—as I gave a howl—stopped, the stuff burning like hell fire. "Shove it through, you blank blank idiot !" I yelled. "Oh, master, I hurt you too much, I am frightened," said Keke. My howls, however, attracted Ade, who, grasping the situation and my foot at the same time, rammed the caustic through with the probe. "Keke," I remarked, as I cooled my injured foot in a bucket of water, "if you had not hauled me out of the river, I'd break your thick head." "I am a lance-corporal, not a doctor," said that injured individual ; "if there is any more of this, Ade can be doctor."

A few days later my rifles and clothes arrived, also the missing mules : again we took that awful punt up the river, this time

successfully, though the amount of labour we expended upon it would have transported the stores three times over.

The day after we quitted the river to strike over the mountains, Lario, a Malay, who had been in charge of a log fort for Russell higher up, came in with a large number of time-expired and more or less worn-out carriers. Howls of dismay went up from these unfortunate natives when they learnt that they were to turn round and go back with me. Much "moral" suasion had to be used by the police before they would "volunteer"; some did succeed in sneaking away and making a bolt for the coast, but our watch was so strict that few of the volunteers escaped. Lario was a splendid chap, loyal, brave, and full of resource; and I was more than pleased when he, though time-expired, consented to turn round and accompany me as second in command. I went carefully through all the carriers with Lario, in order to cast out—for return to the coast—all those who were unfit for service: very, very sorry I felt for the poor wretches (though I did not dare show it), as man by man they were examined; some happy ones being cast for return, to the open envy of their companions. They were all Mission boys from the Mekeo district, flat country men, non-swimming, and singularly ill-adapted for the work in which they were engaged. That night—through Lario—they asked my permission to hold a prayer meeting; afterwards Lario told me that they prayed that the hearts of myself, Lario and the police, would be softened towards them.

Day after day of climbing over awful country passed, we following a line cut or blazed through the bush by Russell; at intervals we came to log huts or forts, containing a couple of police and a few carriers: these I added to the expedition, both for purposes of speed and also in order to bring the biggest possible force to Russell. On one occasion, while following the blazed line along the top of a razor-backed spur, we came to where it narrowed to a crumbling knife-edged track, with a sheer drop on one side, looking down upon clouds, and on the other, the dull murmur of a river could be heard a thousand feet below. I am a fearful man, and I hate heights; my head always whirls on them, and my muscles become as flaccid as those of a pampered lap-dog. I gazed at that spot, and then said to Lario, "Surely Mr. Russell is not a tight-rope walker, or fool enough to go over there." "I don't know," said Lario; "the blazes lead to it, but I've not been here before." The carriers swore that Russell had not been that way, but I did not believe them, as they were always full of reasons why we should turn back. As for the police, so long as I went over, they would follow—even into the nethermost pit. Fine men, were the old New Guinea constabulary.

"It is no good looking at it, Lario," I said at last, "I am half-paralysed with funk, but here goes." Then, afraid to look down, I walked as far as I could, with the cold sweat of fear streaming from me; then I sat, straddled that fearsome spur with my legs, and slowly—leap-frog fashion—began to work my way across the thirty feet of the worst part, the stones and dirt I dislodged falling so far that their impact sent up no sound. Half-way across, my thin cotton khaki breeches began to tear badly with the stones; as I went, I suddenly felt as if ten thousand red-hot pincers were tearing at the portion of my anatomy exposed by the torn garments; I stood the agony for a second, then—unable to bear it any longer—leapt to my feet, and ran like a tight-rope walker across that narrow crumbling ridge. Reaching safety and a wider part of the spur, I sat down and tore a score of bull-dog ants from my skin; I had worked my way clean over a nest of the malignant little beasts. Then I turned and looked at Lario; his teeth were chattering and his knees knocking together. "Oh, my God, sir," he wailed, "you did frighten me." "Come on, Lario," I replied; "if I spend the remainder of my life in the mountains, nothing will take me over that place again." Lario set his teeth, walked as far as I had done, then sat down and started my leap-frog method of progression: suddenly he stopped, his eyes bulged, and he jumped to his feet and ran to where I was standing, when he also began to tear those infernal little pests from his person. Curiously enough, though the carriers were flat country men, they did not mind heights nor did they suffer from vertigo; and after one of the police had walked out, and swept the ants into eternity with a leafy branch, they marched steadily across.

When I met Russell afterwards, I asked him what on earth took him over such a place, and how he expected it ever to become a road across the island. Then I found that he had not crossed it; he had cut his line up to the bad spot, then, retracing his steps some miles, had found a good road down a side spur, which we had missed, and had ascended again further on. There are many sorts of funk: some men fear sickness, some fighting, some spooks, some drowning, and some cats; every man has his own particular abhorrence; but the worst kind of helpless fear is the sort I suffer from—fear of a height.

At last our journey ended. One afternoon we marched into a large clearing, in which stood a log hut, surrounded by a ring of natives camped at a safe distance from Russell's men in the hut, but closely investing it; it was the last post Russell had placed, before disappearing across to the Yodda. We soon swept away the surrounding natives, who had been patiently waiting until the men in the hut were starved into the open. As the rattle of our

rifle fire died away, in marched Russell from the other side, covered on his rear by a wide-flung patrol of mine. Russell had been having a very rough time : he had by degrees broken up his force, leaving them in log huts to guard his line of communication, in order to ensure the safety of his sick and returning carriers ; eventually he and Macdonald (head gaoler) had penetrated into the Yodda, so weak in force that they were easily driven out by hostile natives. When I came up, he was falling back upon a weak camp surrounded by hordes of savages ; his stores were exhausted, and most of his ammunition spent. Replenished with fresh police, stores and ammunition, I left him, taking with me all the sick and exhausted carriers and worn-out police back to Port Moresby. Russell remained for a week, to complete some survey work. I took my sick by easy stages, and at the Laloki camped for three days ; spending the time in shooting game of all sorts, and gorging my charges on meat, until they were a happy and contented lot of men.

A lagoon at the Laloki, which simply teemed with duck, was also inhabited by an enormous alligator, which had recently seized a Government horse by the nose, while drinking, and dragged it off. The Government offered a reward of five pounds for the destruction of the reptile. Whilst I was camped there, the lagoon happened to be very low : Lario was engaged stalking a flock of ducks, when he came suddenly upon the alligator ; it opened its mouth, and he promptly emptied both barrels of his gun down its throat, whereupon it rushed into the lagoon. Lario yelled his discovery to the camp, and police, carriers and I rushed down ; we could locate the beast on the bottom in three or four feet of water and about thirty feet distant from the bank, by the bubbles and discoloration caused by the reptile's uneasy movements. "Oh, for some dynamite !" I sighed ; but dynamite there was none. The police, however, and a large number of carriers, rose to the occasion : cutting poles about nine feet long, they sharpened them at the end, waded out and formed a semicircle on the far side of the alligator. Then cautiously walking up to the bubbles, half a dozen men struck suddenly and savagely at the spot ; the immediate response was the appearance of a head and pair of snapping jaws. I promptly sent a Snider bullet through the head, and it disappeared again, while the men crowded together watching keenly the track of the bubbles. Once more they stirred up the beast, whilst I shot him again ; half a dozen Snider bullets I must have put into various parts of its anatomy before it apparently gave up the ghost and remained quiescent under the stabs of the police. Then a man stood on the carcase, whilst others went to cut vines with which to haul it ashore. There still, however, was a remaining flicker of life in the beast ; for the standing man gave a yell of

fright and vanished under water, as the alligator rolled over on its side, dead at last.

The beast having been hauled ashore, I was surprised to find embedded in its skull, six inches of the point of a heavy spear, which had rotted, and round which the bone had grown. The carriers ate the brute : by New Guinea hunting custom, however, the carcase—or in this case the reward—belonged to the man who had inflicted the first wound, or “first spear” as it is called, no matter how many men might have taken part in the actual killing. Lario did not get the reward, though I told him to apply to the Treasury, and afterwards had a fuss with Ballantine about it, as Ballantine held that he was a Government servant and killed the alligator in the course of his duty. Stories about the toughness of an alligator’s hide are all bosh. A bullet from a common fowling piece will penetrate them anywhere ; but they are wonderfully tenacious of life, and, however badly hit, usually manage to wriggle into deep water. I have never seen one killed instantly by a single shot, though doubtless the reptile would afterwards die from the effects of it.

I left that abominable punt at the head of the Brown River, never wanting to see the beast again. Russell and Macdonald, on their return journey, tried to descend the river in it, and lost all their personal effects as well as being half drowned, whereupon they abandoned the thing. Later Mr. Musgrave, who had an affection for the child of his brain, wanted it recovered for future use ; but Sir George Le Hunte said, that as it had already nearly cost the lives of two of his officers and the head gaoler, he thought it was better left where it was.

Upon my return to Port Moresby and having reported myself to the Acting Administrator, Sir Francis Winter, I was told that the Government Secretary had a minute from the Governor for me ; Sir George was away in Brisbane at the time. I went to Mr. Musgrave, and was handed a minute to this effect. “Certain deserting carriers from the Russell relief expedition have complained about being beaten with sticks by Mr. Monckton and his police. Mr. Monckton to report.” “Well, I’m damned !” I thought, “the whole of this expedition has been a mess and a muddle from the beginning ; a scapegoat is wanted, and I’m to fill that rôle !” Then in a fury of rage I went for Muzzy. “I told you from the beginning, sir, that the relief expedition was badly arranged ; I begged you to give me twenty constabulary, forty good carriers, and to let me go my own way. Instead of which, I was compelled to carry out the most asinine arrangements, and to ‘induce’ a lot of disgusted and worn-out carriers to do work for which they were utterly unfitted. Hold your inquiry. I myself never hit a carrier ; and the police certainly did not hit the beggars with

sticks when they tried to bolt, they used steel cleaning rods." Muzzy held up his hand. "Mr. Monckton, will you be quiet? You say you did not hit any man with a stick?" "Yes, sir," was my answer. "And also that your police did not hit them with sticks?" "They did not," I said, "they had no time to cut sticks; they hit the carriers, when they gave trouble, with their cleaning rods." "I don't want to know anything about that," said Muzzy. "You deny absolutely that any carrier was beaten, either by yourself or your police, with *sticks*?" "Yes, sir, I do," was my reply. "Call up the carriers I have brought back, and ask them whether they are not contented men." Muzzy called up my meat-gorged men, who were then pleasantly anticipating their pay; of course they swore that I and my police were the best of good people. I then thanked my stars that on the way back I had stopped and hunted to fill the bellies of those carriers, otherwise a different tale would have been told.

Later, when I knew the complete details of Russell's expedition and of Ballantine's failure to relieve him, I learnt that the whole muddle was really due to Russell, having disobeyed orders, thereby throwing out all arrangements. Sir George Le Hunte had directed him to proceed to the summit of the Owen Stanley Range, but no further. Russell, however, being a keen hydrographer, had, at the imminent risk of his own and his men's lives, descended upon the opposite side, and got into difficulties; the magnificent work he did saved him from censure or blame; but, as a matter of fact, he richly deserved the sack for attempting it. Russell afterwards showed me a letter from Sir George Le Hunte which began, "You dear disobedient person, I should be very angry with you, but instead, I can only feel pleased." I made but one remark to Russell, and that was, "You thank your stars you are dealing with Sir George instead of Sir William MacGregor: for if you had disobeyed him, you would have had something to remember!"

I then received a note from Captain Barton asking me to take up my quarters at Government House, until the return of the Governor from Australia; he also told me that it had been decided by Council that the untouched part of the north-east coast of New Guinea was to be taken in hand, and that I was to be sent there as the first Resident Magistrate. "You will be glad," naïvely remarked Captain Barton, "to have settled and permanent work."



TWO MOTUAN GIRLS

CHAPTER XVI

SIR FRANCIS WINTER made me Assistant to Russell in the Survey Office, whilst awaiting the Governor's return : I spent my time drawing maps and copying plans, and I also began a feud with the Government Store that lasted during the whole period of my service in New Guinea. Russell wanted about half a dozen tin-tacks for something or other, so I sent an orderly down to the Government Store with a note, asking Chester to give them to him ; the boy came back saying that he could not get them. I went myself to the Store, and found Chester suffering from a bad attack of liver. "What's the matter, Chester, why won't you give me the tacks?" "Go to blazes," said Chester, "and send me a proper requisition." "Surely you are not going to put me to all that trouble for the sixteenth part of a penny?" I asked. "I am," he said. I went back to the office and drew out a requisition for half a dozen tin-tacks, value one-sixteenth of a penny, and took it back again. "No good," said Chester, "requisition for supplies for the Survey Department must be countersigned by the Government Secretary." I said nothing, but wasted an hour in getting hold of the Government Secretary, who was engaged when I wanted him. "What tomfoolery is this, Mr. Monckton?" said Muzzy, as he glared at my requisition. "What do you mean by wasting my time like this?" "Chester has a liver and is full of red tape this morning ; he won't give me the tacks without a formal requisition," I replied. Muzzy dashed his signature at the foot, and off I went again and handed the requisition to Chester without a word, though inwardly I was seething. "No good," said Chester, "this requisition should have been signed by the head of the department requisitioning, not by you ; Russell must sign it." I took it back without a word, and went to Russell. "You are a damned fine assistant," remarked that impatient individual ; "do you want the whole day to get me half a dozen tin-tacks?" In lurid language I explained to him what had taken place, and Ballantine, hearing the fuss, came in and laughed at me. Russell signed the requisition, which I took, and went off again. Ballantine, who was chuckling to himself at some obscure joke, then

said he would walk down to the Government Store with me to see the end of it.

Arrived there, I chucked the requisition at Chester with, "Now you attend to that at once, you blighter." Chester took it, and Ballantine led him on one side and whispered to him. "I can't accept this requisition," said Chester. "Why?" I asked, hardly trusting myself to speak. "Because there is a Treasury Regulation that once the Government Secretary's signature has been attached to a requisition, no addition or alteration shall be made without his previous approval. Russell's signature is an addition." Ballantine rolled over screaming with laughter. Again I took the requisition to Muzzy, and in a cold hard voice explained the position to him. He looked at my face, said not a word, and confirmed the alteration. Back I went to the Government Store, and again handed Chester the requisition, Ballantine still being there. "I can't fulfil this," said Chester. Boiling with indignation, I blurted out, "Why, you blank blank scrimshanker? If you fool me any more, I'm going to the Administrator." "Oh, go to him," said Chester, "but if you use that language here, I'll send for the police." Off I bolted to Sir Francis; he listened to my heated complaint with his usual quiet smile, looked at the requisition and smiled again, then wrote across the form, "Government Storekeeper, fulfil this requisition at once. F. P. W., Administrator." Back again I went to Chester. "Now, my beauty, you trot out my tin-tacks, unless you want to face an inquiry for disobeying orders." Chester took the form and wrote across it, "Tin-tacks not in stock of Government Store." Fortunately I was struck speechless, and before I recovered, Ballantine seized me by the arm and said, "Come along to lunch with me, Monckton; His Honour is coming, and I'm certain he will be pleased to hear the end of this." As we went off to lunch, we met Russell also going to his. "Perhaps, Monckton," said Russell, "when you have finished gallivanting about and amusing yourself, you won't mind returning to your duties." "Blank! Blank! Blank!" "Hush! Hush! Monckton," said Ballantine; "Russell for the time being is your superior officer."

In due course Sir George Le Hunte returned; and I was promptly appointed to the new North-Eastern Division, being, however, given three months' leave of absence before I took up my new duties. Naturally, I decided to spend my three months away from New Guinea; I therefore arranged with Ballantine that he should send me out in his Custom's boat to a steamer, that was to call off the Port with a mail, in the course of a few days.

Captain Fielden, who had been on Lord Hampden's staff in



MOIUAN GIRL

Australia, and had been persuaded by Murray to come back with Sir George for a holiday, took it into his head to come and see me off. The day and the ship arrived : I started off in the Custom's boat, in the face of a strong south-easter ; the boat shipped a lot of water, and Fielden complained about it. "Bail out the water," I said to the coxswain, who was a smooth-water sailor. That worthy promptly pulled the plug out of the bottom of the boat, in order to let the water run out. I did not notice what he was doing, until the boat was half full, and then the plug was lost. Accordingly, we completed our journey with a man sitting in the bottom holding his thumb in the hole, Fielden protesting all the time that we ought to turn back. I knew better, however ; for I felt convinced that if I missed that steamer and returned, something would turn up to find a new job for me, and therefore cost me my leave. I have not seen Fielden again from that day to this ; but when I returned from leave, Ballantine told me he had growled that I had done my best to drown him and a boat's crew.

The day before I left Port Moresby, a full parade of the constabulary was ordered by the Governor, for the presentation of medals to Sergeant Sefa and Corporal Kimai, these two men having been recommended by Sir William MacGregor to the Home Authorities as deserving of it. Sir George Le Hunte presented the medals : then, to the amazement of the assembled officers, he also presented one to the officer at that time in command ; the medal having a bar with "Tugere" stamped upon it, Sir William MacGregor's fight with the Dutch natives in the west. Sir George (who of course had not been present at the fight) had himself recommended the Commandant for it. The medals had originally been authorized by the Home Authorities, and were only to be granted for "good conduct" on the part of a private, or some act of conspicuous gallantry on the part of an officer ; and it was the sole reward that any officer or private could expect to receive, and was intended by Sir William MacGregor to be a very high one. Sir George Le Hunte, by his hasty though kindly-meant action in granting it unearned, brought it into contempt : no officer afterwards ever recommended a man for the medal ; and upon this officer's wearing it in South Africa, the War Office compelled the Colonial Office to order its recall as unauthorized. In this way was lost the only decoration to which the New Guinea Constabulary could aspire.

On my return to Port Moresby, I busied myself with preparations for the new Division ; Sir George, with his usual kindness, putting me up at Government House. He told me that during my absence the *Merrie England* had visited Cape Nelson, and that he had selected a site for the new Station.

"You will have your work cut out for you at first," he remarked; "the people are as wild as hawks, and carry spears twelve feet long." Another time he said, "I have made up my mind that before I leave this country, the north-east coast shall be as orderly and safe as any other portion of the Possession. I trust you to make it so."

I went to Barton, who was now Commandant, about my police. I had asked for, and been allotted, ten men; but after looking through them and finding that they were mainly recruits—and poor ones at that—I pointed out that I had a tall order on hand and wanted the best of trained men. "His Excellency thinks that it is better for you to recruit your own men on the north-east coast," said Barton; "anyhow, these are the best I can do for you." "It is insanity for Monckton to recruit his own men on the north-east coast," said Judge Winter when he heard of the plan; "it will be the Tamata business over again." Barton then said that, as he could not spare the best of the police, he would give me fifteen men instead of ten, mainly recruits, but including Keke, Poruta, and one other of my old Mekeo men. I got my men detailed, and set Keke and Sara (the corporal) to work, to lick them into shape as quickly as possible. I then found, that recently the constabulary had been increased in strength; but, as for a considerable time no new rifles had been bought, they were very badly armed with old and worn-out Sniders. Barton said an experimental lot of Martinis had been ordered from England, but would not arrive for some time. I examined each man's rifle separately, and groaned over them all. "I may have fifteen privates," I then said to Barton, "but after they have been in action for ten minutes, I guarantee I won't have more than half of them able to fire their rifles." Eventually Barton gave me an order to the Headquarters' Officer for a dozen condemned rifles, from which I could take parts as I wanted them, with which to mend my rubbish. The ammunition supplied to me was apparently sufficient in quantity, and I thought of even quality. Government Store had, however, run out of rifle oil; but I managed to cadge a little cylinder oil from the engineers of the *Merrie England*; we afterwards made oil from pig's fat, and stinking stuff it was; but it answered the purpose in the tropics.

At last I was ready; and on the 1st June, 1900, the *Merrie England* pushed her way through a mass of canoes, full of howling men, women, and children, wailing for their relations in the constabulary, whom they thought they were never to see again. Arriving at Cape Nelson, my three months' stores, men, etc., were landed; a flagstaff was then erected, the Station ensign hoisted, the men of the detachment presented arms to the



SIR G. LE HUNTIE PRESENTING MEDALS TO SERGEANT SEFA AND
CORPORAL KIMAI



KAILI KAILI NATIVES

Governor, and, dipping her flag, away sailed the *Merrie England*, leaving us in the midst of a howling mob of excited natives.

A hut had been constructed by the natives out of sago palms, for which the Governor had left payment on his last visit, and in it the police and I now took up our quarters. It was situated in a grass patch of about an acre, on a bluff overlooking the harbour : bush extended from the grass patch along the top of a shelving plateau of about thirty acres in extent. After the *Merrie England* had departed, I turned my attention to the defence of our post : we had three months' stores, but a safe water supply was essential, and the Governor in selecting the site had quite overlooked this. At last we discovered a spring some few hundred yards away in the bush ; so I accordingly had a four-hundred-gallon tank containing rice emptied, and then re-filled with water from the spring, in order that, should we be forced to fight, we should not be entirely without this necessary. Our first night at Cape Nelson was a very uncomfortable one : natives howled, blew horns and beat drums in the bush all round us the whole night long ; whilst a large fleet of canoes assembled and hovered under the bluff on the seaward side, until we shifted them by dropping a few rifle shots into the water near them, and also shooting over them one of half a dozen rockets I had begged from the Commander of the *Merrie England*.

The following morning I decided to build a stockade round our hut, inside which no native was to be permitted to enter. Upon some hundreds of men appearing, we arranged with them—through Poruta, who spoke a language which a few of them understood—to bring us posts and timber for the stockade, telling them we wished to erect a fence to keep pigs in. We paid them for each piece of timber brought, in beads, or broken glass bottles, which they used for shaving : some men we kept and paid for digging a series of holes all round the camp. When all the timber was in, we got the natives to plant the posts of the stockade ; and before they quite realized what was occurring, they had built for us a solid wall of about four feet high, which an hour's toil on the part of the constabulary converted into a twelve-foot stockade. Then and only then, the police and I breathed freely and felt fairly secure : we now had a little fort, three months' provisions, enough water to last a month, and we felt fairly confident that we could hold our new home against anything that might come against us.

The next day I thanked my stars for that stockade. The constabulary had purchased from the natives a supply of betel-nut and prepared lime, which they chewed ; then, to my horror, I suddenly discovered that, with the exception of three men, the whole squad was stupid and drugged from the effects of some

narcotic contained in the lime. The three men had been on guard, and had not used either the betel-nut or the lime. I thrashed the slumberers, but without effect; then I administered huge doses of castor oil and calomel, which in a few hours got in its work and restored them to their senses. A very frightened lot of men they were when they recovered, and discovered the helpless position they had placed us in.

Corporal Sara now came to me with a fresh alarm. "How many cartridges have we got, sir?" he asked. "About three thousand rounds," I replied. "Have you looked at the boxes?" he queried next. "No," was my answer, "they are ordinary service cartridges, I suppose." "They are nothing of the sort," said Sara; "with the exception of the rounds in the men's pouches and one box of 320, they are all cartridges condemned by Captain Butterworth years ago. They burst the rifles when you attempt to fire them." I examined the boxes, and found they were filled with a patent cartridge made by Eley Brothers, which was supposed to consume its own case when fired. I made certain experiments with these cartridges, by firmly securing rifles to trees and firing them with a string attached to the trigger, and found that they did one of three things on every occasion: either the explosive consumed the case entirely and generated gases which blew the breech block clean out of the rifle; or it did not completely consume the case and effectually blocked up the cartridge chamber with the remains; or it left the brass case of the cartridge and cap stuck firmly to the fire pin of the rifle. If I could have got hold of the Government Storekeeper then, I would have shot him, and cheerfully have hanged for doing it. Fifteen men left among some thousands of the supposed wildest savages in the world, and the larger portion of our ammunition more dangerous to the user than to an enemy!

"The fever medicine," said Sara, "is as bad as the cartridges; the tablets go right through the men like stones." I examined some of the quinine tablets, which were supposed to be made by some people called Heron, Squire and Francis. I took two, soaked them for a night in whisky, and they were as solid as shot after it; then I put another couple into dilute hydrochloric acid, and they resisted that. I believe the things were made of plaster-of-Paris or cement. Fortunately I had a couple of ounces of Howards' Sulphate of Quinine, and half a dozen bottles of Burroughs and Wellcome's Bisulphate of Quinine in tabloids, in my private stock, and could carry on with that. The iodoform supplied for wounds was just as bad: if you put it on a wound, the thing promptly festered, suppurated, and got angry-looking. Afterwards I took a bottle of the filth to Sydney, had it examined, and was told that it was composed of chalk and boracic



THE "MERRICK, ENGLAND," AT CAPE NELSON, AND GILBY'S CANOES

acid, scented with iodoform and coloured with saffron. I don't say Heron, Squire and Francis supplied it—there is a law of libel—but it was in bottles bearing their name.

A few days after I had been established at Cape Nelson, we sighted a schooner, and I went off to her in my whaler to get the latest news and exercise my tongue gossiping in English. The schooner proved to be the *Albert McLaren*, bound for the Mambare, and carrying Bishop Stone-Wigg; he was frightfully ill with a most malignant attack of malarial fever, and was sweltering in a tiny cabin. "I cannot go on to the Mambare, R.M.," said Bishop Stone-Wigg; "the schooner can go on with stores. Will you give me a tiny corner in your camp until she returns?" "My Lord," I said, "I have got a tiny tent 10 by 12 feet, and that is joined to a house 20 by 12 holding fifteen police, all contained inside a fence enclosing an area of about half a tennis lawn; we live hard and at any time we may die hard; but if you like to share it, come by all means." "Anywhere to lay my aching head," said the Bishop. Accordingly I took him ashore. He stayed with me a fortnight, and we only had one slight breeze, when I made him drink a glass of spirits every night before he went to bed, on the top of a strong dose of quinine; he was as weak as a kitten and badly needed a stimulant.

At the end of the fortnight, the steamer *President* came, and the Bishop left in her for his head Station at Wedau: I accompanied him, as he very kindly offered me the services of his Mission carpenter to repair some damage done to my whaleboat, which had come about in this way. The site chosen for my present house was situated over a rocky little bay, open to the stormy south-easters, and really unsafe for a boat to lie in: the only secure place in which the boat could be left was half a mile away, where she was likely to be either stolen or destroyed by natives. To haul the boat up on the rocky beach was a task beyond the strength of the men on the Station; we therefore usually employed some of the local natives, who were engaged clearing the Station site for us, to help haul her up: these natives, however, were always ordered away from the Station to their villages at five o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the police had been sent in the whaler during the day to collect shells and coral for lime-making purposes, and returned after five; the result of which was that we had not men enough to haul up the boat, and accordingly I told them to anchor her out at the full length of the chains. Shortly after this was done, I noticed that when the tide went out the boat's stern would be dangerously near the rocks, and sent a couple of police to shift her further out—which they apparently did. The following morning I discovered the whaler

on the rocks with her stern smashed in ; and then found that the two fools I had sent had shifted her further out by hauling in and shortening the chains, thereby allowing her to drag her anchors in the strong night wind and smash on the rocks. The damage done was about equal to twenty pounds : a benevolent Government held that when accidents of this sort occurred, they were due to carelessness, and the men or officer responsible should meet the expense out of their or his private money. " Here's a pretty pickle," I said ; " if I stop the two men's pay, they will get nothing for twelve months." My own pay was already mortgaged for four months ahead, to pay debts incurred on my last leave : the Bishop's offer, however, of his carpenter, helped me out of the difficulty, and all I had to pay was five pounds towage to the *President*. We plastered up the stern of the whaler to get her as far as that.

I was a full week at Wedau getting the boat mended, for I managed to strike Holy Week ; the carpenter, being an aged and particularly holy man, would drop his tools four or five times a day and scoot off to some sort of service, whilst I would endeavour to carry on his work : the day of silence and prayer was especially trying to me, as I was in a fever of anxiety about my men left at Cape Nelson. At last, however, I got away and started back, the Bishop coming with me as far as Cape Vogel, where we had established a Mission Station. By the way, I nearly drowned him on that trip, for there was no wind when we left late in the day, and the police had fairly well exhausted themselves at the oars long before we were across the bay ; then night and a big wind came, and we got into a tide rip off the Cape, which nearly swamped us. Curiously enough, I never afterwards travelled at sea with Bishop Stone-Wigg without having the most marvellous escapes from drowning.

I remember on one occasion sighting his vessel just before dark off Cape Nelson, and—after directing that a light be hoisted at the flagstaff—I went out in the whaleboat to pilot him into the harbour : it was pitch dark by the time we got alongside, with nasty rain squalls coming up at intervals. The *Albert McLaren* started to stand in for the narrow rock-bound entrance of the harbour, when suddenly the light at the Station flagstaff was obscured by a rain squall, and when the squall had passed—during which we had hove-to—the light had vanished. After waiting for half an hour for it to reappear, I came to the conclusion (the right one as it afterwards proved) that the police had not noticed that the light was out, and therefore it was not likely to be relit at all. We groped our way out to sea for some distance, and anchored over a sunken reef, whilst I sent the whaler to try and nose her way into the harbour and have the lamp relit : that was

the last we saw of the whaler that night, for she lost her way in the rain squalls, and could find neither harbour nor *Albert McLaren* again. Meanwhile, the night got worse, the schooner's anchor carried away, and we blew up the coast in the dark, missing, Heaven only knows how, the many reefs with which the coast is sown.

I spent my time on deck with the skipper, vainly trying to fix our position on the coast from the village fires, and trying to imagine a fit punishment for the police on shore, by whom the light had been allowed to go out. Inman, who was now captain of the *Albert McLaren*, was full of groans and despair. "If I had not seen your light go up and your whaler coming out, I should have crept behind a reef and anchored," he complained; "now we are bound for Kingdom come." "It is no part of my work to be drowned in a missionary boat; it is just an obliging disposition that has got me into this fix," I told him. Then I went down to the cabin, where Bishop Stone-Wigg was peacefully writing, in spite of the racket on deck. "Well, R.M., what news?" he asked. "The news is that we are driving through the night amongst a lot of reefs, and the first thing that we shall know will be the crash of the schooner's forefoot on one; we can't heave-to, or we'll inevitably smash up on the coastal rocks." "There is a Guiding Hand," said the Bishop calmly. "There is no guiding hand," I said; "neither Inman nor I have the slightest idea where we are, and the prospect of all of us being drowned before morning is particularly bright." "Oh, I meant we are in the power of a Higher Hand," remarked the Bishop, and calmly went on writing and making references from books. "Well, of all cool customers," I thought, as I returned to the deck, "the Bishop about takes the cake." Some few hours before daybreak the wind abated, the rain squalls cleared away, and Inman was able to drop a kedge at the end of about one hundred and fifty fathoms of rope, and anchor until morning showed us our position. Daylight came, and a few hours afterwards my whaler appeared searching for us, and I went back in her to my Station, while the Bishop went on in his schooner to the Mambare.

At the Mambare the Bishop heard of the Opi villages, a thick cluster of people at the mouth of that river, who at this time were by no means too safe to deal with, or to be trusted. On his return voyage, he calmly ordered the schooner to be hove-to off the mouth of the river, and, accompanied by only a few Mission boys, went ashore in a tiny dingey to pay the villages a visit, with the object of ascertaining the suitability of the site for a Mission Station. The mouth of the Opi is one of the most shark-infested spots in New Guinea, and of course the Mission boys contrived to

capsize the dingey in the surf; fortunately the Bishop was a very good swimmer, as were also his boys, so he managed to swim ashore; but an enormous shark swam alongside him to the beach and, marvellous to relate, did not attack him. I heard the tale from the Bishop, his boys, and the Opi natives who witnessed it.

I was not at all pleased when I heard of the Bishop having gone into the Opi villages, for though they were not in my Division, I knew from the officers of the Northern Division how unsafe they were; and I begged the Bishop to come to me for an interpreter the next time he wished to go there. It was a long time before he did want to go, and by that time I had two police recruits from the Opi, and I gave them to him as interpreters. "You will interpret truly for the Bishop," I told my two men, "but you must first tell the people that he is my friend, and if anything happens to him I shall take such vengeance that the women and children of the furthest Binandere people will cry at the mention of it." Privates Kove and Arita, the two men I sent, swore that the Bishop should be safe, and that they would fittingly picture the horrors that would befall the people if they threatened or injured him. When the Bishop returned from the Opi and gave me back Kove and Arita, he told me that he was very taken with the kindness and friendliness of the natives, and had decided to put a Mission Station there. Some time afterwards, I heard from Armit, then R.M. for the Northern Division and in whose district the Opi was, asking why I had been putting the fear of God or of the Government into the Opi people, and saying that he was the only person officially entitled to do that. I soothed Armit, by pointing out that if the Bishop had got killed, he was the man who would have had to face the music with the Governor, and that I had only been trying to do him—Armit—a good turn.

Writing about Bishop Stone-Wigg reminds me of an occasion when he accompanied me to the Yodda Gold-field; the Yodda miners at this time being about as hard-bitten, hard swearing, and as utterly reckless a lot of "hard cases" as could be found under the British Flag. They had got a cemetery—which, I might remark in passing, was afterwards washed out, with the bones of its inhabitants, because a payable streak of gold was found in it—and it was well filled with dead diggers. The Bishop, after looking at it, suggested that he should read the Burial Service over the graves. I agreed that it might be a good thing; making a mental note that afterwards, when anxious relations wrote to me about their dead relatives, I could say that the Bishop of New Guinea had given them Christian burial. I sent a summons to the miners, telling them what was to take place, and they rolled up in strength to attend. The Bishop read the impressive service

of the Church in a voice and manner that struck home to those miners, and produced an unexpected result. Mat Crow, a prominent man among them, was deeply affected; and, at the end, he strode up to the Bishop, struck him heartily on the back, and broke forth: "Boys, this is kind of the Bish. There's Alligator Jack and Red Bill, there's blank, and blank, and blank planted here, and Gawd, 'E knows whether they have rested easy; we know what they were like, and we know what the Warden is like who read prayers over them; he was better than nothing; but he is no good alongside a parson, and a Bishop is fifty parson-power in one. Boys, I move a vote of thanks to the Bish, with three times three, and may we all have a Bish to plant us. Alligator Jack would be a proud man to-day if he knew what was being done for him." Bishop Stone-Wigg fled, as the vote of thanks was carried with enthusiasm, and the cheers for the fifty parson-power parson echoed over the graveyard.

Returning to Cape Nelson from Wedau, I found my men bottled up inside the stockade; and was told that the Okein, a pugnacious tribe to the north, had paid them a visit, swaggered about the Station, interfered with the working Kaili Kaili, and generally made themselves a nuisance.

The following is a brief description of the different tribes inhabiting the North-Eastern Division, and also a general review of the feeling existing between them at this time. The Cape Nelson (Kaili Kaili) people, under the leadership of their chief, Giwi, were a confederation of shattered tribes, regarding every one to the north or south—or, in fact, any stranger—as enemies, by whom they might be attacked or slaughtered at a moment's notice. To the north there lay the Okein, a branch of the Binandere; a strong, warlike, and colonizing people steadily pushing their way south, but halted in their southern march by the necessity of defending the land occupied by them, against the attacks of inland raiding tribes. To the south lay the Maisina tribe of Collingwood Bay, a race of pirates, who terrorized the coast as far as Cape Vogel, but were in their turn harried by incursions from the Doriri, a mountain tribe behind them. The Kaili Kaili, who inhabited the mountains and hills at Cape Nelson, were therefore really remnants of tribes shattered by attack from either the Doriri, Maisina, or Binandere people; and also the remnants of a tribe frightfully weakened by an eruption of Mount Victory.

For some time after they had occupied the inhospitable rugged lands of Cape Nelson, they had been subjected to periodical incursions and slaughterings by the Okein fleet of canoes; but were eventually saved by the good sense of their elected chief, old Giwi, who had an uncommonly fine head and exceptional

reasoning power. The Kaili Kaili were not an aquatic people, but Giwi noticed four things : firstly, that all attacks against his people must come by sea ; secondly, that the canoes of the invaders were made of a heavy hard wood ; thirdly, that the missiles of the invaders were heavy spears having a limited range ; and fourthly, that once the northern men landed, his lighter people stood no chance against their charges. Giwi, in his way, was a Napoleon. He saw that to fight the invader successfully, he must fight on the sea ; he saw that he must not fight at close quarters, but must have faster canoes, and also missiles outranging those of the Okein ; and he laid his plans accordingly. First of all, Giwi made his people learn to swim in the pools of the streams running into the fiords of Cape Nelson ; then he ordered canoes to be cut from a particularly light wood, of shallow draft, and capable of great speed, though they would not last many months ; then he had made a great stock of a particularly light and long spear, capable of being thrown a great distance. Having completed his preparations, Giwi built an ostentatious and sham village at the head of a fiord, round the shores of which he concealed his new fleet, and then awaited developments. The developments soon came : a strong Okein fleet of canoes swept down the coast, sighted the village, and at once attacked it ; it fell an easy prey, being undefended and of no value, and the disappointed Okein fleet attempted to put to sea again, only to find hovering on their flank a swarm of light canoes, with whom they could not possibly close, and by the crews of which they were, man by man, slaughtered at long range. Out-generalled, out-paced and out-ranged, they had no hope. Very few of the Okein canoes escaped, and, for many years afterwards, they gave Cape Nelson a wide berth as they passed on their southern raids. Giwi and his canoes, however, at the time I went there, were the sole obstacles to their occupying the coast south of Cape Nelson, though they could still raid it.

The account of this fight, I had from Giwi himself, and also from some of the Okein who took part in it, years after it had taken place ; but all their accounts tallied. In fact, the way in which I first heard of it was rather peculiar. I was staying for the night in old Giwi's house as an honoured guest, and rolling over on the floor to sleep, I was disturbed by the old boy's chuckles. "What are you laughing at, you old reprobate ?" I demanded. "You are lying on the exact spot where I kept the body of the Okein chief, before I ate him," he said, and then he unfolded the tale I have just told.

Old Wanigela, a chief of the sub-branch of the Maisina, whose people had been subject to constant attack by two foes, the Okein by sea and the Doriri from the mountains, took heart of



GIWI AND HIS SONS

grace from Giwi's defeat of the Okein, and laid plans for the discomfiture of the next raiders. His plan was, however, with the exception of the long light spears, much simpler than that of Giwi; for all he did, was to abandon his village at the approach of the hostile canoes, and permit them, unopposed, to enter a narrow river which ran alongside the village. After the Okein had plundered and burnt to their hearts' content, and had lumbered up their canoes with loot, they essayed to return, and were jostling and crowding together in the current of the narrow entrance to the river, when Wanigela suddenly appeared on the bank with his men and fairly hailed spears upon the now packed Okein, who were taken entirely by surprise by the unexpected attack from people whose fighting qualities they despised; thrown into confusion by the immediate loss of many men, and unable to charge home with the favourite weapon of the Binandere people—the stone-headed club—they were all slaughtered, with the exception of one canoe-load of warriors, which managed to put to sea and escape.

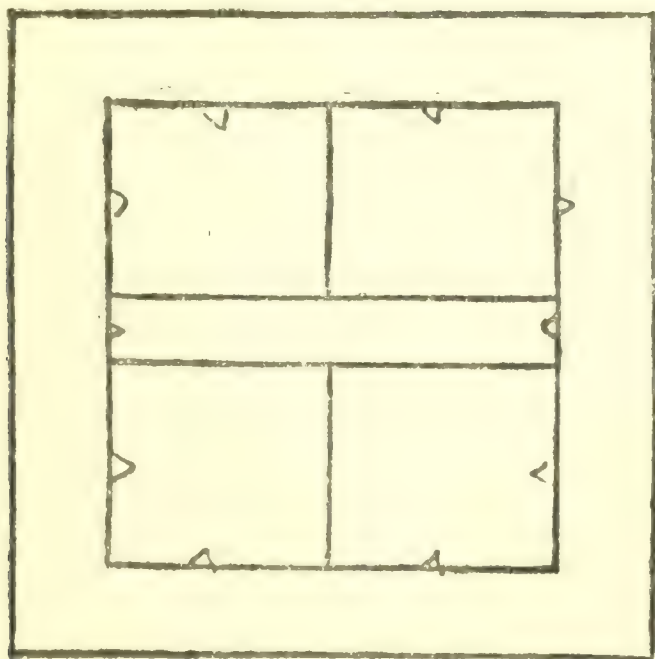
The two defeats had for a time cooled the ardour of the Okein for raiding on the coast; but later, having been strengthened by fresh families from the virile Binandere, they turned their attention to a new field, and raided and slaughtered the Baruga people of the Musa River. The Baruga were now in an evil case: they could not go back, for then the Doriri from the hills raided them, that people's war parties sweeping the whole or the flat country. The Baruga's sole method of escape from the Doriri had originally been by canoes and river; but now the canoes of the Okein were driving them up and from the river, into the very clutches of the Doriri. Fortunately, however, Sir William MacGregor fell in with a fleet of Okein canoes returning from a raid up the Musa, laden with human flesh, and he inflicted yet another crushing defeat upon them; a defeat from which they were only just recovering when I came to Cape Nelson. They were to get yet another reverse, and at my hands next time; but that was to come much later.

Wanigela's victory over the Okein was, however, to prove his undoing; for he and his people, cock-a-hoop over their defeat of the redoubtable Okein, decided to try conclusions with the first war party of Doriri entering their country. It was not long before a war party, a small one of about fifty Doriri, appeared in the district: Wanigela located them and their line of march; then, assembling his own men and many hundreds from the parent Maisina tribe, he laid an ambush for the Doriri. This stratagem proved entirely successful, the enemy marching into the middle of the hidden men; Wanigela then yelled, "Now we have you w here we wanted you!" which was his signal for the attack; his

men leapt to their feet ; the Doriri merely replied with a curt "Have you ?" and charged. Wanigela and thirteen of his most redoubtable fighters were killed, many were wounded, and the rest broke and fled in every direction. Nothing after this would induce the people of Collingwood Bay to stand up to resist the Doriri, who now began a policy of sending very small parties, which ceaselessly snapped up and killed men, women, and children. Sir Francis Winter, Moreton, and Butterworth, made an attempt to seek out and deal with the Doriri, but failed, in consequence of taking Collingwood Bay carriers with them, by whom they were deserted on the very first night.

CHAPTER XVII

AT Cape Nelson, I was now busy in the erection of my new Station. A New Guinea Government Station consisted of the R.M.'s house, police barracks, store-rooms, magazine, married quarters, native visitors' house, police cells and gaol. I had applied for a grant of forty pounds for building my own house, intending to have one made of native material, *i.e.* hard hewn timber and a thatched roof; Sir George Le Hunte, however, said he was not going to have his R.M.'s house like that, and accordingly instructed the Survey Department to expend three hundred pounds in getting timber and iron from Australia for a European house of four rooms. Russell directed me to have cut a number of piles of hard wood, ten feet in length, upon which the house was to be built. He, being a surveyor, was also supposed to be an architect; as a matter of fact, his knowledge of building was about equal to a Berkshire pig's grasp of navigation. This is the house that he, after great travail, designed.



He altogether forgot windows, railings, and steps ; and this, too, for a house the flooring of which would be ten feet from the ground.

At this time I had, under the supervision of a private of constabulary, gangs of several hundred Kaili Kaili at work, clearing gardens and carrying timber for the gaol and barracks ; whilst another lot were searching for teakwood with me, and cutting it into piles for my house. Amongst my contingent was a short, squat, very powerful man of about forty years of age, who had at one time been badly wounded in the head, and at intervals broke into a frenzy of rage with no apparent reason ; this individual was named Komburua. He had engaged to work two months with me for an axe, upon which he had set his heart, and which tool he was permitted to use at his work until it became his own. Komburua's particular job was to cut the hewn piles to an exact length, as I measured and marked them. On one occasion, as I moved from one pile to another to measure it, Komburua seated himself upon the one I was stretching my tape along ; I shifted him with a hard spank with my open hand, and again leant over my tape. Suddenly I caught sight, on the ground, of the shadow of an axe flying up above the shadow of my helmet ; like lightning, I jumped to one side, just as that axe came crashing down on the very spot over which my head had been. Before Komburua had time to raise his axe again I had him pinned by the throat, whilst two police, who were but a few feet away, rushing up, first knocked him senseless with the butts of their rifles, and then, loading them, stood at my back, as I blew my whistle for the detachment to fall in—not knowing how much further the trouble was going. From all directions the men came tearing up, loading their rifles as they ran, and savagely striking out of their way any native in their path ; while the excited natives gathered in clusters and jabbered, and spears appeared from nowhere. Poruta soon found out that Komburua's attempt to split my skull was due to one of his sudden frenzies of rage, induced by my spank on his stern, and in no way concerned the other natives. He was given seven days in leg-irons, as a gentle hint to restrain his temper in the future, and we resumed our work.

Komburua afterwards tried to get square with me by poisoning our well at night, and, but for the accident of heavy rain falling at the time, thus washing away the greater portion of the poison, the whole lot of us would undoubtedly have been killed. As it was, we were all extremely ill ; in fact, two men very nearly died, and I, for the life of me, could not make out what was the cause. The police said sorcery ; I did not know what to think ; I had no suspicion of the water, though I thought of



VIEW FROM THE RESIDENCY, CAPE NELSON

poison ; at the same time, I could not understand how it could have been administered to all of us. One alarming sign was that not a single native came near us. I took counsel with the police. "There is something very wrong," I said, "but we have to find out what it is, before we can cure it." "It is sorcery," said the police. "Well, we must find out the sorcerer and deal with him ; what sorcery can do, sorcery can undo," I said. "The proper thing to do with a sorcerer is to hit him on the head with a club," said Poruta, "for they are no good." "All very fine," I remarked, "but first catch the sorcerer." "You have said it," said Keke (Keke and the other Kiwais had stronger stomachs, and were not so bad as the rest of us) ; "these people know what they have done to us and are awaiting results ; we can't see them, but they are certain to have some one watching us. To-night, the strongest of us will sneak out and catch the watchers in the early dawn, and then we shall find out what is the trouble." Keke's plan seemed the best ; that night, the five strongest men crept out, and, in the morning, they snapped up a solitary man, whom they discovered in a tree watching the camp, and brought him in. It was a man named Seradi, who later served for many years with me in the constabulary ; in fact, he was still serving when I left New Guinea.

I showed Seradi our sick ; as a matter of fact, with the exception of the five men by whom he had been caught, there was not one of us able to stand. I asked, "What is the matter with these men ?" "I don't know," was the reply. "Why are all you people staying away from the Station ?" "I don't know," he repeated, which was a palpable lie. "Reeve a rope, and hang him up," I said. "What will the Governor say ?" asked Keke ; to which I replied, "It does not much matter what he says, for if we don't find out what this trouble is, he'll only have dead men to talk to." The police rove a rope over a beam in the ceiling : I may say that, during our sickness, we were all living together in one big barrack room. "What are you going to do with me ?" asked Seradi, as a noose was passed round his neck. "Hang you up by your neck until you are dead, then cut you open and look at your inside to find out why we are sick ; you know, but won't tell us while you are alive, and the rope round your throat will prevent the knowledge escaping when you are dead." The rope tightened, Seradi choked and held up his hand. "Slack !" I said. "You want to talk ?" I asked him. "Yes," was his reply, "I don't want to put you to all this trouble. Komburua poisoned your well ; the people are staying away until you are all dead, when they will come and take all your wealth." "Do the people want to fight us ?" I asked. "Oh no," he said, "but if you all die, they

would like your things." "Do you know where Komburua is?" I next asked. "Yes, alone in a bush house about half a mile away," said Seradi. "Very good; if you take my police to him, and help them catch him, I will pay you two tomahawks and make you village constable of your tribe." Seradi apparently thought that this was much better than being hanged, so went off with my five fairly sound men, and shortly afterwards returned with Komburua. In due time Seradi got his uniform as village constable, which position he filled with ability.

Komburua got six months' hard labour, a sentence he received with extreme disfavour. His first job was to clean out the spring, and dig a channel in the rock, in which to lead the water to the gaol. "Komburua is to drink a pint of water from the well before breakfast every morning," I told the police, "then, if there is any more foolery with our water, he will be the first man poisoned." He afterwards became a very good worker indeed, and accompanied me as a carrier on many an inland expedition. He also became very friendly with me, in consequence of my curing a periodic headache he suffered from. One day, as he toiled with a crowbar at the rock of a precipice, up which we were cutting a new road, I noticed that his forehead was all scratched and cut, and asked him what was the matter. "There is a devil trying to break out of my head," said Komburua. I sent him to sit in the shade of the gaol kitchen, and gave him some phenacitin tabloids, that eased his head a great deal quicker than his cutting and scratching had done. After he had served half his time, I made him prisoners' cook to the gaol, a position of which he was very proud (though the prisoners at first regarded his appointment with eyes askance), and, at his earnest request, I let him off the pint of cold water before breakfast.

I remember Komburua, on one occasion, frightening fits out of the Chief Engineer of the *Merrie England*. I was going up the coast in that vessel, to cut a road from Buna Bay to the Yodda Gold-field. I had with me about a score of police and some couple of hundred Kaili Kaili: each Kaili Kaili had an axe, both as a weapon of defence and as a tool for work. My men—in addition to her own complement—crowded the vessel uncomfortably; but as my men slept about the decks and it was only for one night, it really did not matter. The night came, and with it heavy rain; my unfortunate Kaili Kaili crawled into alley ways, galley, cabins, in fact anywhere they could get, to be out of the wet. Officers and crew were perpetually falling over naked bodies in most unlikely places, and cursing Kaili Kaili and me alike—not that the Kaili Kaili cared. The Cape Nelson police and myself were the only persons they would listen to or

obey ; every one else was merely an objectionable foreigner. Komburua, in search of a dry spot, discovered the Chief Engineer's cabin, that worthy being on watch ; he then stretched his dirty greasy form upon the Engineer's bunk and went to sleep. Presently the owner of the bunk came off watch, went to his cabin, and there discovered a huddled mass of wet cannibal on the floor and Komburua in his bunk ; with curses and blows he shifted the men from the floor, hauled Komburua from his bunk, and hoofed him out of the cabin.

A few minutes later a steward, falling over the tangled heap of police and Kaili Kaili sleeping on the floor of my cabin, woke me up, wailing, "For God's sake, sir, go to the Chief Engineer's cabin ; those blank savages of yours are killing him." "Non-sense !" I said ; but that wretched steward would not let me have any peace ; so accordingly, cursing deeply all people who disturbed the sleep of the godly with vain alarms, I paddled along the wet deck to the Engineer's cabin. There I found the Chief lying in his bunk, gazing absolutely horror-stricken at the blood-shot eyes of Komburua peering through the tangled mat of hair surmounting his hideous visage, while he thoughtfully felt the razor-like edge of his axe. At intervals the Chief yelped for help. "What the devil are you up to, Komburua ?" I asked, as my naked foot took him fairly on the stern ; "get out !" "He would not let me sleep in the dry, so I just gave him a fright," said that worthy, as he retired, carefully sheltering his stern with his axe. "I thought the murderous brute was going to split my skull every second, and dared not move," said the Chief Engineer ; "it's disgraceful that the Government should allow you to bring such savages on board. There's some whisky in my locker ; give me a drink." "They are all right, and quite nice people if you are gentle with them ; but if you use coarse sailor language and blows, you offend them," I told him reproachfully ; then I gave him a drink from his own bottle, and absent-mindedly carried the bottle away and shared it with the second engineer and the officer on watch.

About a week after I was first established at Cape Nelson, old Giwi came in, followed by a strange native who gambolled like a kitten when he caught sight of the police and myself, and exhibited extravagant joy in divers ways. He proved to be the sole survivor of ten Dobu carriers, who had bolted from the Mambare at the time of the massacre of Green and his men : the other nine had been caught and eaten at intervals along the coast by the Notu and Okein people. This man, weary and frightened, had reached Giwi's village ; there Giwi had protected him, and employed him as an unpaid labourer in his garden—practically a slave. He told me that he had had a dreadful time

chasing the *Merrie England* from fiord to fiord, when last she came, but could never quite catch her ; then one morning he had caught sight of the flag flying over my camp, and had persuaded Giwi to bring him to me for a reward. I bought him from Giwi for a tomahawk, and as he swore that he never meant to leave the shelter of the police camp again, I made him cook to the constabulary. About eight months later, however, as the *Merrie England* was going to his home, I seized the opportunity of sending him there.

I then found out that numbers of runaway carriers from the diggers of the Mambare were continually being caught and eaten by the tribes along the coast. The local natives had their own grievance against the runaways, for the latter used to steal their canoes and also sneak into their gardens and help themselves to food. North and south I then sent notices, offering a reward of a tomahawk each for all live runaway carriers brought to me, and threatening dire vengeance against any people killing them.

In a month, we recovered some thirty odd runaway carriers in lots of two, three, and up to a dozen. Seradi then told me of a little village inhabited entirely by sorcerers, male and female, some seven miles away, where they had another runaway tied up for some diabolical purpose. I sent Seradi and half a dozen police to bring me the captive and arrest the sorcerers ; these gentry were not at all popular with the Kaili Kaili, though, like most natives, they stood in awe of them. The police returned, carrying in a net a man so emaciated that his bones were literally sticking through his skin, and his whole body showing the marks of dreadful ill-usage ; he was so weak as to be beyond speech, and though we dosed him with tincture of opium and brandy, and filled him up with broth, he died within a few hours. The sorcerers had seen the police coming and escaped. My men told me that their village was unspeakably filthy, so I sent them back, in the middle of the night, to surprise and catch the sorcerers and burn down the village. They only caught two, whom I sent to gaol for six months, their first job being to bury the body of their victim. Where their filthy village had stood, the police left a clean, smoking heap of ashes : the prestige of sorcerers among the Kaili Kaili slumped from that day, and though sorcerers in other parts of the Division continued to give trouble, those amongst the Kaili Kaili people spent most of their time either hiding in the bush, in gaol, or in explaining to a village constable and his posse that they were living virtuous and meritorious lives.

The burning of houses was, as a general rule, strictly forbidden by the Lieutenant-Governor as a punishment, and very rightly so ; but I felt sure that he would approve of my smoking out a lot of miscreants, such as those I have mentioned, as indeed he did.

Sorcery among New Guinea natives may be divided into two kinds : the sorcerer practising the first kind belongs to a class of wicked, malevolent assassins, doing evil for the sake of evil ; he is prepared to perform his devilry, administer poison, or commit any crime for any person paying him to do so. This class of sorcerer does not pretend to perform anything but black magic, or to work anything but harm ; and the shadow of the fear of the brute is over the whole tribal life. Sorcerers practising the second kind are men who make use of a benevolent and kindly magic for good only. These pretend to possess powers of rain-making, wind- or fish-bringing, bone-setting, the charming away of sickness, or charming the spot upon which a garden is to be made to render it productive. They understand massage to a certain extent, and are usually highly respected and estimable members of the community to which they belong ; and to interfere with this second class in the practise of their arts, would be not only cruelly unjust but decidedly unwise.

Once I had a frantic row with a Missionary Society over a member of the class of rain-makers. This old fellow I knew to be an eminently respectable old gentleman, and famed for many miles as a rain-maker ; in fact, I had more than a suspicion that upon occasions my own police had paid for his services in connection with the Station garden. Well, to my amazement, I one day received a complaint from a European missionary, that the old fellow was practising sorcery and levying blackmail. I knew the charge to be all nonsense, and my village constables laughed at it ; in fact, they regarded the story in much the same light as a London bobby would a tale to the effect that the Archbishop of Canterbury was running a sly grog shop in Wapping ; but missionaries always made such a noise that I had to investigate. I found that there had been a drought in a Mission village, miles away from where the old boy lived, and the natives' gardens were perishing : the local rain-makers tried their hands, but with no result ; the missionary turned on prayers for rain, no result ; then the people got desperate, and decided that the services of my estimable friend must be engaged. Accordingly, to the wrath of the missionary, they collected pigs and a varied assortment of New Guinea valuables, and sent them with a deputation to beg him to save their gardens. He accepted the gifts, and oracularly replied to his petitioners, "When the south-east wind stops, the rain will come." They went off home satisfied ; as a matter of fact, the wind had dropped before they got back and the welcome rain set in. Having ascertained the facts, I of course refused to interfere with the rain-maker ; whereupon the missionary complained to Headquarters that the R.M. was undermining the work of the Mission by encouraging sorcery, and I was called upon for

the usual report. I reported that my time was already so fully occupied that I had none to spare in "attending to harmless disputes due to the professional jealousy of rival rain-makers." The missionary choked with outraged and offended pride at being put on the same plane as a native rain-maker, and Muzzy squeaked about "contemptuous levity" in official correspondence.

One day, I met an old chap laboriously carrying a heavy round stone up a hill to a yam garden. "What are you doing with that?" I asked. "I have got a job making the yams grow in the garden up here," he said, "and I'm planting this as an example to the yams, of the size to which they are to grow." "It's lucky for you that they are not to be any larger," I remarked. "If this man had got his yams in a month sooner," said the yam expert, "I'd have taken a stone much larger than this; but he always was a fool."

The professions of rain-maker, taro-grower, fish-bringer, etc., in fact all the callings followed by the benevolent sorcerers, are, I believe, hereditary, passing from father to son: the men really have some sound practical knowledge, though smothered in a mass of charms and incantations; for instance, the taro-grower knows exactly what type of vegetable should be grown in different soils, he knows the proper time of year for planting, he can tell the husbandman when to cut away the sprouts, and when he should get fresh seed; he can say where corn will be a success, and where bananas, sweet potatoes, taro or yams. The fish-bringer knows when to expect the different fish, and where to look for them; his reward depends upon results, for if his charms and incantations didn't give adequate satisfaction, the professor would soon be regarded as "no good," and deserted in favour of a more successful practitioner.

So far as the healing powers of the benevolent sorcerers are concerned, I can vouch for those of one man myself. I was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, brought about by marching in wet khaki all day and sleeping in wet blankets at night; it had begun with a very bad attack of malaria, which I had squashed by means of twenty-grain doses of quinine, but the lumbago remained. A son of Giwi's named Toku, who was thirteen years of age, was my personal servant at the time: the young devil disappeared, and I thought that the crankiness and bad temper of a sick man had been too much for him and that he had bolted. I maligned Toku, however, for on the following day he came back, accompanied by his father and the latter's medical adviser. "My father says this man can cure your pains," remarked Toku. "Then for goodness' sake let him start work, for I can't be made worse," was my answer. The "doctor" then produced two large flat stones, hung all over with charms, and, after chant-



TOKI, SON OF GIWI

ing an incantation or two over them and removing their embroideries, demanded that they be made red-hot in the kitchen fire; then he directed the police to make a large fire, and heat many other stones. His directions having been carried out, he commanded that a large iron tub that stood in my room, and which was used by me as a bath, should be filled with hot water, and that I was to get into it. With the assistance of several men, I doubled my groaning carcase into it; whereupon the "doctor" sang an incantation or two over me, called for the pile of hot stones the police had been heating, and dropped them one by one, fizzling and sizzling into my bath, thus raising the temperature of the water until I was in a cloud of steam. "Ask him, Toku, whether he wants to boil the something liver out of me," I demanded. The "doctor" paused in listening to a long harangue from Private Bia, in which that worthy orderly was pointing out, in blood-curdling language, the precise spot in his ribs where he meant to send his bayonet home, in the event of his ministrations killing me. "Tell your master to have patience, he will soon be better," he said to Toku; "I am hunting the evil spirit out of him."

The boiling operations completed, the "doctor" made me lie flat on my face, and then plastered my back with hot wet clay, upon which he plentifully spat; then he had brought from the kitchen his red-hot flat stones, and, wrapping them in cloth made of mulberry bark, he clapped them on the clay plaster. First the clay steamed and seemed to scald right through me, then it burnt hard and set up a steady roasting heat, but it certainly chased away my lumbago. I had, at the time, a Pondicherry Indian as a cook; and he—attracted by my language—appeared, gave a glance at what was happening, and then came back shortly afterwards with some heated flat-irons and flannel, with which he too proceeded to rub my back. The next day I was well, bar a feeling of stiffness and a general sensation of having been scorched. "What pay do you want?" I asked the "doctor"; "I will pay you well." He had meanwhile been living in the barracks, and had been entertained by the police with tales of what would happen to him if I died. "I want those things that your back was rubbed with by the cook," he said, meaning my flat-irons; "they will get me a great name." Accordingly I gave him the flat-irons; and I venture to say, that to this day there will be found on the north-east coast of New Guinea an eminent and famed medical practitioner, using among his stock-in-trade a set of flat-irons.

About a year later I nearly lost Toku, the boy by whom my highly satisfactory attendant had been summoned, in a peculiar way. I was returning from the second Doriri expedition, and

we were marching before a strong rear-guard, behind which no one was permitted to lag ; Toku was carrying my belts with a very heavy revolver, and I was marching at ease in the middle of the column. I noticed a rare or new orchid in a tree, and sent Toku up to get it, signing to the rear-guard as they came up to pass on with the column ; Toku came down with the orchid, and we caught up to the rear-guard, through which I passed, not noticing that the young imp had sneaked back to the tree to catch an iguana he had seen in it. Suddenly I missed Toku, and halted the line to search for him ; I found him absent, and hastily retraced my steps with several of the police. We heard a shot, in the direction of which we ran, and found the imp seated upon the corpse of a fully armed native, and holding my smoking pistol in his hand. "I killed him, master," said the young villain. What had happened was this : Toku had dodged behind the rear-guard and caught his iguana ; then, as he descended the tree, he had been snapped up by one of the numerous natives, who were hovering on our rear and flank out of sight, in readiness to snap up any stragglers. The man had clapped his hand over Toku's mouth to prevent him calling out, and had then started to carry him off into the bush beyond earshot of my force ; Master Toku, having one hand free, had contrived to draw my revolver, and pressing it against his captor's head, had fired and blown the skull to fragments. I regret to say that the hero was hoisted upon the back of a policeman, and soundly spanked by me for "lagging behind the rear-guard, and nearly losing my belts and revolver."

"Fine boy of mine that," remarked old Giwi to me when he heard the tale, "nearly as good as I was in my youth ; the people tell me that it was a very large strong man he killed ; I think I had better see about arranging wives for him." "You will do nothing of the sort, you match-making old begetter of strong sons," I said ; "he will remain looking after my shirts and things for two years, and be whacked at intervals for his good ; then I will draft him into the constabulary, and, when he is a second-year man, I will find the price of a really good wife for him."

Again I find I have digressed. Muzzy once remarked to me—after telling me the same story for about the fiftieth time—that he trusted he was not getting into his "anecdoteage." As a matter of fact he was, but I was wise enough not to tell him so ; now I sometimes wonder whether I am not going the same way.

I have written about benevolent sorcerers as opposed to the ordinary ones in New Guinea. The latter are about the most malevolent and malignant brutes unhung : they undoubtedly possess certain powers, such as a rough knowledge of the poisonous

properties of some plants or fish for internal administration ; and how to set up a virulent form of blood poisoning ending in tetanus, by the application to a wound—or the weapon causing the wound—of either a dried serum obtained from decomposing human bodies, or from the mud of a mangrove swamp. The statement that New Guinea natives poison their spears or arrows has frequently been made, and as often denied, but seldom has any direct evidence been adduced that they do so poison them. Personally, I am of opinion that the actual fighting man never stoops to use poison ; but I think in some cases he pays a sorcerer, or perhaps his wife or father does, to “strengthen” his arms, and that then the sorcerer does poison them. For instance, on the Stuart-Russell expedition, Russell lost a carrier by death and buried him : when I picked up Russell, we found the body of that carrier had been disinterred and was acting as a pincushion for dozens of spears ; sharp slivers of wood had also been inserted, these being intended for use as foot spears or stakes to be planted in the ground to catch the unwary traveller’s leg.

New Guinea sorcerers, in my experience, kill their subjects by two methods : firstly, by material means, that is, by the administration of actual poison ; secondly, by esoteric means, that is, by working on the fear of the intended victim. Sir Francis Winter once told me that though he had tried many murder cases in which sorcery was alleged, he had never found any direct evidence that the sorcerer had caused the death ; notwithstanding the fact that in some cases the sorcerer had actually admitted his guilt. To this I reply, that poisoning by animal or vegetable poisons is always very difficult to trace, or bring home to the prisoner ; even when the poisons used are common or well known, and when highly skilled chemists are employed to detect them. In New Guinea there were no chemists, and the poisons used were probably either very rare or quite unknown to science. The second method to which I referred, as being employed by the sorcerer, namely, that of fear, was worked in this way : the sorcerer sent a message to his intended victim, telling him that he had bewitched or poisoned him, thus so preying upon the mind of the unfortunate receiver of the threat as to cause him either to fret himself into a fever or commit suicide—usually the latter. In New Guinea the law warranted a magistrate sending any native convicted of sorcery to gaol, for a term of six months. This was all very fine ; but the sorcerer always over-awed the witnesses by saying, “I may get six months, but then I shall be free again and you will pay.”

Among the Binandere people on the Opi River were two distinct tribes, speaking different dialects. Tabe, the village

constable of the lower tribe, who was quite one of the most intelligent of the natives, once gave me an instance of the manner in which the emotions will overcome the habits of order and control instilled into the Papuan. I sent him to arrest a noted sorcerer: after a struggle, in which many men took part, he effected his object; then, securing all the sorcerer's charms and drugs, he placed them in a canoe, together with the sorcerer, now securely tied up with native ropes, and started for the Government Station at Tamata. On the way thither, among the chattels of the sorcerer, a small net was found into which was plaited twenty-seven small pieces of wood. Inquiry on the part of the village constable elicited the fact that it was the sorcerer's tally of lives, claimed to have been taken by him, or of deaths induced by his arts. The sorcerer bragged to Tabe that among the number were certain relations of his, whom he named; and he also threatened that he would add some more, including Tabe's wife and children, when his six months were done. Whereupon Tabe, incited by this threat and also by the relations of the dead people, decided to try his own methods of curing a sorcerer, which he did by sinking him in twelve feet of water for an hour. He then made inquiries as to whether there were any others requiring his treatment; an inquiry which resulted in the immediate and hasty departure of several prominent sorcerers of the community. Proceeding to Tamata, he surrendered himself on a charge of murder laid by himself, and in which the principal evidence was his own statement.

In connection with this man's action, the following is an instance of the power ascribed to and claimed by a sorcerer, which is generally accepted by the natives as true. Some sorcerers possess the power of transmitting their spirits to a crocodile, whereupon the crocodile becomes a devil with power to assume the shape of any person known to the sorcerer; the devil-crocodile then, at the instigation of the sorcerer, waits near a village, until it sees the man against whom it is to act, go alone down a track or to a garden; then it assumes the shape of a young married woman or girl well known to the intended victim, and follows him. Upon a sufficiently secluded spot being reached, the sorcerer-cum-crocodile-cum-girl approaches the man and endeavours to induce him to have sexual intercourse: should he do so, he will not discover his error until evening, when he will feel a desire to go to the river, there to vanish for ever. It is not until the sorcerer claims the result as his work, that the people know what has become of him, and that he has fallen a prey to the crocodile. Sometimes the shape assumed by the witch-crocodile is that of a well-known and good-looking young man, and then a young married woman or girl is seduced. In such case the

woman's first male child will be taken by the crocodile, and the disembowelled body be later discovered floating in the water. Occasionally, I have been told, the most careful of persons and the most moral are entrapped by the actual shape of husband or wife being assumed by the crocodile ; and so any one may be tricked to his or her death.

From the point of view of a native constable, thoroughly believing in all this, and infuriated by the loss of those dear to him, it is an injustice that a sorcerer claiming occult powers of this awful description should be lightly punished, and then released to seek vengeance by the exercise of dreadful esoteric means. Should he not rather, he argues, be sought out and killed in a public, violent, and showy manner, that will deter others from following in his footsteps ?

Absurd though sorcerers' claims to such powers be, as the foregoing instance portrays, yet sorcery or witchcraft on the north-east coast is no child's play, and the shadow of the fear of it is over the whole tribal life. Much of it, I am convinced, is due to the administration of poison, but a great deal more is effected by suggestion ; and, to my mind, there is little difference in the measure of guilt of one who hits his enemy on the head with a club, and of him who secretly gives a poisonous drug and causes death by physical means, or of him again, who, by acting on a man's fears, administers a moral poison to the mind and frighten his victim to death.

Some sorcerers claim to possess the power of sending forth their spirits to work evil during the dark watches of the night or while they slept. The Binandere people hold that the spirit of a sorcerer is the only really dangerous one, for though two other kinds of spirits exist, namely, " devils " and ghosts of the dead, such ghosts and devils are innocuous ; in fact Oia, a son of Bushimai's, once told me that he considered they served a useful purpose in frightening the women and children from straying out of the village at night. Most New Guinea natives have a great dread of the dark ; not so, however, the Binandere ; a man of that tribe thinks nothing of travelling all night along lonely unfrequented paths by forest, jungle, mountain or swamp, devil-haunted though he believes them to be : whereas a Suau, Motuan or Kiwai would die of funk. The Suau believes that when a man is asleep, his spirit has gone forth from him, and they are very careful how they wake one another, in order that time may be allowed for the sleeper's spirit to return ; the Binandere does not care two straws how rapidly or noisily he stirs up a sleeper.

I remember once an epidemic of measles breaking out at Paiwa on Cape Vogel, and the cheerful sorcerers persuading the people that it would continue until a live man was cut open by them,

which was accordingly done. On another occasion, at the back of Collingwood Bay, Oelrichs, who was then my Assistant R.M., heard of a case where they shoved lawyer vines, with thorns like this ————— down the throats of some of the people, and then tore them up again. I caught the natives responsible for the cutting open of the man, really by a great streak of luck. The relations of the murdered man had complained to me about the affair ; but when I came with the police, the whole of the people had run away from their villages to some bush refuge. We searched and we hunted, but no sign of them could we find ; until at last we found a man crippled by elephantiasis, struggling along a track. When we caught him, he was without food and in a great fright, thinking that we should kill him ; I questioned him as to the whereabouts of his people, but could get no satisfaction. Then, telling the police to leave him a supply of cooked food, I gave him a stick of trade tobacco and a baubau or native pipe, and marched on ; a few minutes after we left him, we heard yells, and sending back I found that he was willing to guide us to the refuge of his people. "They left me," he said, "to be killed or to starve ; you have given me food and tobacco, and if your men will carry me, I'll show you the hiding place." Promptly he was picked up and carried ; and in two hours, we were marching for the coast with the murderers on a chain.

CHAPTER XVIII

SINCE my first arrival at Cape Nelson, three months had gone by, during which period the Kaili Kaili and my men had become sworn friends and allies. The Station was nearly finished, and we began to look anxiously for the return of the *Merrie England* ; more especially so, as our stores were running very low and a drought was preventing our purchasing very much in the way of provisions from the natives. The drought brought another complication : for the missionary at Cape Vogel sent me a letter, stating that the women of the villages were killing their infants. The practice of abortion and infanticide is always common among the weaker non-warlike or non-cannibal tribes of New Guinea, though unknown among the head hunters or cannibals. I accordingly went hurriedly to Cape Vogel by boat, and threatened and bullied the people on the subject of infanticide, and sent five women, who had murdered their babies, to gaol ; later, I had these women transferred to Port Moresby to serve their time, as there was better accommodation for female prisoners at Headquarters than at Cape Nelson. Some months afterwards, I received an indignant letter from the gaoler, asking whether I thought the Port Moresby gaol was a lying-in hospital, as all the imprisoned ladies had either added to the population or were about to do so.

At Mukawa, I found that, a day or so before my arrival, a large fleet of Maisina canoes had put in an appearance, bullying and blackmailing the inhabitants ; but upon hearing that I was hourly expected with the police, they had departed to raid elsewhere. Running up the coast before a fair wind, I sighted the fleet of canoes leaving a small island, but as they ran inshore I did not bother to follow them ; later, I found that an old chief, named Bogege, had been down the coast with a party of raiders, generally raising sheol. At the island, where I had sighted the canoes, he had landed and discovered a *bêche-de-mer* trader's house and Station, occupied by a man, his native wife, and a dozen Suau natives. The owner was away fishing ; but Bogege's men had outraged the women, beaten the boys, stolen everything they could lay their hands upon, and would probably have wound up their performances

with murder, but for my boat heaving in sight. I sent Bogege a polite message to the effect, that when I had time to attend to the Maisina, they would have something to remember ; to which he replied, "My people have taken the feathers off their spears." A civil Papuan declaration of war. The fight between Bogege and myself, however, came sooner than he expected, though, for the present, being delayed by pressure of more urgent work.

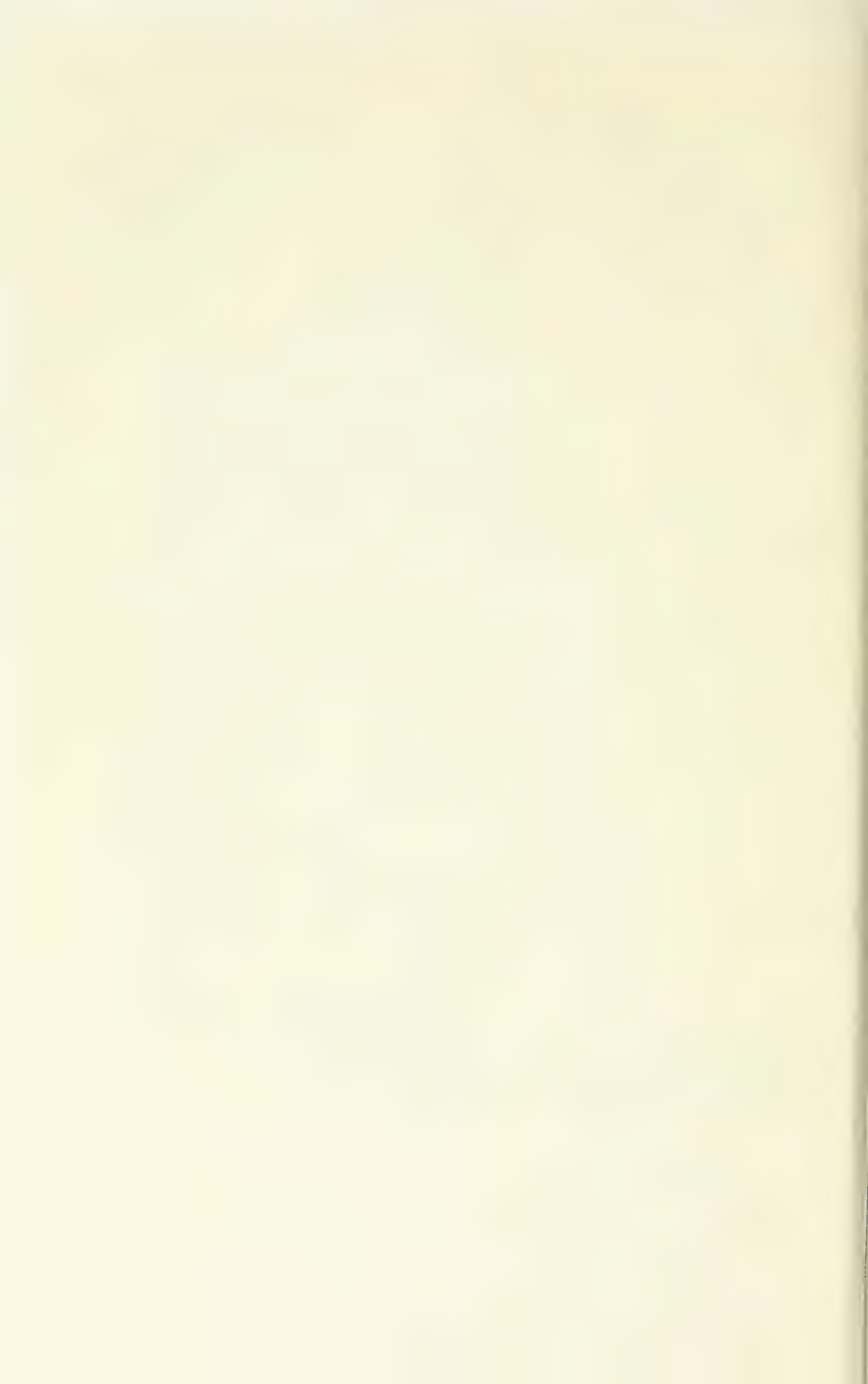
Briefly, the following required my immediate attention. Firstly, a tribe named the Mokoru, lying to the north of Cape Nelson, captured and ate a number of runaway Mambare carriers : they calmly told me that they would do the same to the police, if I interfered with them, but added, that I myself was so repulsively coloured that they would not dream of eating me, but would feed me to the pigs instead ! "Pigs having stronger stomachs than men !" Next, the Arifamu, to the south, ate some carriers and snapped up one of my constabulary ; he, however, escaped from them and was rescued by us. Then the Winiapi tribe, also in the south, plundered a trader's vessel and defied me. "The police are but women, and go clothed like women," was their reply to my demand that they surrender the offenders.

I fell upon the Mokoru first, and with good result. One dark night, Seradi piloted the whaler up a creek leading to the house of the principal chief, and we collared him and his son at dawn. The Mokoru, who lived in hamlets scattered over the grassy ridges, attempted to attack and ambush my force ; but in half an hour they had learnt so much about the effect of rifle fire in the open as to compel them to decide that eating carriers did not pay, and also, that they had better join the Kaili Kaili by throwing in their lot with the Government. The Mokoru chief we caught was named Paitoto ; he later turned out to be an excellent man, and I made him Government chief and village constable for his tribe. He told me one tale, however, that rather sickened me. "You remember," said Paitoto, "the morning you caught me, you were very bad and sick from fever ?" "Yes," I replied. "Poruta made you some soup in one of my small pots, from a pigeon he shot," he went on, "and you complained about the pot being greasy and made him scrub it very clean." "Well, what of it ?" I asked. "That was the pot in which my wife had made a stew of carriers' hands."

Paitoto only did about a fortnight's gaol, and was then released to take up his duties as v.c. Afterwards, he did a very plucky thing, when securing a sorcerer whom I badly wanted : having made the arrest, he locked one ring of the handcuffs on to the sorcerer and the other on to his own wrist ; and for fear that the sorcerer, on the journey, might over-awe him, he threw the key of the handcuffs over a precipice. Unfortunately, he then told



KALI KALI



the sorcerer such dreadful tales of what I should do to him, that the man hurled himself over a small cliff, carrying Paitoto with him ; with the result, that Paitoto's handcuffed arm was badly smashed, and I had an awful job repairing it.

At last the *Merrie England* turned up, weeks overdue, and renewed my supplies. She also brought Richard De Molynes, a brother-in-law of the then Governor-General of Australia, who was engaged hunting for lands suitable for sugar growing, on behalf of some syndicate or other : I believe the De Molynes brothers had previously gone in extensively for sugar planting in Queensland. He remained with me, as a guest, after the departure of the ship, in order to pursue his search throughout the north-east. The *Merrie England* also brought me old Bushimai and his son Oia, from the Mambare ; they had been sentenced to gaol for murder by the Central Court, but were now to be held by me at Cape Nelson on a sort of parole, during the Governor's pleasure. Bushimai had already broken out of the Port Moresby gaol, with five companions, and crossed the island to his home ; but of his five companions, only one remained, when he reached the Mambare ; and the fate of the others has always been shrouded in mystery. Bushimai said they died of exposure and cold on the high mountains ; but when I asked him what they had found to eat on the way, he told me that they had caught an alligator ! He may have caught an alligator ; but if so, it is the first alligator I have ever known or heard of as having its habitation on the side of a bleak mountain range ! Subsequently, after having been re-arrested, he also succeeded in escaping from the gaol at Tamata.

Bushimai was sent to my care at Cape Nelson at his own request. I now had one of his sons, Oia, in prison for manslaughter ; and Poruta (who was another) serving as a private in my detachment of constabulary. Bushimai, by all conventional rules, should have been my mortal enemy, as I had once flogged him for mutiny, and he had killed my brother magistrate ; but, as a matter of fact, we were always rather dear friends. He was allowed to bring one wife, and a small son, with him to Cape Nelson ; I made his wife matron to the gaol, and general over-looker of the wives of the police. Bushimai, on his first day at the Station, began by sitting on the steps of my house ; on the second day, he had oiled himself into my office, where he sat upon the floor, whilst I did my work or heard native cases, throwing in a little advice at intervals ; on the third day, he had made up his bed in my room ; and on the fourth day, he had picked out the largest axe on the Station, and was acting as general overseer and adviser. "The master," said Poruta, "gives an order, and hits us if we are not quick ; my father hits us first to make us quick."

I now found that a gold-prospecting party of miners had set their hearts on penetrating into the country to the south of Collingwood Bay, up a stream named the Laku, their cupidity having been excited by a tomahawk stone, which had been purchased by a trader in the Bay, and which was shot through with veins of gold. I knew quite well that if they went in alone among the uncivilized tribes they would only end in stirring up a lot of trouble for me; I therefore decided to escort them beyond the range of the coastal people. Accordingly I left for the Laku, accompanied by my police, De Molyne, the miners and their Suaus.

Arriving there, we camped on a low-lying sandy beach at the mouth of the river, in the midst of heavy rain. The stream rose and rose in height, until I became anxious as to the safety of my camp; and in order to make it quite secure, shifted, late in the evening, some four miles up stream on to higher and more solid country, and among the Kuveri people. The Kuveri were at first much alarmed at our incursion into their territory, and inclined from fear to be hostile; but at last, finding that we intended no harm, and instead of interfering with them, paid them well for any assistance they gave us, they became very friendly. They told us that they were shut in between the Maisina on one side, and the hostile Kikinaua tribe on the other: the former descended periodically upon them, and carried off all their best-looking young women, as well as levying a blackmail of pigs; while the latter tribe constantly swooped down on their villages, murdered and carried off—for culinary purposes—any one they could lay hands on. Our advent they had at first regarded as their crowning misfortune, thinking that we were yet another enemy. As they put it to me afterwards, they would have “run away at sight of my force, but had nowhere to run to.” I told the poor devils that, instead of adding to their woes, we would protect them from their enemies—a promise they at first apparently regarded as mere words. “The Maisina,” they said in awed accents—“the Maisina are very brave and very numerous.” Old Bushimai, who was sitting in my tent during the discussion and listening to it with growing impatience, got up and, leaving the tent, soon returned with his hand covered with biting crawling ants. “Look at this,” he said to the trembling deputation through the interpreter; “these things are even as the Maisina, and thus will we treat them.” Then with a couple of sharp smacks he smashed the ants, and sat down to smoke. That deputation left much impressed; meanwhile my sentries were being posted for the night.

We had a fine, clear, starry night, and the whole camp of tired men settled down for a comfortable rest. Bushimai slept

under my hammock. An hour before dawn, I awoke in a jumpy state of nerves, and called to Bushimai but got no reply. More and more jumpy, I got out of my hammock, buckled on my belts and revolver and, taking my rifle, walked out through the sleeping camp to the sentries; as I did so, I met Bushimai walking slowly backwards and forwards with his axe on his shoulder. "Why don't you sleep?" I asked him. "I felt danger in my sleep," he answered; "did you too?" "Yes," I replied, "I fear I don't know what." We both walked towards the sentries and met the sergeant. "Sergeant, why are you not asleep?" I asked; "the corporal is in charge of the sentries." "I cannot sleep, sir," he answered, "I woke feeling trouble; I should like to turn out the men, but there is no reason." Bushimai, the sergeant and I waited until dawn, roosting round a small fire, and watching the different men being relieved by a puzzled corporal; then, yawning, we went off to bed again.

Later, I learnt that the Maisina had heard I was camped at the mouth of the Laku—the camp I had vacated a few hours before—and had flung three separate bodies of men upon it just before dawn, only to find my expiring fires. Had we been in that camp, I am convinced that they would have smashed us, as we should have been taken by surprise. I leave it, however, to the psychologist to say why an attack upon a vacated camp should affect the nerves of men four miles distant, and why it should only affect the nerves of three men out of over one hundred.

The following morning we marched inland into uninhabited country. The three miners I was taking in and protecting were named Driscoll, Ryan, and Gallagher; three wild Irishmen, whose sole topic of conversation was the wrongs of Ireland, as extracted by them from a Fenian "History of Ireland" which they carried. De Molynes was fool enough to argue with them; but, after the first day, I confined myself to the society of my police and Bushimai, in consequence of being asked: "Phwat is the — Government making out of us?" I felt annoyed, as, at the time, I was feeding the men from my personal stores, and the Government was incurring considerable expense in protecting them during a search for gold for their own private benefit. "Blank, purse-proud Englishman, too stuck up to speak," I was then termed. As a matter of fact, I happened to have been born in New Zealand, and my pay was considerably less than that of any working miner in New Guinea.

We marched inland on a straight compass line, through jungle and forest, cutting a track as we went; De Molynes, some police and I were ahead, then followed a long line of carriers, then the miners and their boys, all brought up by a

rear-guard of police. At last we struck an extensive plain, covered with wild sugar-cane from ten to twelve feet high, through which we began to bore our way; the stuff grew as closely together as raspberry canes, was as dry as tinder, and as tough to cut as galvanized wire rope, the knives of the men rebounding from it like peas off a drum. We cut our tunnel through it for about a mile; then, noticing how extremely dry and inflammable it looked, I asked De Molynes how sugar-cane burnt. "Like a Jew dealer's over-insured second-hand old clo' shop," he remarked; "if this catches fire, we shall have less chance than a snowball in hell." I halted the line, called back to the rear-guard that there was to be no smoking, and any tinder carried by the carriers was to be put out at once; and again we went on. Suddenly, I heard an ominous crackling sound from behind and, gazing back, saw a black pall of smoke rising over the rear of the line; fortunately, there was little or no wind.

At once the long line of men in single file began to press hard on our heels, screaming with fright: frantic with rage, I joined the police in a solemn oath that, if we escaped, we would kill without mercy the man or men responsible for the fire. Then in frenzied haste we cut on, two men chopping until they fell from heat and exhaustion, then others dashing over their prostrate bodies, seizing their tools and taking their places, while behind came the ever-increasing roar of the fire. Old Bushimai toiled like a man possessed of devils, dashing repeatedly at the wall in front, and smashing with his axe, whenever the two choppers slackened for a moment in their efforts. At last, when the situation was apparently desperate, I sent word along the line to the constabulary to blow out their brains as the flames reached them, after shooting any carriers within their reach, who might prefer a bullet to roasting. Suddenly we cut into a cabbage tree, up which one of the men climbed. "Master," he yelled, "the fire comes fast and the cane extends for miles, but I see a green swampy patch with trees on the left, close to us." Magi, the man up the tree, extended his arm in the direction of the wet patch, and by it I took a compass bearing, along which we cut, emerging after about two hundred yards into an oasis formed by springs, of about two acres of green swampy land. Man after man struggled through by the cut track, until all were there; then, with our clothes saturated with water and plastered with mud, we buried our faces in moss and wet plants, and that stifling fire rolled past and over our sanctuary.

Once safe, I inquired into the cause of the fire: as I held the inquiry with my revolver pouch opened, and Bushimai standing alongside me fingering the edge of his axe, it was sufficiently impressive. "It was no fault of ours," said the

corporal in charge of the rear-guard, "it was these fools of white men, they lit it." I then found that, as my order that there should be no fire or smoking had been passed back in the vernacular, the white men had asked what was happening, and had been told in pidgin English, "It is about fire"; whereupon they had concluded that the advance was out of the cane on the far side, and wished the patch burned to make the homeward march easier, and had accordingly fired the cane before the police could prevent them.

At last we left the miners to their prospecting, in uninhabited country, and retraced our steps to the Laku camp among the Kuveri. These people told me that, during my absence, the Kikinaua had swooped upon them and killed several of the villagers, whilst at the same time the Maisina had sent in demanding the usual tribute of pigs and young women; the Kuveri, however, had declined to pay, relying upon the support of myself and the police. The Maisina, receiving no response to their demands, had then changed their tactics; professing extreme friendship towards the Kuveri, they suggested, that as the latter were on terms of friendship with me, they should humbug us and join with the Maisina in making a sudden attack upon my unsuspecting camp; a proposition that the Kuveri had the good sense to decline, and to report to me. I now had a very large bone to pick with the Maisina; but before I could do that, I had to break the Kikinaua, and render the Kuveri safe from inland attack by them. Accordingly, accompanied by many Kuveri, I marched on the first Kikinaua village.

After leaving the Kuveri district, I discovered that the Kikinaua lived across and in the midst of some particularly vile swamps, full of plants which possessed extremely long and sharp thorns. After passing the first swamp, we came to a strongly stockaded village named Aparu, which, I was informed by the Kuveri, was a colony pushed out by the Kikinaua, who appeared to be conquering and holding the country as they advanced. This village we passed, as it had been abandoned; we soon, however, approached a large village named Bonarua, the action of whose inhabitants did not leave much room for doubt as to the reception with which we were to meet at their hands. Yells of defiance were set up as soon as our approach was perceived, and preparations for a fight made by the natives. The village of Bonarua was one splendidly designed for defence, being approached through a long tunnel cut through dense undergrowth for about one hundred yards, down which one had to crawl bent nearly double, and up to one's knees in an unusually sticky mud: the tunnel ended at a strong stockade, behind which was a small square courtyard, backed by a second and much stronger stockade,

flanked by houses from which spears could be thrown on the heads of an enemy attempting to force the gate.

Finding that it was impossible to go round the stockade owing to the dense undergrowth, we rushed and carried the first one, the defenders hastily falling back on the second and stronger one of the two. The first attempt to take the second stockade failed, owing to some of the police being delayed at the first one. On the whole of the men, however, making a second rush at it, and Bushimai chopping away with his axe the plaited rope hinges of the heavy wooden stockade door, it was also carried, the defenders losing three men killed and two or three wounded. Four prisoners were taken. News of our coming had plainly been sent to the village, as no women or children were in it, nor any articles such as natives value; while large quantities of food were stacked inside the stockade, and many spears in the village itself. There were also many more men engaged in the fight than could have been furnished by the one village. The prisoners, upon being questioned, admitted having constantly raided in the Kuveri district; but pleaded in extenuation, that they themselves were constantly being raided and murdered by a mountain tribe at the back of the Kikinaua country, by whom they (the Kikinaua) were being driven in upon the Kuveri. Two of the prisoners were released to carry a message to their tribe, explaining why the visit had been made, and pointing out that the punishment received by them was the result of their own action in receiving us in an unfriendly manner. They were also informed that the two men taken away would be returned, as soon as friendly relations had been established between them and the Kuveri tribe. From what I could gather from the prisoners later on, it appeared that the Kikinaua were only attacked at long intervals of time by the Doriri mountaineers, and that they could then generally manage to defend their villages. Some time afterwards, the remaining two prisoners were returned, and a promise of Government assistance made to their tribe, should they in future be attacked by the Doriri. After this the Kikinaua and the Kuveri were the best of friends and allies.

Returning to the coast after dealing with the Kikinaua, I found that the Maisina bucks, and about a hundred of the Winiapi, had been raiding and generally playing hell on the coast as far south as Cape Vogel, though they had all now returned to their homes. I accordingly at once went to Uiaku, their chief village, where I succeeded in surprising them and grabbing half a dozen men concerned in the raiding. Whilst I was engaged in securing these men, however, I nearly lost one of my police, who incautiously ventured some distance from our main body and got cut off by the Maisina; fortunately, he

managed to get his back against a tree, and to defend himself until we rescued him. We had hardly saved this man, before the sound of firing from the whaleboat told me that the privates I had left in charge of her were in trouble; rushing back, we found that they had been attacked by a strong force of Maisina; they had immediately pushed out to sea, and from there, were firing upon their assailants. One of the arrested men was released and sent back to his friends, with a demand that the chiefs and others concerned in the recent raid should be surrendered to Government, and that the remainder of the tribe should at once lay down their arms; also, with an intimation, that obedience to this order would be compelled by force if necessary. No notice whatever was taken of this message, nor were any natives visible on the beach on the following morning. On proceeding down a bush track, two of the police were again attacked, and a general fight ensued; this fight continued for three days, with endless manœuvres on their part and counter-moves on mine: it ended in the hostile Maisina being driven through and out of a large swamp, which they evidently regarded as their great stronghold, with the loss of three killed and several wounded, they finally fleeing in a state of utter panic.

A second prisoner was then released and sent with a message to our late opponents, pointing out the futility of attempting to resist arrest by force of arms, as they had been doing; and allowing them a week in which to send in the offenders wanted in the matter of the coastal raid. Again no notice was taken by the Maisina people of the message. From the prisoners, I learnt later on, that Bogege, their principal chief, was mainly responsible for the raiding at Kuveri, and had personally conducted the party by whom the Station of the trader Clancy had been looted and his wife subjected to ill-usage. It was palpable that little could be done towards establishing order at Maisina, so long as Bogege went unpunished, and was at large to influence his people in resistance to Government authority. "Well," I thought, "in the meantime I'll cripple the raiding powers of the villains as much as I can," and, accordingly, destroyed every large canoe belonging to them that I could find.

Some little time later, I caught Bogege by a very lucky chance. He always knew when I was moving with anything like a force in his vicinity, and skipped for the sago swamps, where I could not find him; he was too strong for a village constable to arrest, or for me to do so, for that matter, except in strength. Bogege's capture came about in this way. A steamer came in from the Mambare, and the captain told me that a launch was coming up from Samarai in a couple of days. "Ah!" I thought, "as there

are a number of petty cases of theft, assault, and that sort of thing, to attend to at the Mission Station at Cape Vogel, I'll run down there in this vessel, clean up the work, and come back by the launch ; that will save me a good fortnight." Accordingly off I went, taking with me only a corporal, my orderly, and a private whom I had recruited at Cape Vogel as interpreter.

We arrived at Cape Vogel : I finished my work there, and at the end found myself with two men and three women prisoners, the latter for infanticide. The beastly launch never put in an appearance, and later I learnt she had broken her shaft. At last I went to the Rev. Samuel Tomlinson and borrowed his whaleboat ; it was the South-East season, and consequently a fair wind from Cape Vogel to Cape Nelson, so that my crew of three constabulary would be ample. "Who is going to look after the women ?" asked my corporal. "We may have to camp for two or three nights on the way." Private Agara, the Cape Vogel recruit, suggested that he should take his wife for that pleasant task, she being then in her village. This was really rather artful on the part of Agara, it being one for me and two for himself, as first year's men, such as he was, lived in the barracks, and were not allowed to have their wives with them ; while the married men of longer service lived in separate houses, and had altogether a better time. Agara knew that if he once got his wife landed into married quarters, the chances were that I could be persuaded into allowing her to remain. "Very good, bring your wife ; but remember she must return by the first vessel," I replied. Accordingly Mrs. Agara came with us.

We set sail, my argosy's complement consisting of myself, three constabulary, one acting wardress, two men and three women prisoners. While running up the coast, just off the Lakekamu River, as night was closing in, we met a Kuveri canoe, which Agara hailed ; he spoke to them for a few minutes, then turned to me and, with his eyes bulging with excitement, said, "They say Bogege is camped on a small island close to Uiaku, fishing ; he thinks you went to Samarai in the steamer." I sat and thought : months might elapse before I got such a chance again ; but then, only three fighting men with me, and a small whaleboat already cluttered up with prisoners ! Prudence told me to go on to Cape Nelson and get the detachment, common sense told me that by the time I had done that, Bogege would probably have heard of my return and retreated to a safer spot. "Ask them, Agara, if they know how many men he has with him." The reply came that, with the exception of two minor chiefs whom they named, they had not heard who was with him. The two men they mentioned I also wanted badly for certain devilries ; they acted as Bogege's lieutenants in most of his



SERGEANT BARIGI

villainies. "Any women or children with him?" I asked next. "We are not certain, but don't think so," was the reply. "Canoes?" I next queried. "Yes, some new big ones he has built, how many we don't know." "Hm!" I thought, "it may be a peaceful fishing party, but Bogege, his two chief scoundrels and new canoes, looks more like fresh devilment; especially as he thinks I am out of the way, and knows the police are all at Cape Nelson."

I looked at my men. "Well, shall we take Bogege? You have heard the tale; he may have fifty or he may have a hundred men with him, and we can't find out until we are amongst them." They looked at one another, then they looked at me; then Corporal Barigi said, "It is for you to say." "Yes, you mutton head," I snapped at him, "but what do you think?" "I don't think," he answered. "You say we are to try and take Bogege; all right, we try; you say Bogege too strong; all right, we go to Cape Nelson." At last I decided that the chance of catching the old scorpion was too good to lose, and told the police we would make the attempt; clearly they thought we were taking on the devil of a tall order, but even so, the prospect of an uncommonly good scrap pleased them. The men prisoners were then taken into our council; their villages had frequently been raided by our quarry, and they both hated and feared him. My plan was to approach the island at about an hour before dawn, find out by the fires on which side the natives were encamped, and then sneak up on the other side. The police and I would land with handcuffs, while the prisoners looked after the boat; if anything happened to us, they were to bolt at once for Cape Nelson, and there tell the constabulary what had occurred.

We sneaked up to the island in the dark, feeling our way on a falling tide, over the deep patches and channels of a wide coral reef. Then the four of us crept slowly across the island, until we found ourselves in a large camp of mostly sleeping natives; to locate Bogege was the work of a moment, while the camp awoke with a clamour. Agara and I got up to him. "Up with your hands, Bogege! The Government has come for you!" said Agara. Bogege saw the uniforms and rifles, and promptly surrendered, with the sole remark, "Those lying Winiapi told me that 'The Man' had gone to Samarai." ("The Man," by the way, was my name amongst the natives.) We got five other offenders as well, Agara yelling all the time to the natives, that they were covered by the rifles of the police hidden in the scrub. Then we marched our handcuffed gang back to the whaleboat, and dumped them in, just as the remaining natives discovered our weakness and the bluff we had put up, and flew for their spears.

The whaleboat was now so far aground that, with her increased load, we could not hope to get her off before dawn, which was fast approaching. Hastily pulling out my revolver, I handed it to Mrs. Agara, ordering Agara to tell Bogege and his fellow prisoners that Mrs. Agara would shoot them, and the Cape Vogel prisoners knock out their brains with tomahawks, if they attempted to escape or take part in the coming fight. As they were all linked together with handcuffs, they were fairly helpless.

The three police and I went ashore again, and took cover between the boat and the now thoroughly incensed natives; a scrappy, desultory fight then took place, lasting until daylight. Neither side could see the other; the scrub, the dark and general uncanniness of the thing, confused the natives and prevented them from charging. Spears thrown at random, or at our rifle flashes, rattled amongst us and the stones and bushes in which we were sheltering; whilst every now and then a yelp or a falling body told that some of our shots were taking effect. As soon as dawn broke the natives drew off a little; whereupon we rushed our whaler out a couple of hundred yards over the reef, Bogege and his fellows being made to wade and haul with the rest. We then hastily pulled round the island to where Bogege's camp was situated; here, standing off in deep water, at about a hundred yards' range, the police made such practice that, in a few minutes, the now thoroughly demoralized natives bolted across the island. Covered by our rifles, our two Cape Vogel prisoners then landed, and chopped holes with tomahawks in the bottoms of about a dozen large canoes. Then, very pleased indeed with ourselves, we hurried home as fast as sail and paddle could drive us to Cape Nelson; the two Cape Vogel prisoners had taken some paddles from Bogege's canoes, so he and his friends had the pleasure of speeding their way to gaol with their own paddles.

On the way back, Agara thought he would take advantage of my pleased mood to broach the subject of his wife remaining permanently on the strength at the Station. "My wife was very useful last night," he began, "she is a very clever, hard-working woman; she can wash clothes better than any of the wives of the police at the Station, white clothes and tablecloths and things like that. Mrs. Tomlinson taught her at the Mission." "It must be very pleasant for you to have a wife like that," I remarked, apparently not rising to the occasion. "Yes, sir! Yes, sir! But I thought perhaps you might like her to remain with me at the Station to wash your clothes." "Yes, Agara, but you know 'ten bobbers' are not allowed on the strength." ("Ten bobbers" are first year's men at 10s. a month.) Agara's face fell as he repeated this to his wife, who had been hopefully watching us, and trying to follow the conversation; great tears rolled down

that lady's face and fell splash on the gunwale. "Tell your wife, Agara, that if she howls now, I'll put her with the sergeant's wife, and you in barracks." Agara, snuffling slightly himself, told her; whereupon she scandalized every one by hurling herself into the bottom of the boat and howling dismally. "Corporal, will you kindly tell this husband of a contumacious and mutinous wife, that though 'ten bobbars' are not allowed wives, full privates are; and that after last night he is a full private at a pound." Mrs. Agara dried her tears, while Agara showed his gratitude by quite unnecessarily assisting my orderly to clean my belts and arms.

A few days after my return to the Station, a large number of Maisina canoes appeared and landed some minor chiefs, by whom I was informed that the Maisina desired to make peace with the Government, and would consent to the appointment of a village constable; they brought with them the son of a late very prominent chief as a candidate for the office. The man was given the appointment, and subsequently I had little trouble with that people; individual crime, of course, took place, but organized collective communal crime, such as raiding and plundering, became a thing of the past, and the coastal people enjoyed a security previously undreamt of by them.

Bogege and his friends were sentenced to six months' imprisonment; after which, as he then saw the error of his ways, I made him also a village constable.

CHAPTER XIX

ONE day, whilst I was busily engaged with my police in the erection of our Station buildings, I being, as I thought, the only European within miles of Cape Nelson, I was told that a diminutive whaleboat, with a white man and a native woman as its sole crew, was crawling up to the Station ; and soon Mr. Ernie Patten, late ship's boy on the *Myrtle* and prisoner at Samarai, appeared. "What the devil are you doing here?" I asked. "This coast is no place for solitary traders." "Trading for bêche-de-mer and black-lipped shell with a tribe called Winiapi, just south of the Cape," he replied, "and been doing well." "You are mad," I told him. "I have no village constable at or near that point, and the Winiapi are particularly unsafe at present. I cannot guarantee you even the slightest measure of protection there ; in fact, I have a large bone to pick with them on my own account." "I go at my own risk," he said, "and there is no law to prevent me." "Very true," I answered ; "if you are determined to commit suicide, I can't stop you. I'll send a message to the Winiapi though, that if you should happen to get killed by them, I will bring all the constabulary, Kaili Kaili, and Mokuru, and fight them at once ; the trouble is, that they think they are safe among the gorges, rugged hills, and spurs of Mount Trafalgar. That is the best I can do for you, and I warn you that it is a poor best. Now, what do you want with me ? I presume this is not a social call." "A divorce from my wife," he replied. "Who married her to you ?" I asked. Patten told me, and I looked up the name of the man, and the Gazette notices of those empowered to celebrate marriages, and found it. "The Governor, Council, and all the Courts of New Guinea can't undo that marriage," I told him ; "or, so far as I know, any Court in the world. In the Royal Letters of Instruction, granting our Constitution, it is expressly stated that no Ordinance permitting divorce shall be passed by Legislative Council. You had better fix up things with your wife, or tell me all about it ; has she been going wrong ?"

"It was like this," said Patten. "My wife went ashore in a small canoe we had got from the natives to cook our dinner, and

took my revolver with her ; she was a long time, and suddenly noticed that she had gone to sleep alongside the cooking fire. I yelled at her, and threw a piece of ballast that got her in the ribs." "What did you say to her?" I asked curiously. "I said, 'You black daughter of a bitch, come and get a hiding.' She said, 'You —— ! —— ! —— ! —— !'" (Here some awful language came.) "I got a rope's end and showed it to her, then I started to pull up the anchor to shove the boat ashore, when she said, 'You —— ! —— ! Stop it !' and ups with the revolver and lets fly at me. I dodged below the gunwale, and every time I put my head up, she lets go at me again ; she kept me like that for hours, until I swore that I would not touch her." "How did you swear?" I asked, wondering what sort of oath this interesting couple would consider binding. He told me ; it is not fit to be set down here, being a weird compound of blasphemy and obscenity. "Fetch your wife, Patten," I told him, and he did so. "Mrs. Patten, what do you mean by potting at your husband?" "I am tired of being hided on the bare skin with a rope's end," replied that injured lady. "Well, Patten," I remarked, "the only thing that I can see for it, is to shove you both into gaol : you, for licking your wife ; her, for shooting at you. I can make you both very useful ; but, of course, you will occupy separate cells, and will not be allowed to see one another." Patten and his missus gazed dismally at me, then at one another, and then jawed rapidly together in Suau, a language I don't understand. At last Patten said, "We want to make it up, please let us off." Mrs. Patten also clamoured to be let off, and turned on tears. "All right ; clear out, the pair of you," I said ; "but don't let me hear any more of rope's ending or revolver practice." Patten then asked me to store the collection of shell and trepang he had already got, and also to lend him some trade goods. The reunited couple then left, to resume their dangerous trade.

The next thing I saw or heard of this pair, was their re-appearance, some time later, in a very distressed condition. The Winiapi had one day seized, tied up and beaten Patten, outraged his wife, and, after plundering his boat, turned them adrift in her ; they had then fallen in with a Kaili Kaili canoe, whose crew had assisted them to make my Station. The Winiapi had not killed them, for fear of my vengeance ; but had decided that, if they were merely ill-treated and looted, I should not bother my head about such palpably poor and unimportant people.

I was on the point of starting with Patten for Winiapi, wher the *Merrie England* hove in sight, with Sir George Le Hunte and Barton, the Commandant, on board ; and his Excellency decided to come with me. I took a couple of Kaili Kaili with us to act as interpreters, and, upon our arrival at Winiapi, induced

the Governor to allow me to go first into the bush with these two men and endeavour to get into communication with the people, before they skipped for the hills. I had gone some distance inland, when the Kaili Kaili said it was not good enough, and refused to go without the police ; accordingly I sent one back with a note for Barton, asking him to send on my detachment. He, Captain Harvey of the *Merrie England*, and all the constabulary, followed at once, leaving the Governor behind, as the country was too rough and hilly for him ; Patten also came with them to point out his assailants. At last I, or rather the remaining Kaili Kaili with me, induced a number of Winiapi to come and talk, while the police silently sneaked up ; Barton, Harvey and I, having got the natives engaged in conversation, Patten appeared and indicated about six of the offenders among the crowd. At the sight of Patten they tried to make a bolt, but too late ; one of Harvey's sailor fists shot out and took the man nearest to him in the eye, knocking him over, whereupon Harvey sat upon him and pounded him into submission ; several others were caught by the police. War horns now blew and drums beat ; but though there was a large crowd of natives at a short distance, they were apparently not inclined to try conclusions with us, and at length we departed, with our prisoners, unmolested. Patten, who had suffered a severe fright, now decided, much to my relief, to confine his trading operations on the north-east coast to localities such as Capes Nelson and Vogel, where village constables were established ; but I continued my feud with the Winiapi, after the *Merrie England* had departed with the Governor and Barton.

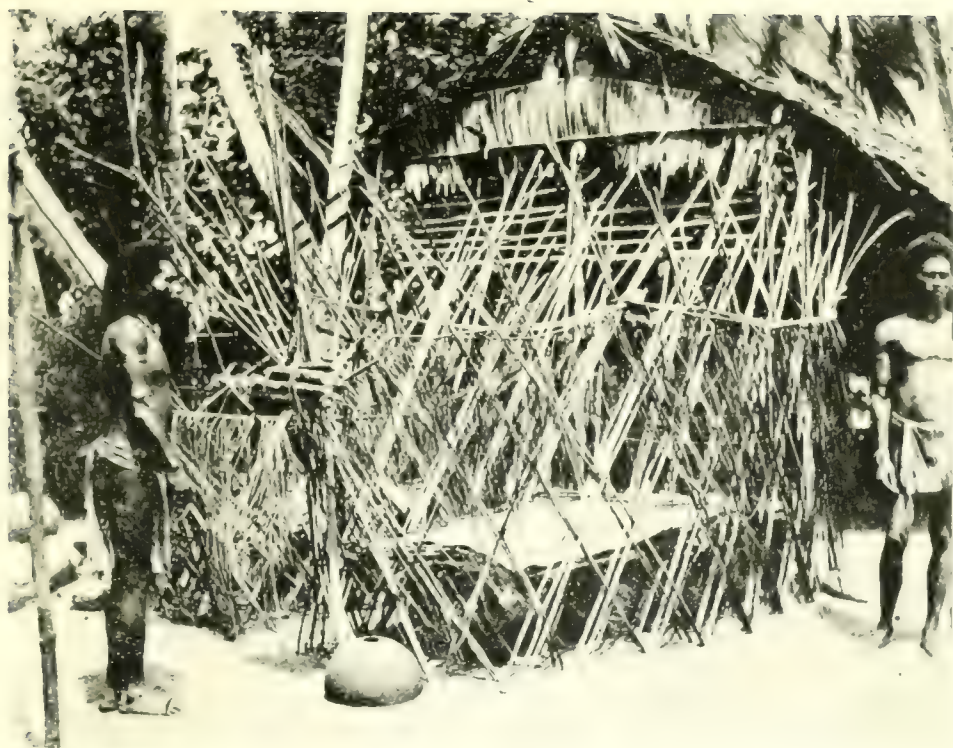
They retaliated for the capture of the men responsible for the Patten outrage, by murdering in cold blood an Arifamu man who was friendly to the Government ; I then chased them over their hills and looted their gardens, but could not catch a single man, for they were much too smart to meet me in open fight. This time they had their revenge by killing and eating some Mambare carriers, whereupon I seized and destroyed as many of their canoes as I could lay my hands upon ; they then built fresh ones and hid them. At last I seized their fishing grounds and boycotted them ; threatening with severe punishment any tribe, living to the north or south of Winiapi, whom I might find trading or having any relations with them, and offering a reward for any Winiapi native caught outside his own district and brought to me. The result was, that they became afraid to venture forth in small parties to fish or visit other tribes, lest they should encounter a village constable from an adjacent tribe, who would most assuredly have summoned help and hauled them away to the Government Station. After being thus bottled up

in their own district for some time, the Winiapi tribe became rather tired of this state of affairs; and they soon sent their principal chief, with about one hundred followers, to promise to obey the laws in the future, and to request that the chief's son should be made a village constable.

About this time, April, 1901, I received loud squeals and complaints from the Maisina; they said in effect, "You have broken us and prevented us from fighting other people, but we have lost over thirty men by attacks from the Doriri in the last few months, and very many people by them before that; if others are to be protected from us, surely we should be defended from our enemies." I was now placed in a very awkward position. The Maisina's appeal for help was a very natural one: if they were forced to obey the laws and behave themselves, they were quite justified in requiring the power forcing them into that position, to see that others also complied with the same conditions; but I had only fifteen constabulary to police a large Division, and I had no assistant officer, or responsible person, to leave in charge of my Station. The Doriri were a mere name, in so far as Government was concerned; no one knew their strength, the locality they inhabited, or anything else about them. All we knew definitely was that a previous expedition, under Sir Francis Winter, Captain Butterworth the Commandant, and Moreton, R.M., had utterly failed to reach their country or deal with them, and left as a record of its sole result, a surmise by Sir Francis Winter, "that the Doriri were a tribe inhabiting the Upper Waters of the Musa River." This was a very vague geographical definition, for the Musa River split into three widely divergent branches, namely, the Adaua, the Domara, and the Moni; the Doriri, therefore, might be five, ten, or twenty days' journey inland, over uninhabited country.

Still, something had to be done, if the prestige of the Government was to be upheld; and I knew that every tribe was now watching to see what that something would be. "I will soon go to the country of the Doriri and break them," I told the Maisina, "but you must find me carriers." "If you go to the land of the Doriri," was the unbelieving reply, "we will find you carriers." "Yes," I said, "and you will bolt at night, leaving me in the lurch, as you did when Sir Francis Winter trusted you. Now, you are distinctly to understand this: when I go after the Doriri, I am going to find them and fight them; if you people desert and prevent me from finding and fighting them, I shall come back and fight you instead, and anything the Doriri have done to you in the past will be as nothing in comparison to what I shall make you suffer." "We will see," said the Maisina, "when you go after the Doriri, instead of talking."

Shortly afterwards the *Merrie England* came in, with the Governor, Sir Francis Winter, Captain Barton, and a strong force of constabulary on board. I went to Sir George Le Hunte, taking with me a list of the more recent Doriri outrages. "Something must be done at once, sir, to stop these marauders ; I can go with my men, but I am not strong enough ; also it is work requiring a second officer," I reported. His Excellency and Sir Francis Winter discussed the matter, and then the Governor said, "You can have Captain Barton and his police, for the Doriri apparently require attention urgently. Discuss the matter with the Commandant." "What are you going to do when you find the Doriri, Monckton?" asked Barton. "Demand the surrender of the men responsible for the more recent murders," I replied. "I won't bother about anything that took place more than two months ago." "If you don't get them, what then?" asked Barton. "Shoot and loot," I answered laconically. "I don't think we should do anything of the sort," said Barton. "I think that we should warn the people that they must not raid the coastal tribes." "Rats!" I said. "They would regard us then as fools, and promptly come and butcher a score or two more of people living under my protection. The only way you can stop these beggars hunting their neighbours with a club, is to bang them with a club." Sir George and Sir Francis sat silently listening to our conversation, and afterwards in our official minutes of instruction I found this embodied : "In the event of your finding the natives, and their opposing you, you will take such steps as may be necessary to bring them into submission ; if they do not show opposition, you will use your best efforts to bring them into friendly intercourse, but in any case you will arrest or require the delivery of the principals concerned in the recent murders of the Wanigela natives (nine people). I have carefully considered the different views I have heard expressed as to this, and I am satisfied that, under the circumstances, the right course is to exercise the power of the Government by doing its duty in bringing them to trial if possible, whatever views may subsequently be taken of their having been accustomed to make their murderous raids without knowing that they were breaking the laws of a power of which they knew nothing . . . it will produce a more lasting effect than merely telling the natives that they are not to do it again and returning without any visible results." "Thank the Lord for that," I remarked to myself, as I read the instructions ; "if we had gone in and been defied by the Doriri, as we inevitably shall be, and then had contented ourselves with telling them to be good children, I should have been the laughing-stock of every tribe on the coast, and especially the Maisina." This was my



GRAVE OF WANIGELA, SUB-CHIEF OF THE MAISINA TRIBE.



KAILI KAILI DANCING.

first experience of Barton's extremely humane and, as I thought, mistaken feelings. "Is it not better," I once urged him, "that a blood-thirsty cannibal should be hanged, or some of his crime-stained followers shot, than that a peaceful district of husbandmen should be raided, their houses burnt, and men, women and children slaughtered and eaten? Not to speak of the indescribable suffering and torture, both mental and physical, that the wretched victims often undergo." Barton agreed, but it did not alter his nature: he was a man who instinctively shrank from inflicting suffering in any form; if he had been a surgeon, and a patient had come to him suffering from cancer, rather than cause him pain by using the knife, he would put off the inevitable until too late to be of any material benefit, and thus the patient would have died.

The dispatch of the expedition was now decided upon; the only questions remaining to be settled were, firstly, the route to be followed, and, secondly, its transport. At first I was decidedly of the opinion that the best route would be the one previously followed by me through the Kuveri District, when escorting the miners, and then to strike, from the end of my cut track, north-east towards the head waters of the Musa; this route, though longer, would avoid the swamps which I believed, at the time, entirely surrounded the coastal district of the Maisina and Collingwood Bay. From later inquiry, however, among the Maisina, I found that they knew of a track which led from their principal village of Uiaku, and which would in one day carry us clear of the swamp, and effect a very considerable shortening of the distance. This route was accordingly determined upon. The next question was one of carriers: though the Maisina were freely offering for the work, I had my doubts as to whether they would not desert me, as they had Sir Francis, if I got into a position of difficulty or danger; and an expedition in New Guinea, deserted by its carriers, much resembled the position of a stage coach without its horses.

I now wanted advice, and wanted it badly; but the advice I wanted I knew could only be supplied by my own people, and not by the Governor, Judge or Commandant. Accordingly I sent for Giwi of the Kaili Kaili and Paitoto of the Mokoru, and, with my sergeant, called them into consultation. "You know the Doriri," I began, "they are bad people?" Giwi and Paitoto said in effect that the wickedness of the Doriri was beyond belief, but that they were uncommonly good fighting men. "Well," I remarked, "I am going to smash the Doriri and make good people of them; but it is essential that when I find their country, I have full supplies, and my constabulary in first-class fighting order: to ensure that, I must have men I can rely upon to carry the

camp equipment, stores, and ammunition ; the constabulary can't fight if they are burdened with that. Can I rely upon the Maisina for the work ?" "No," was the unhesitating reply ; "but you can upon the Kaili Kaili and Mokoru ; the Maisina are too much afraid of the Doriri to be reliable. Take fifty men from our people for the actual work among the Doriri, and the Maisina can carry as far as the borders of the Doriri country and then be sent back. Our people can't bolt, if you get into trouble, for they will have nowhere to run to." "Very good," I said, "pick me out about fifty good men from your tribe to come with me, and I will fill up from among the Maisina." Then Giwi said, "I am getting old and too stiff for such work as you have on hand, but I will send my son, Mukawa, and some chosen men with you." Paitoto said, "I am neither old nor stiff, and can well use spear and war club, and go with you. I, myself, will lead my men ; but for my greater honour among my people, give and teach me how to use the fire spear of the white man." "Good," I said, "you are two brave men ; it shall be as you say. Sergeant, give Paitoto a rifle and detail a man to teach him to shoot."

Accordingly, on the 5th April, 1901, Captain Barton and I marched out of Uiaku village in Collingwood Bay, in quest of the Doriri, at the head of 159 men, 20 of whom were regular constabulary, 6 village constables (armed), and about 50 Kaili Kaili and Mokoru, the balance being composed of Maisina and Collingwood Bay natives. I think that, up to this date, this was the best organized and most carefully thought-out punitive expedition that had ever been dispatched by a New Guinea Government. In one respect, however, we were handicapped, and that was that, owing to the non-arrival of the s.s. *President* with stores for the expedition, I was obliged to purchase a quantity of rice from the miners (to whom I have previously referred as being left in the Kuveri District, and who were now abandoning their quest), and this rice, instead of being packed in fifty-pound mats, was contained in sacks weighing altogether seventy-five pounds, a cruel load for one man, and too little for two carriers ; unfortunately we had no extra mats or bags to divide it up into again. The Kaili Kaili, however, came to my rescue, by expressing themselves as able and willing to carry the heavy bags, until they were reduced by daily consumption. The Kaili Kaili and Mokoru were from first to last ideal carriers, never grumbling or complaining at hard work, and quite prepared to follow anywhere or do anything, and forming a pleasing contrast to the Maisina, who began to suffer from nerves the moment that we had fairly set our faces towards the country of the Doriri. We purposed sending back the Maisina as soon as the food they carried was

exhausted, and then to rely entirely upon the Kaili Kaili and Mokoru.

The Maisina guided us by a winding and villainous track, across a pestilential sago swamp, humming with mosquitoes ; the track in places was like a maze, for the purpose of confusing the Doriri when attempting to follow it to the coast ; it was set at intervals with deadly spear pits, *i.e.* deep holes, the tops of which were masked and the bottoms studded with firmly fixed, sharp-pointed spears—pleasing contrivances arranged by the Maisina for the benefit of their Doriri visitors. At length we emerged into solid country of jungle and forest, and camped upon the bank of a narrow, rapid, and clear river. I regret to say that, in his official report, Captain Barton subsequently referred to my carriers as “crude savages of the wildest kind !” They certainly did yell and dance, and indulge in mimic warfare, half the night, until at my request they were rudely thumped by either their chiefs or village constables ; but that was merely light-heartedness ! Upon the following morning we resumed our march, the constabulary now cutting our own track on a compass line through heavy jungle and forest, until we came to a river bed of some two hundred yards in width, down the middle of which a rapid torrent flowed. This we forded by extending a long light cotton rope, and all hanging on to it together, until the expedition resembled a straggling long-legged centipede. Upon the other side, we found our track-cutting much obstructed by masses of fallen trees, that had been blown down by a whirlwind. In the early afternoon, we struggled out of the tangle of timber on to the banks of a watercourse, that was much wider than the last, and were here told by the Maisina that we could not reach any further water before night ; we accordingly camped, in order to have a clear day in which to cross the supposed waterless track. This statement afterwards proved to be a lie on the part of the Maisina, who were beginning bitterly to repent having been fools enough to consent to venture near the Doriri, and wanted to prevent us from going any further. I think though, that we should have been forced to camp in any case, as Barton had developed some colicky pains in his tum-tum, which later turned into a mild attack of dysentery.

The river we were camped upon, the Wakioki, is a most extraordinary stream : its waters are of a greyish milky colour, and highly charged with some fine substance which does not precipitate when the water is allowed to stand ; the consistency of the water was that of thin treacle, and not that of water in which a man could swim. A private slipped in his leg and foot, withdrawing them immediately, and the water dried upon his skin like a coating of whitewash. This was the point at which Sir Francis

Winter was deserted by the Maisina, in his attempt to reach and deal with the Doriri. The country here was full of wild pigs, cassowary, wallaby, and the enormous Goura pigeon, a bird nearly as big as a turkey; duck and pigeon of all sorts were plentiful, and the Kaili Kaili carriers spent a happy afternoon hunting. Grubs, snakes, pigs, etc., all were game to them, and vanished down their ever-hungry gullets. The Maisina hung about the camp, listening with apprehensive ears to every distant sound. Two of the constabulary, who had gone scouting in advance, returned at night and reported having discovered fresh human footprints; these, the Maisina said, certainly belonged to the Doriri, as no Collingwood Bay native would venture so far inland; and, from the nearness to the coast, they thought the Doriri must be bent on mischief.

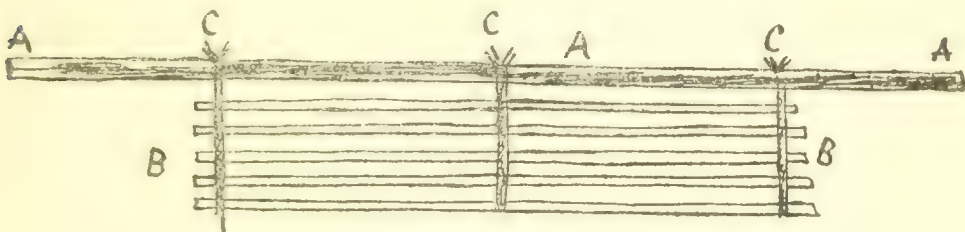
Here was a pretty pickle! What were we to do? If we went straight on, and there was a Doriri war party in the neighbourhood, they would probably fall upon the Collingwood Bay villages, from which we had drawn the best of the fighting men, and generally play the devil, while we were laboriously wending our way to their country. At last we decided to follow the footprints found by the police; and, in the event of their leading us to a Doriri war party, fall upon and destroy that party, or at all events drive it from the vicinity of Collingwood Bay, before proceeding on our journey. Much of the country here showed signs of extensive periodic inundation. Next day we struck camp at dawn, and marched for the point at which the police had found the footprints, Barton's tum-tum being better, having been treated with brandy, and lead and opium pills. Late in the afternoon, after marching over rough, well-watered country, we came to a stream running into a much larger one, and upon the banks of which we discovered a freshly erected lean-to bush shelter, such as are used by travelling natives, and a large number of newly cut green boughs of trees, which had been used for making crude weirs for catching fish. From the bush shelter, there led away in a westerly direction—the direction of the land of the Doriri—a plainly defined hunting track; this track we followed, until it was time to camp for the night, finding everywhere signs of the recent prolonged occupation by natives of the country through which we were passing. As we pitched camp, we sent out some constabulary scouts, and they returned after dark bringing with them some burning fire sticks, and reported that upon the bank of the Wakioki they had discovered some large lean-to shelters, only just vacated, and with the cooking fires still burning in them.

Upon the following day we marched for this spot, and found the shelter, as described by the police, situated at the junction of



CAPTAIN F. R. BARTON, C.M.G.

the Buna and Wakioki Rivers. Here, by the size of the shelter and the number of footprints, we came to the conclusion that it had contained about thirty Doriri, who were probably attached to a much larger party. We discovered here a curious and most ingenious contrivance, in the shape of a litter, for conveying a sick or wounded man. It consisted of a pole about eight feet long, passed through three hoops or circles of rattan about two feet apart, the hoops being thus suspended from the pole when carried on men's shoulders; round the inside of the circumference of the lower semi-diameter of the circles or hoops, longitudinal strips or battens of finely split palm were lashed, forming a soft and springy litter, upon which an injured man could suffer very little from jolting on the roughest track, or from out of which it was impossible to fall, or, with any precaution at all on the part of the bearers, sustain any injury; the central hoop was made to unfasten at the top, plainly as a means of placing a man inside with least effort to himself. I have made a rough sketch of the contrivance, which is decidedly superior to any form of hand ambulance I have ever read of.



AAA. Carrying pole.

BB. Lathes of split palm.

CCC. Coir rope interlaced through lathes made to untie at pole.

The Maisina now said that the Doriri had undoubtedly gone down to the extensive sago swamps surrounding the Collingwood Bay villages; but careful scouting, and full examination of the direction of the Doriri footprints, which we now found to be very numerous, all showed that they led up the Wakioki towards their own country. We were now of the opinion that possibly the Doriri had discovered our presence, and were retreating upon their own villages; in any case, they were moving in that direction. Pursuit, and that by forced marches, was now the order of the day. With far-flung scouts, endeavouring to locate the Doriri ahead, we began the chase, straining the endurance of the carriers to the last ounce; the rear-guard of six constabulary and four village constables mercilessly drove on the skulking Maisina, or helped the truly failing Kaili Kaili with his load.

The bed of the Wakioki, up which we were now proceeding, is of a most remarkable nature. It varies in width from 300 to 600 yards, the banks being difficult to define, owing to the dense

overgrowth of young casuarina trees, through which many channels flow. Gaunt, dead and dying casuarinas of huge size reared their enormous bulk from the torn, boulder-strewn bed of the river; huge tree trunks and lumps of wood, the bark stripped from them, and polished by eternal friction, lay everywhere. In one place, where Mount MacGregor descends to the river, the foot of the mountain was cut sheer off, as though cleanly severed by the axe of some superhuman giant. It was evident that the floods, which overwhelmed the country, fell as rapidly as they rose, for light and heavy tree trunks were deposited at every point, from the highest to the lowest; the fall of the watercourse, where we first met it, was about one foot in two hundred, and it increased in steadily growing gradient as we ascended. We came to the conclusion (the right one, as I afterwards ascertained on the second Doriri Expedition) that the floods and inundations were due to enormous land-slips or avalanches, comprised of hundreds of thousands of tons of rock, earth, and timber, suddenly descending from Mount MacGregor into the narrow gorge of the Wakioki, which skirted its spurs, thus blocking and damming the river, until its growing weight and strength burst the barriers and swept in one devastating wave over the lower country. The colour and consistency of the river were due, I found out later, to a wide stream of clayey substance, flowing from Mount MacGregor, between rocky walls, into the river.

Early in the afternoon, we reached a point near the gorge from which the Wakioki emerged; and there the track scrambled up a loose boulder-strewn bank about thirty feet high, up which we likewise clawed. Here we found, that though young casuarinas were growing there, it yet bore signs, in the shape of boulders, drift-wood and tree trunks, of being the bed of the river. We found many Doriri shelters, that had only just been vacated, and still had the fires burning in them. Here we pitched camp, right under the magnificent Mount MacGregor, and gazed at the mountain pines on its spurs, towering high above the surrounding tall forest trees. Our day had been an interesting one: sometimes we were marching over huge loose boulders, sometimes wading through a wet cream-cheesy sort of pipe-clay, sometimes making our way over a hard-baked cement of the same stuff, full of cracks, and throwing off a dry and penetrating dust under our feet, which clogged our sweating skins and choked our panting lungs; over all of which came the distant angry voices of the likewise sweating rear-guard, as they "encouraged" the labouring carriers to keep up with the column.

Shortly after our pitching camp, a violent thunder-storm rolled down upon us from the mountains; streaks of vivid fork lightning being succeeded by instantaneous claps of thunder, the whole

being followed by a torrential burst of rain; the river rose rapidly, and the grinding roar of the enormous rolling boulders, swept before its flood, made a din indescribable. The carriers whimpered with funk, and I called in the sentries, feeling that that awful storm and night were more than mortal man, standing at a solitary post, could be expected to endure. I was also firmly convinced that no human being, Doriri or otherwise, would be fool enough to be abroad on such a night. We struck camp very early the next morning, only too glad to get away from such a storm-torn, uncanny spot. After marching a few miles, we found a Doriri track leaving the Wakioki, and leading across the Didina ranges towards the Doriri country at the head of the Musa River. The Maisina were now blue with funk, and we greatly feared that they would bolt; but curses from us, threats from the constabulary, and jeers from the Kaili Kaili, who told them that if they left us, they (the Kaili Kaili) would make them the laughing-stock of the coast as a set of women and weaklings, made them pluck up their courage enough still to follow us. We found growing on this track an extraordinary tough climbing bamboo, of a vine-like nature, which, when cut with a knife, oozed from each joint about a wineglassful of clear sweet water.

A severe march went on all day. Barton, who had now added a very bad toothache to dysentery, was in command of the advance, and feeling hard with his scouts for touch with the Doriri party ahead; I was in charge of the rear-guard, and was severely driving the fearful Maisina carriers. Night was closing in, the head of the line had halted to camp, when back to me came an orderly, with a message from Barton. "Hurry up; we are within touch of the Doriri." The Maisina, on hearing the magic word Doriri, rushed like scared rabbits for the camp. Upon the rear-guard coming up with me, Barton told me that the scouts ahead had seen a man up a tree, who was calling to a party of Doriri ahead of him. The Maisina now fairly collapsed with fright, and begged us to go back, saying that we should all be eaten if we stayed. Barton and I consulted as to what was to be done with them: to send them back was our best course, but then, if by any remote chance there happened to be any Doriri left in the country we had traversed, they would stand a good chance of being cut to pieces, as we could not weaken our force, on the eve of a fight, by detaching constabulary to escort them. They, however, settled the question for themselves. Fearful as they were of going on with us into the land of the dreaded Doriri, they were still more afraid of leaving us and having to follow a lonely road back; finding that we were determined to go on, and that the constabulary and Kaili Kaili apparently treated

the Doriri with contempt, they quaveringly said they would follow.

We felled trees, and made our camp as strongly defensive as possible; needless to say, the Maisina required no pressing to do their share of this work, but toiled like veritable demons, clearing scrub and dragging trees into a stockade, long after the order had been given, "That will do the camp; post the night guard." Everything now pointed to the one conclusion, and that was that if the party, on whose heels we had followed all the way from Collingwood Bay, did not include the actual murderers by whom the murders of six weeks ago had been committed, it undoubtedly consisted of the tribe by whom innumerable murders had been done previously, and who had kept a whole district in a state of tension and misery for years. We were now right on the borders of the Doriri country, for during the day we had ascended the summit of the Didina Range, which formed the watershed between the streams of Collingwood Bay and the Musa River. We had then crossed a fine plateau and descended a small stream flowing towards the Musa, which suddenly fell, by a series of cascades, over a precipice into a valley; the track made a difficult circuit round this cascade, and when we had descended into the valley we found the bottom covered with stagnant water, forming a veritable quagmire, impassable to our heavily laden men, although the Doriri had somehow or other gone through it. Round this, we found it necessary to cut a siding, which led us to the banks of the Ibinamu, the most eastern affluent of the Musa River, which rose in Mount MacGregor and was now seen by Europeans for the first time. The Maisina guides had long since left the country with which they were acquainted, and in any case would have been quite useless from fright.

While in camp that night, Barton and I consulted together. There appeared to us to be very little doubt, that the party just ahead of us must be now quite aware of our presence in their vicinity, and be laying their plans accordingly; as a matter of fact, we found out afterwards that they were in a state of blissful ignorance. It never for one moment entered the heads of the Doriri that any possible danger could come to them from the cowed people of Collingwood Bay, and Government or police they had merely heard of as a sort of vague fable; of the effect of rifle fire they knew nothing, and with spears they had never as yet met their match. "What are we going to do now?" said Barton. "Capture or entirely destroy the party ahead," I replied. "I hate scientifically slaughtering unfortunate savages, who are quite ignorant of a sense of wrongdoing," said Barton. "By every code in the world," I said, "civilized or savage, the people who commit wanton and unprovoked murder can expect nothing



ARMED CONSTABULARY, CAPE NELSON DETACHMENT

else than to be killed themselves. Besides, our instructions are plain and our duty clear." The Maisina spent the night in a miserable state of apprehension and fear, having quite made up their minds that the cooking pots of the Doriri would be the ultimate fate of the whole lot of us; the constabulary and Kaili Kaili were in a great state of joy at the prospect of a fight, and the scroop-scrap of stones on the edges of the Kaili Kaili tomahawks, the nervous chatter of the Maisina, and restless prowling of the constabulary went on all night. Poor Barton was writhing in agony from toothache, and begged me to keep my "infernal savages" quiet; but it was a hopeless task.

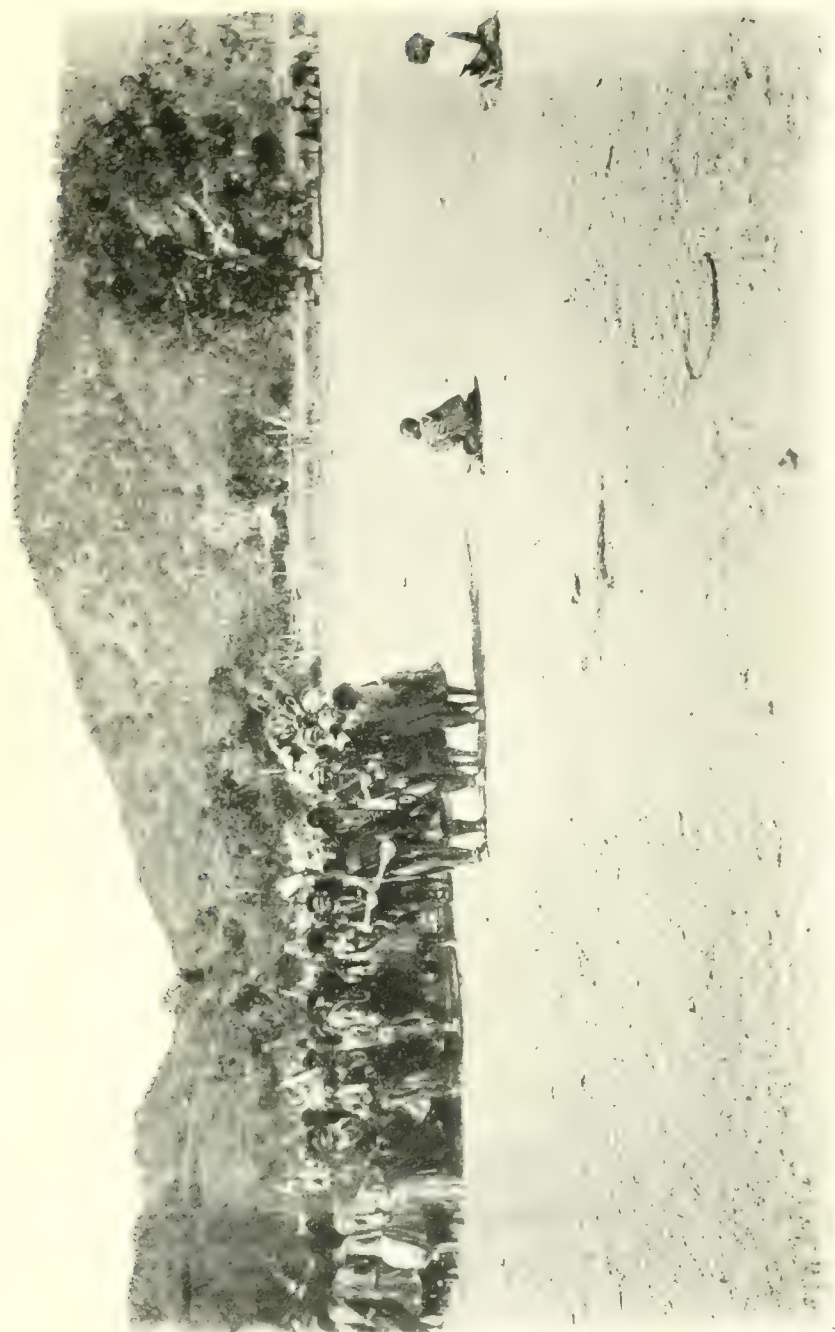
Dawn broke, and no time was lost in striking camp, and resuming our march down the river in the direction of the voices heard by the scouts on the previous day, and towards the Doriri villages. Barton and I had an arrangement by which we took alternate days in advance or rear, as the rear-guard work was fatiguing and disagreeable in the extreme; on this day it happened to be my turn in front. I saw plainly that unless something was done soon to give the Maisina confidence in us, and in the power of the constabulary to protect them, they would all knock up; they were sick already from funk and want of sleep. First went the four scouts, comprising two constabulary recruited from the Binandere people and two village constables of the Kaili Kaili, hawk-eyed men, oiling their way silently in advance, feeling for an ambush or touch with the Doriri, and marking the track to be followed. Then I came, with the advance-guard composed of my own men; next the Kaili Kaili, then the Maisina, with village constables and constabulary scattered at intervals among them, in order to hearten them; and last, Barton and his police. The carriers had strict orders, in the event of fighting in front, to rally on the rear-guard.

While a difficult piece of walking was causing the carriers to straggle rather more than usual, and thus delaying Barton and the rear-guard, two of the scouts came back and reported that they had discovered men, how many they could not ascertain, in the bush on one side of the river. These men were, in my opinion, the party whom we had been following all along, with possibly others; and from their silence, I concluded that they had either laid an ambush, or still more probably formed a portion of a body of men coming round on to the flank of our extended line. I dared not risk sending the scouts out again, with a probability of their falling into the hands of a strong party of Doriri, and should I delay to communicate with Barton, and lose time in waiting for the rest of the police and carriers to come up, I might allow time for an attack to develop on our dangerously straggling line, with an absolute certainty of a stampede on the part of the

Maisina on top of Barton and the rear-guard, and a possible bad slaughter before Barton knew what was occurring or could clear his police. I therefore hastily detached seven police; and ordered the others, with the village constables and Kaili Kaili carriers who were nearest to the front, to draw out into the clear river bed and there wait for the Commandant, who I knew would be steadily coming up. In the meanwhile I, and my seven men, made a detour into the scrub on the exposed side of our line, with the object of both intercepting any attack that might be coming, so as to allow of a better fighting formation being adopted, and to come out on the rear and flank of the men seen by our scouts.

After we had crawled and forced our way for some distance under a dense tangled undergrowth over marshy ground, we suddenly emerged upon a couple of bush shelters, from one of which a Doriri sprang up in front of us with a frightful howl of surprise and alarm, and armed with spear and club. In response to a hasty order from me, the man was shot dead and a rush made upon the shelters, from which three more men leaped, all armed. Two of these men were at once knocked over by the police, and secured uninjured; a fourth, who fought most desperately, frantically dashing about with a club, leaped into the river, and though evidently wounded in half a dozen places, still stuck to his club and made his way across to the scrub on the opposite side of the river, hotly pursued by two police. Never have I known a man so tenacious of life as that Doriri. I myself sent four 303 solid bullets through him as he bolted, and yet he ran on. We found him afterwards dead in the scrub, quite half a mile away. On gaining time to look round, I saw about a dozen Kaili Kaili, who, in defiance of my order that they were to remain on the river bed and wait for Barton, had thrown down their loads and were rushing to join the two police chasing the man across the river; while tearing, like devils possessed, through the tangled undergrowth towards me came the remainder of the Kaili Kaili and Mokoru, under the leadership of old Giwi's son, Mukawa. They afterwards explained that they were coming to the help of the police and me. Knowing the awful job Barton must be having to keep the Maisina together when the firing broke out suddenly in front, and still expecting at any moment to see a rush of Doriri on our now demoralized line, I recalled the police and proceeded to collect carriers in the bed of the river, while Barton, with the remaining carriers, was getting up to us.

When Barton finally arrived, I found the poor old chap had undergone a dreadful time. Firstly, his toothache had prevented him from eating any breakfast; then, as he had painfully struggled



KAFFIR CARRIERS WITH THE FORRESTER EXPEDITION

over the rough track shepherding the terror-stricken Maisina, the roughness of the track and his empty condition had brought on a recurrence of his dysentery. Halting, he had removed his revolver and belts, and was in a helpless state, when suddenly the crack of rifles came from the front, and his personal servant rushed at him and endeavoured to buckle on his discarded accoutrements; the Maisina were howling with terror and crowding all round him; his constabulary, fairly foaming with impatience to be in the fight, were endeavouring to make a break for me and took him all his time to hold; while the Kaili Kaili threw all restraint to the winds, as they cast their loads on the ground, and, flourishing their tomahawks, flew to the sound of the firing. "Their own white master and their own police" were fighting, that was enough for the Kaili Kaili; they should not lack the assistance of their own people, be hanged to the Port Moresby police! Kaili Kaili into the fighting line!

Three Dove Baruga men had accompanied the expedition as carriers; they had been staying with the Kaili Kaili just before we started, and, as they came from a village situated on the lower Musa, the Doriri prisoners could understand their language; therefore I used them as interpreters. The prisoners, upon being questioned, said that they had formed a portion of a large party returning from Collingwood Bay; and in response to a possibly not quite fair question as to who had killed the Collingwood Bay people a few weeks ago, they proudly said that they had themselves, or rather the party to which they belonged. The remainder of them had gone down the river to their village early that morning, and were quite in ignorance of our presence in the valley. So accordingly we started in pursuit.

The river bed had now widened to a bare boulder-strewn watercourse, along which we could march in a close column instead of the long straggling line of men in single file. About four in the afternoon, during a period of intense still muggy heat, a rolling crashing thunder-storm descended upon us from Mount MacGregor, worse even than the last we had experienced. Fork and chain lightning struck the boulders of the river bed, while balls of blue fire rolled among them. "Better extend the men," said Barton; "a close column of men on the march gives off an emanation that is said to attract lightning; and one of those flashes among our packed lot might play hell." I watched the course of the storm for a moment, and then pointed out to Barton how the lightning only seemed to strike among the boulders of the river bed, and not among the forest trees bordering it. "I am all for camping in the tall timber," I said; "when the dry electrical disturbance has passed, the skies will probably open and let go a

veritable lake on top of us." "It is said," remarked Barton, "that the neighbourhood of tall trees should be avoided in a thunder-storm; but I'm hanged if I don't think they are safer than this place." The Doriri prisoners were the only natives with us at all apprehensive of the lightning, they knew the peculiar beauties of their own storms, and were greatly relieved when they found us wending our way to the trees; the Dove Baruga men had by this time told them that we were a peculiar people, who did not kill prisoners nor eat the bodies of the slain.

Before we were safely in camp, and during the operation of pitching the tents, down came a torrential downpour of rain, soaking us all to the skin. No one, who has not undergone the experience, can possibly realize what a tropical rainstorm can be like; the water does not fall in drops, but appears to be in continuous streams, the thickness of lead pencils; it fairly bends one under its weight, and half chokes one with its density; and all this in a steaming atmosphere of heat that reduces one to the limpness of a dead and decaying worm. In Captain Barton's case, his misery was increased by the spiky pangs of toothache and the slow gnawing of dysentery.

Tents were pitched at last, rain and storm passed, leaving a cool and pleasant evening, camp fires burnt cheerily and cooks were busy preparing the evening meal. Barton had stopped his toothache by dint of holding his mouth full of raw whisky, and eased his tum-tum with a prodigious dose of chlorodyne; pyjamas had replaced our sodden clothing, the Kaili Kaili were gaily chattering, and even the Maisina were plucking up their spirits, safe as they all thought in a ring of watching sentries, when bang went a rifle some distance away. I ran down to where a couple of sentries had been posted, at the mouth of a stream leading into the camp; they had vanished. I whistled for them, thinking that they had merely moved a few yards away, and were concealed in the scrub; Barton heard my whistle, thought that I wanted assistance, and came to me with a number of constabulary. We then hastily dispatched half a dozen police to find out what had become of the sentries; they did not return until after dark, and then appeared bringing the missing men and another private of constabulary with them. The latter bright individual had quitted the camp without leave, and run into half a dozen Doriri, at whom he had promptly fired; the Doriri decamped, as the sentries deserted their posts and rushed to his assistance. The sentries were told in chosen language exactly what was thought of them, and fearful threats made as to the fate of the next men who left their posts without orders. The roaming private was "punished," as the Official Report put it; as a matter of fact, he was soundly walloped on the bare stern by his sergeant with a

belt, a highly illegal but most efficacious means of inducing him to see the error of his ways.

That night we had a little conversation with the Doriri prisoners, and learnt that their villages were small and widely scattered, and that their food supplies were none too good. They really made their expeditions to Collingwood Bay in order to hunt game and make sago, and the killing of the people there was only a supplementary diversion, though of course the bodies of the slain gave them an agreeable change of diet. "Will your people fight?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply, "of course they will; but those fire spears of yours are dreadful things to meet. If it was the Maisina, now——" Here they stared contemptuously at those unhappy people, who wilted accordingly. "Never mind the Maisina, they are my people now," I cut in; "will the Doriri fight us?" "Yes, once," was the reply, "until they have learnt all about those fire spears." "Yes, what then?" I queried. "They will bolt for the hills, where you can't find them, and starve there, for we have little food." "Monckton," said Barton, "you are not going to be callous brute enough to starve those unfortunate devils in the hills?" "No," I answered, "but I am going to break their fighting strength, and teach them the futility of resisting a Government order before I leave."

The carriers now put in a request to me that they might be allowed to eat any future Doriri killed; urging that, if they did so, it would not only be a great satisfaction to them but also a considerable saving to the stores of the expedition. "Really," they urged, "there was no sense in wasting good meat on account of a foolish prejudice." "You saw what happened to the disobedient private to-day?" I said to them. "Yes, he was most painfully beaten on the stern by the sergeant," they said. "Quite so," I replied. "Well, the carrier, be he Kaili Kaili or Maisina, who as much as looks with a hungry eye upon the body of a dead Doriri, will first be beaten in the same way by the sergeant, then by the corporals and lance-corporals, and then by the privates, until his stern is like unto the jelly of baked sago." This fearsome threat curbed the man-meat hunger of the anthropophagi. After this we put in a peaceful and undisturbed night; even the Maisina sleeping soundly, happy at last in the belief that the dreaded Doriri would meet their match in the constabulary, and that the chances of their going down Doriri gullets were quite remote.

CHAPTER XX

WE struck camp at daylight and moved down the river, soon coming upon a number of well-built native lean-to shelters, showing signs of having been recently and hastily vacated ; many articles of value to natives had been abandoned, including some cleverly split slabs of green jade from the hills of Collingwood Bay, which they used for making stone heads for disc clubs, tomahawks or adzes ; also earthenware cooking pots, which the Maisina identified by the pattern as of their manufacture. A little later we espied a small village situated upon a spur of the Didina Range ; a patrol of police searched the village, but the inhabitants had decamped ; a number of spears, however, were taken and destroyed. Next we discovered, situated upon a rise in the river bed, a village of about eighteen houses ; this village was also deserted, so we took possession and occupied it. In this village we found ample evidence, in the shape of articles manufactured by the Maisina and identified by them, of the complicity of its inhabitants in the raiding ; a large store also of recently manufactured sago, clearly proved that they had only just returned from the Collingwood Bay District.

Here we camped, in order to dry our clothes and give our carriers a well-earned and much-needed rest. The prisoners told us that the village was named Boure, and they looked on dismally while the police and carriers slaughtered all the village pigs, and ravished and devastated the gardens, which were but of small extent. Barton, as he thought of the grief of the evicted inhabitants, looked quite as unhappy as the prisoners, while the work of destruction went on, and many a crack from his stick a too exultant yelling Kaili Kaili received, if he incautiously approached too near that humanitarian. "You know now what it feels like to have your villages raided," said the Dove Baruga to the prisoners ; "we and the Maisina have had years of it at your hands." Our now happy carriers spent a cheery night, gorging and snoring alternately, and well housed from the rain.

Upon leaving Boure next morning, the track led down the river bank through thick clumps of pampas-like grass, twelve feet high ; beastly dangerous country to traverse amongst a hostile

people. I was with the advance, when suddenly we heard the loud blowing of war horns and the defiant shouting of a large force of men moving up the river on our left. I at once changed our line of march towards the direction of the Doriri, but after going on a short distance, the grass became so thick and the track so narrow, as to prevent any safe fighting formation being retained. A halt, therefore, was made, and the constabulary formed into two bodies, fronting two lanes in the tall grass, from either of which the now expected attack might develop, the carriers being packed between the two lines of police. The voices of Doriri calling, and horns blowing, could now be heard on our front, rear, and, alternately, on each side, which looked as if we were to receive an attack simultaneously on front, rear and flanks. A worse position to defend it was almost impossible to conceive: spearmen could approach unperceived, and launch their spears, from the cover of the grass, into our packed men; while club men could get right on top of us, before we could see to shoot with any degree of certainty of hitting what we were shooting at; and once amongst us, shooting would be out of the question for fear of killing our own carriers. In the event of our advancing towards a better position, we should be forced to straggle in a long line of single file, which would expose our carriers to flank attack; and in the case of a Doriri rush we should be in imminent danger of our line being cut in two. The prisoners told us that the Doriri were now shouting challenges and explaining that they were about to make an end of the whole lot of us. We waited some time: the Maisina whining and collapsing from funk, and the constabulary strung up to the last pitch of nervous tension, waiting with finger on trigger for the expected attack; one private, in his excitement, accidentally exploding his rifle. I fancy that the Doriri were not quite certain of our exact position, as we kept very quiet and the report of a rifle is difficult to locate in thick cover, also I think they were no more anxious to engage us in that horrible spot than we were anxious to receive them there.

Barton and I consulted, for something had to be done, as the Maisina were getting into a state of hysteria; we decided to bring matters to a head by sending ten of the constabulary to crawl through the grass and locate the Doriri, with a view to advancing then our whole force. The ten men left, and shortly after yelled to us to come on. Advancing, we found that the police had emerged from the grass upon a long open stretch of sandy river bed, down which a large body of armed natives were dancing towards them, yelling furiously and brandishing spears, clubs and shields. The police were standing in line, holding their fire for orders; I ran up to them, with some additional police, and

ordered them to fire into the advancing natives. Crash went a volley, two men fell, shot dead, while many others staggered into the surrounding long grass, more or less badly wounded. The Doriri, though apparently frightfully surprised at the effect of the rifle fire, still held their ground; but, as the steadily firing constabulary line moved rapidly towards them, they began an orderly retreat. Barton then came up; but, with a long line of straggling carriers in the rear open to attack, we did not consider it expedient to permit a police pursuit, and they were accordingly recalled. We followed the tracks of the retreating party down the Ibinamu, till it junctioned with the Adaua; here we found that the greater portion of the attacking force had crossed to the other side of the river.

The Maisina, from a state of utter collapse, had now ascended to the highest pinnacle of jubilation; loud were their crows and great their boasting. "The hitherto undefeated Doriri had met a force comprising Maisina, and had retired before it with loss, and were now in full retreat!" They made no allowance in their savage brains for the fact that the unfortunate Doriri had encountered, for the first time, a strange, powerful, and terrifying weapon in the shape of our rifles—things which flashed fire, accompanied by a terrible noise, and dealt death by invisible means at great distances. "I have never known such damnable rotters as the Maisina," said Barton, "they are howling and paralysed with funk one minute, and gloating over a few dead Doriri the next. They are like a costermonger rejoicing at a victory over his wife or mother, gained by dint of kicking her in the ribs."

We now prepared to cross the river in pursuit of the retreating Doriri: rafting was out of the question, as the river was eighty yards wide, ran shoulder high, and was as swift as a mill-race. The first thing to do was to place a piquet on the opposite bank to cover our crossing; accordingly, some of the strongest swimmers amongst the constabulary waded and swam across, with their rifles strapped on their shoulders and cartridges tied on the tops of their heads, while they were covered by watching men on our bank. Having crossed, they yelled that there was a shallow bank in the middle of the river, affording secure foothold; this information was a great relief to us, as our cotton rope was not long enough to stretch across the full river, and our lighter men (including Barton and myself) were not strong enough to wade without its assistance. On that shoal, therefore, we stationed some strong men, who held the end of our rope; then we all crossed safely on to it, and there clung together, until the constabulary, after repeated attempts, succeeded in carrying the rope over the remainder of the river, where they tied it to a tree. We then left

our strongest men to hold on to the mid-river end, and struggled across, with the loss only of a few bags of rice ; after which we hauled the rest of the men across, they clinging to the end of the rope. Thus our crossing was accomplished.

Following the track of the retreating natives, we came to the Domara River, where the Doriri foot-tracks dispersed in various directions. The Domara had a fine wide sandy beach, admirable country to fight in from our point of view. The prisoners now told us that Domara village was close at hand, and there accordingly we went, only to find it freshly deserted. It was a village containing, I should estimate, about 180 to 200 men ; it was circular in shape, and surrounded by a moat, partly natural and partly artificial, ranging from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and about ten feet in depth, and clean and well kept. The houses were elevated on poles of from twenty to thirty feet high ; the poles were merely props, as the main weight of the house was sustained by stout tree trunks, forming a central king post ; sometimes additional support was given by pieces of timber fastened to live areca-nut palms. The village was certainly an example of high barbaric engineering skill ; moated as it was, and with its high and easily defended houses, a very few of its male inhabitants would be necessary for its defence against any force armed only with spear and club. Hence it was easily seen how the Doriri were enabled to keep so many men absent in Collingwood Bay for so long a period. Some small gardens near were remorselessly stripped to furnish the carriers with their evening meal, and every village pig and dog was slaughtered ; many spears and arms were also found and burnt, the Maisina taking keen delight in cooking Doriri pig over a fire made of Doriri spears. We remained two days in this village, while patrols of police went out and endeavoured again to get in touch with, or capture, Doriri ; and the carriers plundered and destroyed gardens to their hearts' content and Barton's grief. The Doriri, however, had apparently had a bellyful of the awesome, magic fire-spear, and had departed from their villages for the hills. We found in the village, of all extraordinary articles, the brass chain plate of a small vessel, now ground into an axe head.

Now evidently had come the time for departure : the Doriri had learnt that there was a power stronger than themselves, and a power, too, that could make itself unpleasantly evident. The most essential thing to do was to convey a message to them, telling them to abstain from raiding Collingwood Bay in the future, if they did not wish again to incur the anger of that power. This we were shortly able to do. We then left on our return journey, though by a different route.

Leaving Domara village we marched, for about five miles,

through jungle interspersed at intervals with small, old, and new gardens ; but nowhere did our scouts get into touch with the natives, until we came to the Adaua again, near its confluence with the Domara. The river, at this point, was about one hundred yards wide and in flood, quite unfordable, and far too dangerous for rafts, as the cataracts and rapids of the Musa, passing through the Didina Range, were but a short distance below. The Doriri use a small, triangular raft made of bamboo, and are much skilled in its use ; our men, however, were quite unable to manage the contrivance, it requiring as much knack as a coracle. Ilimo village, to which one of our prisoners belonged, was situated on a spur on the opposite bank ; and from thence we could hear the voices of natives calling to one another as they watched our party. The scouts reported a small village lower down the river, and upon the same bank, which our prisoners told us was called Bare Bare ; so there we went for the night, or until the river went down sufficiently to permit of our passage across. Bare Bare village was deserted, and apparently had been so for some weeks ; it was approached by narrow winding tracts leading through a dense tall jungle of wild sugar-canes, which were well sprinkled with spear pits. We cut a wide straight lane through the jungle to the river, in order that our people might go and come with water in safety. The scouts found near here a new and much better ford than the one we had seen in the morning, and which our lying prisoners had said was the only one.

Doriri yelled, howled, and blew horns on the opposite bank most of the night, but did not venture to cross or interfere with us. In the morning the scouts reported that the passage of the river was possible at the new ford, so there we went. As we prepared to cross, eight Doriri appeared on the opposite bank, in full war array, dancing, yelling, turning and smacking their sterns at us. An ominous sound of opening breech blocks spoke plainly of the opinion the constabulary had formed of what would occur before we passed the ford. "We must clear that bank of natives and place a guard there, before the carriers attempt the river," I said to Barton ; "there are only eight men in sight, but the scrub may swarm with them, and if a man were swept off his feet by the current and carried down the river, he would most certainly be speared before help could reach him." Barton agreed, and I ordered the six strongest of the constabulary and a corporal to cross the river and guard the landing point. The men started across, and had got within about fifty yards of the dancing, yelling natives, who still defiantly remained there, when I yelled to them : "Corporal, shoot those men !" The corporal halted his men, and, shoulder high as they were in the fast-flowing water, fell them into line ; then slowly and deliberately, as if parading

at the butts, he put them through the movements of firing exercise. "At one hundred yards with ball cartridge, load!" came his voice; "ready!" "My God!" said Barton, "it is like witnessing an execution!" and covered his face with his hands. "Present!" came the corporal's voice again; "fire!" One man leapt into the air and rolled over, some of the others jumped as though stung; then they picked up the fallen man and bolted into the scrub, while the constabulary occupied the spot just vacated by them. "It is early in the morning," said Barton, "but I am going to have a little whisky after that."

All that day and the next we spent in crossing some very steep country in the Didina Range, in pouring rain, having awful difficulty in starting fires with which to cook our food, as all the dead wood was sodden with water. My personal servant, Toku, son of Giwi, at last, however, found a species of tree, or which he had heard from his father, that burnt readily even in its green state; after this we always carried a supply of this tree with us, with which to start the other wood. Getting fires lighted in rain on the mountains is not the least of the minor discomforts of inland work in New Guinea, and without fires one's carriers are foodless, cold, and miserable. On future expeditions, from the experience I gained on this one, I always made my carriers make their carrying poles of a light, dry, highly inflammable wood, and when the worst came to the worst, took their poles to start the fires with, and made them cut fresh green ones for use until we could again get light dry poles.

Scrub itch and leeches made things very interesting for us in the Didina hills. The former is a tiny little insect, almost invisible to the naked eye, that falls in myriads like a shower from certain shrubs, and promptly burrows under one's skin; it is not until one is warm under the blankets at night, that it gets its fine work in and renders sleep impossible, until one collapses from exhaustion. Stinging trees are another joy; they are harmless-looking shrubs with a pretty glossy leaf, that sting one more than the worst of nettles; one of my carriers, on the second Doriri expedition, fell over a bank into a clump of the infernal things, and was in such agony that I had to put him in irons to prevent him from destroying himself, while we greased him all over with warm rifle oil. Leeches don't need any describing, only cursing, which they got very freely indeed from our bare-legged police and carriers, as they beguiled their leisure moments scraping festoons of the brutes off their legs; they wriggled through one's putties and breeches in a marvellous manner, and rare indeed was the night when we did not find half a dozen gorged brutes somewhere in our clothing, and knew that one would later develop a like number of nasty little ulcers.

After crossing the Didina Range, we dropped down to a clear stream, the Dudura, upon which was situated a village of the same name; the inhabitants fled, but the constabulary succeeded in catching one man and his wife. The Collingwood Bay carriers knew of the village, both by name and reputation, and swore it was one of the worst offenders in raiding them. I put a very unfair direct question to the man. "Do you go to Maisina to kill people?" "Yes," he naïvely answered, "of course I do," as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "I am very sorry," I told him, "but Government disapproves of the promiscuous killing of people, and you must come with me until you have learnt better." The man's wife was then told that we were taking him away in order to complete his education, but that later he would be safely returned to her. "You are a set of murdering thieves," she said. (She was, I may remark, a strong-minded woman!) "I have not killed the Maisina, but you have looted my house." "Point out any man of ours, by whom you have been robbed," was the reply, as we ordered the whole expedition to fall into line. Unerringly she picked out several of the Kaili Kaili, incorrigible looters, and abused them vehemently, the while they reluctantly made restitution. Her confidence was then gained by a present of trade goods, to maintain her during the enforced absence of her husband, and as payment for conveying from us to the Doriri a full explanation as to the reason of our visit and hostility to them: she was a most talkative dame, and I doubt not held forth at length to the Doriri. Her husband seemed to regard the prospect of a sojourn in gaol as rather a relief from the company of his very masterful wife.

When we were leaving Dudura, Barton put in a plea for the natives. "Monckton," he said, "let us now avoid any conflict with the natives; the poor devils did not know what they were doing in the past, they have now had their warning, and I can no longer stand seeing you use your police against them, coldly and mechanically, as if they were a guillotine." "All right, Barton," I replied, "the rôle of executioner does not appeal to me any more than it does to you, but it is sometimes a necessary one; still, I will defer to your views, and spare the people if possible. I only trust that the lesson we have already read them has been sufficiently severe." Afterwards I had cause to repent my moderation, as the Doriri mistook our clemency, as savages invariably do, for a sign of weakness, and went on the raid again.

Taking our Dudura man with us and walking down the Dudura stream, we soon emerged upon the banks of the Musa, which at this point was a headlong tearing torrent, quite uncrossable; gradually, as we descended the banks of the river, the

valley widened and the beach became better. In the afternoon, sounds of chopping were heard, and a native was discovered busily engaged in felling a tree. "I want that man alive and uninjured," I said to the police. "He has got an axe and looks a sturdy fellow," they replied; "it looks difficult." Still, the constabulary, when told to do a thing, generally managed to accomplish it, difficult or not. Four of them noiselessly slipped away into the scrub, crept up on four sides and within a few yards of the working man, unperceived by him; a private then attracted his attention by yelling suddenly at him from behind; he gave a howl of surprise and alarm, and sprang round to defend himself, with his axe raised ready to strike. Then silently and swiftly as a springing greyhound, a Mambare private rushed in and leapt upon his back, bearing man and axe to the ground with the impetus of his rush; the others sprang and threw themselves upon the pair, and after a minute of a yelling, tangled, scrambling worry, during which he used his teeth with good effect, our quarry was disarmed and handcuffed. He was a fine, powerful, intelligent man, and, after he had been induced to stop yelling and made to understand that he was not going to be killed, he answered questions readily. "Who are you?" we asked. "Gabadi, of the village of Dugari, lower down the Musa," he replied. The Maisina here said that Dugari was a most iniquitous village, and concerned in all the raiding. It was, however, imperatively necessary that we should get into friendly communication with some of the tribes of the Upper Musa, and if we retained Gabadi as a prisoner, we could not attain that end; we now wished to make the object of our expedition clear beyond any possibility of misconception in the minds of the Doriri. Gabadi was therefore released, returned his axe, and given some tobacco, to ease his mind of any feeling of fright or annoyance at the sudden manner in which we had effected our introduction to him.

We then asked him to go down the river to his village, and tell the people where we were, and that we wished to be friendly; also, that we would buy all the food they chose to bring us. Gabadi said that his wives had been in a camp some little distance away from the place where we had caught him, and that they had fled while we were engaged in making his acquaintance; he would therefore like first to find them, in order to leave them safe in our camp while he went off to Dugari. During his absence we pitched camp. After howling for some time in the forest for his wives, he returned to us in disgust; and, after remarking that the silly women would probably alarm half the river, proceeded to make himself comfortable for the night among the carriers. The intrusion of Gabadi was regarded by the Maisina portion of the carriers in much the same light as a roomful of rats might be

expected to view the sudden introduction of a bull terrier into their midst. Continuing our way down the river, we came to a small village on the opposite bank; Gabadi, whose night with us had now given him full confidence, called to the people and told them who we were, and asked them to bring food to us. They soon rafted across a quantity of vegetables and a pig, for all of which they were well paid. Then, at great length, we explained to the people who we were, where we had been, what we had done, and why we did it; and they promised faithfully to repeat it to the Doriri. Upon seeing the prisoners, all of whom they appeared to know, and especially the last man captured at Dudura, who, from the concern they showed at his being in our hands, was certainly a person of considerable importance, they were most eager to ransom him; for which purpose pigs and goods were freely offered. They were told, however, that he would be returned when he had learnt the ways of the Government, but not till then.

We were now informed by Gabadi that a large and very bad sago swamp lay between us and Dove village on the right bank of the river, while a good track led down the left bank through Gewadura. We accordingly made rafts and crossed the river, which proved to be no light matter. I got a scare during this operation, for I foolishly crossed first with only Toku and Gabadi with me, before any of the constabulary had come across, as they were busily engaged in making rafts; when, suddenly, a whole mob of truculent-looking natives appeared, who said they came from Mbese village, and who, it was plain, did not regard us in any too friendly a light. The watchful Barton saw me surrounded by strange natives, and promptly sent my constabulary across, and gladly I welcomed them. A few of the Mbese men subsequently helped in the crossing of the rafts, but mainly they stood sullenly aloof, gazing sympathetically at our chained prisoners and savagely at us, plainly wondering whether an attempt at a rescue was worth while or not, and eventually coming to the conclusion that we looked too strong. They flatly refused to guide us to Gewadura, or point out the track there. "Some day, rude people of the Mbese," said the Kaili Kaili, "we will meet again, and our master will tell us to teach you manners; you are only bush rats, and the police and we will drive you through the bush like rats!" Gabadi stuck steadily to us, and for a consideration in the shape of a tomahawk, undertook to guide us as far as the Gewadura track, but no further. From this point to the sea coast, the course of the river had been traversed and mapped by Sir William MacGregor, therefore our troubles and difficulties were now very considerably lessened.

At midday we came to a large abandoned village and extensive

deserted gardens, which had originally been marked on the map as Gewadura, but the former inhabitants had been slaughtered and driven out by incursions of Doriri, and had built a new, strongly stockaded village lower down the Musa. At about five in the afternoon, during very heavy rain, we were preparing to camp in low-lying country plainly subject to inundation, when Barton, who was gazing disgustedly at our unpromising looking camp site, sent on his corporal to see if there was not a better spot for camping that could be reached before night. The corporal returned and reported a large village in sight round a bend, which the Dove men said must be Gewadura, a village friendly to them; so they at once went on to announce our presence. Back they came, bringing four most friendly natives, who guided us to a splendid camp site alongside the village, where men, women and children brought us huge quantities of food and pigs, and assisted us in clearing the camping ground. The villagers left us as soon as night had fallen, retiring within the gates of their stockade. The next morning, taro and all native vegetables were brought to us in abundance, for which we paid well. Gewadura village was new, large, and very clean, and had in its midst a number of houses built in the very tops of gigantic trees. The people were delighted to hear that at last the Doriri had been called to account for their murderous raids, and had been taught that even the land of the Doriri was not secure from the anger of the Government. Three men volunteered to guide us to Dove, and exclamations of delighted wonder came from the people as the expedition filed through the gates of their stockade, and they saw some of their ancient enemies, the Doriri, led past by the village constables.

We arrived at Dove in the evening, and were received with every sign of pleased welcome natives can show; they ferried us across the river in their canoes. Two of our carriers belonged to the village. The good wives rushed to the cooking pots, while the good men hunted the family pig with a spear, and the village dogs streaked for the bush, some, alas! being too slow and furnishing a portion of many a savoury stew. Some of the manifestation of joy we could well have dispensed with: leeches, scrub-itch, mosquitoes, stinging trees, lawyer vines, rough tracks, all had done their worst to our suffering skins, and covered as we were with sores and abrasions, we submitted, as perforce we must, with but ill grace to being violently embraced, hugged, stroked and handled. The two Dove men acted as showmen, and exhibited the prisoners to all and sundry, who cautiously inspected the disgusted Doriri, much as country children peep at a caged tiger in a menagerie; while the Doriri's feelings, under the regard, seemed much the same as those of the said tiger.

The next day Barton and I, with the prisoners and two of the

constabulary, went down the river in a canoe to Yagisa, the police and carriers proceeding overland to that village. From thence, a native track led behind Mount Victory to Wanigela village in Collingwood Bay, over which the Dove men undertook to guide us; they said it was a good track and would take us to Wanigela in two days. It might be considered a good track by an eel, an alligator, or a Dove Baruga native, but we discovered that, from our point of view, it was one of the most infamous roads in New Guinea. First we marched through sticky bogs, painfully dragging our booted legs, laden with pounds of mud, through a glutinous substance varying in depth from six inches to two feet, and punctuated with sludgy holes, anything from four to six feet deep, which looked exactly the same, and into which we repeatedly fell; the frantic cursing of the just engulfed man being aggravated by the half-concealed smiles of the lucky one who had, on that occasion, escaped. All this under deluges of rain and in an atmosphere of steaming heat, with fresh leeches getting into one's clothes on every side. We then came into a pandanus swamp, through which we walked up to our waists in water and treading upon roots; every time we slipped upon the greasy things, and grabbed at the nearest tree to recover our balance, we caught hold, with festering hands, of a spiky thorny pandanus stem and got yet a fresh supply of prickles in them; if we missed our hold, we rolled over into the nearest spiky tree and got the thorns into some other portion of our anatomy.

At last we emerged on to rolling hills and the spurs of Mount Victory, passing on the way a village site, the former inhabitants of which had been slaughtered and scattered by the Doriri; on the third day we reached a Collingwood Bay village, named Airamū, two miles from the coast and Wanigela. Airamū village is fortified in a peculiar way: it is circular in shape and is built round half a dozen very tall trees, the tops of which are occupied by houses, stuffed with stones, spears and missiles, for the reception of raiding Doriri; the whole is enclosed within two circular stockades, the outer of which is built almost horizontally. A peculiar feature of the houses is, that each one has its separate dog entrance; this consists of a hollow trough, cut out from a palm, and running from the ground through a hole in the floor, up and down which the dogs run constantly in and out of their owners' houses.

Our work was now done: the Doriri had been found, punished to a certain extent, and warned what would be the result of further raiding; time alone would show whether the warning was sufficient. The Upper Musa tribes, also concerned in the raiding, had likewise received an object lesson as to their fate, if they did not mend their ways.

CHAPTER XXI

BARTON and I returned to Cape Nelson on the 24th of April, and found all in order ; we waited there for the return of the *Merrie England*, as she was to take Barton and his men away, and bring stores for me. Day after day, week after week, went by ; our supplies of European food were soon finished : tea, coffee, sugar, meat, biscuits, tobacco, shot cartridges, all were done ; fish and native vegetables, washed down with cold water, our sole fare ; and still, daily, we scanned the horizon for the hourly expected *Merrie England*, or any vessel from which we could get stores, but none came : until, on the 14th of June, the *Merrie England* put in a belated appearance, and we were told that the Revs. J. Chalmers and O. F. Tomkins had been murdered in the Western Division ; so we had been left, while she hunted the murderers. I thought then, as I think now, that however great the excitement might have been over the murders, still some little thought should have been given to two isolated officers on the north-east coast and their possible plight ; if a Government vessel were not available, a Mambare trader might have been instructed to call in at Cape Nelson (several passed in the distance), instead of our being left, as we were, from March until June, entirely cut off from the world, newsless and semi-starved.

Captain Harvey and I had a slight breeze over something or other, I have forgotten now exactly what it was, on the occasion of this visit ; which resulted in my turning sheep-stealer. The ship had got a pen of sheep for fresh meat, some half dozen or so, on which I cast a hungry eye. "Harvey, old chap," I said, "tell the butcher to kill one of the muttons, and leave me a joint." "You did not call me 'old chap' this morning," said Harvey, "you called me a 'marine Fenian,' and said my voice was worse than that of the wooden bird in a cuckoo clock ; you also said that you were surprised at my being entrusted with the navigation of anything more valuable than the gaol sanitary punt ; there were several other things you said, including that you would ask the medical officer at Samarai to examine me for incipient softening of the brain." "That was in the heat of

argument," I answered ; "you must remember that you used language that, if I did my duty as a beak, would be well worth five bob a word to the revenue ; but I made allowances, because I fancied you must have put in some of your early training as apprentice to a Bargee. How about my mutton ?" "You will see," said Captain Harvey, and sent for the chief steward. "Thanks, Harvey," I said, and waited. "Steward," said Harvey, on that functionary's arrival, "see that no sheep are killed before we are back at Samarai." "All right, skipper," I said, "I will make you sit up for that before long." "I don't think you should have meat," commented Harvey, "you have been living too well, and your blood has got heated."

The ship was to sail at dawn ; accordingly I went ashore and called my constabulary into consultation. "To-night," I said, "you are to steal a sheep from the *Merrie England*. Can you grab and lower the brute into a boat, without making a noise and causing it to baa ?" "Very simple to do," they said, "but what about the watch on board ?" "The constabulary are all on shore, and wouldn't tell in any case," I told them ; "and at anchor, there is only one night watchman on duty ; I'll settle him." That night I went off, and remained on board until all the officers had gone to bed ; then I waylaid the night watchman. "Lonely work, yours," I said, "come to the saloon and I'll give you a drink ; I've got a bottle down there. My police will look out while you come." He rose like a trout at a May fly, and I called out to my corporal, "Corporal, the watchman goes below with me for a few minutes, you must look out sharply." "I understand, sir," replied that smart non-com. Five minutes later he came to the saloon, where the watchman was indulging in his second drink. "The men are getting very sleepy, sir, will you be long ?" I left at once ; a shapeless bundle of sail at the bottom of the boat containing a large fat sheep, with its mouth securely tied, showed how successful the raid had been.

Captain Harvey had a happy Irish knack of leading me into crime ; from sheep stealing he led me later into body snatching, a still more heinous offence. Time had elapsed ; Oelrichs was my Assistant R.M., when the *Merrie England* one day appeared, and after I had completed my work in the Governor's cabin and was leaving, Harvey waylaid me and wiled me into his cabin ; where, after producing vessels of strong waters and cigars, he mysteriously whispered, "Monckton, I want you to do me a very great favour." "Well, what is it ?" I asked. "Do you want me to let you down lightly if you come before me in my official capacity, or what ?" "Well, the fact is," said Harvey, "I am under great obligations to a doctor in Brisbane, who has



THE "MERRIE ENGLAND" AT CAPE NELSON

been most good to my family ; he has an ethnological turn of mind, and hankers for the skull and skeleton of a New Guinea mountaineer, a Doriri for choice." "Do you expect me, a senior officer of the Service, apart from my judicial position, to go out, shoot and stuff a Doriri for your medical scientific friend?" I asked in surprise ; "if so, I must tell you that I draw the line at homicide, even of Doriri." "Don't be a fool," said Harvey, "I am serious ; you can buy me a skeleton somewhere, I don't care how old or decayed." "I can't," I said ; "such a request on my part would, in the first instance, start all sorts of yarns of sorcery ; and secondly, since one trader bought up a lot of skulls and grew orchids in them like flower pots, afterwards selling them in Europe as sacred or devil orchids worshipped by Papuans, and another chap cleaned out a lot of caves of skeletons and sold them to make bone dust for manure, there has been an Ordinance prohibiting traffic in human remains." "There is no question of traffic," said Harvey, "you must find plenty of graves in abandoned villages, and can easily dig me up a skeleton." "'Desecration of Sepulchre' happens to be a penal offence, my dear Harvey," I remarked ; "I wish the favour you ask did not contain a considerable risk of free lodging for the pair of us in one of his Majesty's houses of entertainment ; neither the diet nor the lodging appeal to me." "Damn your scruples," said Harvey. "Museums and savants always manage to get skeletons ; if you were an Irishman, instead of a cold-blooded Englishman, you would do it for the fun of the thing, not to speak of obliging a pal." "Skipper," I said, "my father came from Kent, but my mother came from the Curraugh of Kildare, and the Irish strain is always getting me into trouble, as it will probably do once more over this night's work. I will give you your bones ; though you don't deserve them after your action last year in turning an eminently respectable magistrate and his police into sheep-stealers. Tell one of your crew to blow your whistle for my boat, and come ashore with me." The night happened to be very dark, wet and windy, and my boat's crew had departed for the shelter of the boat shed on shore.

"Where will you get the bones?" asked Harvey. I explained that some five or six months before, the Collingwood Bay people had found a Doriri man badly wounded by a wild boar in the forest, and had brought him to me ; he was too far gone to cure, when I got him, and died without our being able to ascertain his name or village, and his corpse had been planted in our cemetery. Going ashore, I summoned Oelrichs and my sergeant, a Kiwai man named Kimai, and explained to them that I wanted them to go and disinter the Doriri. Oelrichs said that he did not think that body-snatching, in the middle of

the night, was included in the duties of an Assistant R.M. ; and Sergeant Kimai said that nothing would induce the Western or Eastern men in the constabulary to go corpse hunting in a cemetery after dark. I persuaded them into undertaking the job, however ; and, accompanied by half a dozen Northern police, who had no fear of ghost or devil, they departed on their cheerful quest. Harvey and I waited hours, listening to the rain and wondering why they did not return ; at last, about two in the morning, I took Harvey back to the ship, fearing that he would be missed and inquiry made as to what we were up to.

A couple of hours later, alongside came my boat, and a dripping Oelrichs crawled into Captain Harvey's cabin, followed by Sergeant Kimai and a Mambare corporal bearing a very smelly sack. "My God !" gasped Oelrichs, "give me a drink, and Sergeant Kimai one too ; he has seen seventeen ghosts and quite a score of devils. If it had not been for the Mambares, I never should have got the corpse." "What do you mean, Oelrichs," I asked, "by keeping me sitting up all night wondering what had become of you ? I did not tell you to picnic all night in the graveyard, I told you to bring the Doriri." Oelrichs flung up his hands and appealed to the universe at large to witness my appalling ingratitude. "The Kiwai men buried that Doriri," he said, "and the sergeant was not there, so no one knew where he was, and the grass had grown over his grave ; we dug up about an acre, and quite six other corpses, before we found him. The smell nearly killed me, and Kimai saw spooks all the time." "You look out that no one discovers this," I said to Harvey, "or we shall all be in the devil of a row." Harvey shoved the smellful remains into a drawer under his bunk, where he kept them until he reached Samarai and got the doctor to fix them up in a cask with disinfectants. He certainly went through a lot for his medical friend.

But I must return to more serious affairs. I have referred in this chapter to the reason of the *Merrie England* remaining away for such a length of time from Cape Nelson, namely, the murder of the Revs. Chalmers and Tomkins by natives in the Western Division. The death of such a well-known pioneer missionary as Chalmers, of course excited intense interest and sympathy throughout the Empire ; much was written at the time in the Press, missionary publications, and by New Guinea officials through official channels, but something yet remains to be said from the point of view of an onlooker, neither swayed by sentiment nor eager to praise or condemn. Firstly, in order to arrive at a proper sense of proportion, one must consider the characteristics of the European actors in the tragedy ; the natives we can eliminate, for from their point of view—as it is from my

own—the killing of Chalmers and the looting of the vessel was no greater crime than would have been the killing of a wandering trader, at whose hands they had suffered no hurt.

Chalmers, one must remember, was not of the ordinary type of missionary, but was of the type of a David Livingstone ; and, though belonging to the London Missionary Society, was—like Livingstone—as much an explorer as a missionary. He was a man of particularly forceful character, who was inclined to take unnecessary risks, and this trait had been accentuated by the recent death of his wife ; the very boat he was using on the fateful journey was her last gift to the Mission, or really to him. Tomkins calls for no remark : a young man, but recently from a religious training school, always taught to regard Mr. Chalmers as the wisest and best of men, he was not likely either to understand the danger of the action they were about to take, or to differ in any degree from Chalmers' views. Next we come to the Resident Magistrate in charge of the Division, who should be, in the first instance, responsible for the lives of all in his district, missionary, trader or native. This officer, at the time, was the Hon. C. G. Murray, who had recently succeeded the experienced Bingham Hely. Murray had arrived in New Guinea as assistant private secretary to Sir George Le Hunte, not so very long before ; he had then been transferred to the Government Secretary's Office as a clerk, and from thence been promoted to be Resident Magistrate of the Western Division, without the slightest district or divisional experience, or training of any description ; if Murray had any knowledge of natives, it could only have been acquired at Eton, the Bachelors' Club, West End drawing-rooms and country houses, or by dint of working a typewriter under Mr. Musgrave's fostering eye in the Government Secretary Department at Port Moresby, where an irate washerwoman, demanding payment for an overdue account, was the most dangerous native likely to be encountered.

Now Mr. Chalmers, before leaving on the journey that was to end in the death of himself and his young companion, as well as that of many friendly natives, and was eventually to lead to a great deal of bloodshed, culminating in the suicide of one of the most promising officers New Guinea ever possessed—Judge Robinson—had been to Murray and told him what he proposed doing, and said that “he intended that it should be his last journey of any importance” ; and Murray made no effort to dissuade him, nor did he, in the absence of dissuasion, make any effort to secure the safety, by means of his constabulary, of the Mission party, in admittedly one of the most dangerous parts of New Guinea. The natives in the vicinity of Cape Blackwood had an exceedingly bad reputation, of which Murray either was,

or should have been, aware. In the year 1845, they had attacked the boats of H.M.S. *Fly*, the Cape having been named Blackwood after her captain, and the Fly River after the ship. The only subsequent occasions upon which they had been visited were in 1892 and 1898 by Sir William MacGregor, when his Excellency, skilled as he was in native ways and backed by his trained men, had but narrowly averted hostilities with them. To the experienced eye, a number of men embarking in a punt to shoot Niagara falls, would go to no more certain death than would a few unarmed men landing, at that time, in any village on Cape Blackwood; and Murray should have used every means in his power to prevent it. There can be no two opinions about this.

Chalmers went to Cape Blackwood, and the inevitable result followed. I now give the exact wording of the official report, first notifying the tragedy to Headquarters, and sent by Murray's assistant, Jiear :—

“SIR,

“I have to report that the London Missionary Society's schooner *Niue* returned to Daru late last night from what was intended to be a trip to Cape Blackwood, and thence along the coast back to Daru. The captain of the *Niue* states that on the 8th instant, while anchored off Risk Point on Goaribari Island, near the mouth of the River Omati, a party consisting of the Rev. James Chalmers, Rev. Oliver Tomkins, nine Mission students, natives of various villages on Kiwai Island, Naragi, the chief of Ipisia, and James Walker, a half-caste native of Torres Straits, left in their whaleboat and landed in a small creek near the village on the island. The landing took place about 7 a.m. on the 8th instant, and it was the intention of the party to return in about half an hour to have breakfast.

“The party was totally unarmed. After waiting until about midday the *Niue* moved off about half a mile to await the return of the party.

“The *Niue* was surrounded here by a large number of canoes, full of armed natives, who boarded the schooner and took away all the “trade,” tools, and clothing belonging to the Mission party. The *Niue* stayed at this place until the next morning, and then sailed round the island, but could not see or hear anything of the party, and so the captain decided to return to Daru to report, taking seven days to reach here.

“The natives were naked and had on their war paint, and were yelling the whole of the time the *Niue* remained in the vicinity.

“The people on the *Niue* are quite sure that all the party were murdered.

"The Resident Magistrate is at present away on a trip to the Bamu River district, and is probably not aware of the occurrence. I am therefore sending a small cutter with all the available police and some ex-constables, with the necessary arms and rations ; also a report of the occurrence to him, in case he should see fit to proceed to the spot before returning to Daru.

"I have, etc.,

"A. H. JIEAR, Subcollector of Customs."

From this dispatch, three things are clear :—

1. Chalmers, Tomkins, and a considerable number of Christian natives, were in the hands of the Goaribari.
2. A surmise might be made that they were already murdered, but there was not a single shred of evidence to that effect.
3. Mr. Jiear clearly expected the Resident Magistrate at once to proceed to the spot and effect a rescue, if such rescue were yet possible ; and for that purpose had sent additional police and reservists to strengthen the force that the R.M. then had with him.

How then would an experienced officer—such as the senior officer in charge of a Division should be—have reasoned ? The answer is plain. He would have placed himself in the position of a chief of the tribe holding the captives, and reasoned thus : "We have got a certain number of a strange tribe in our hands, the vessel in which they came has escaped, and probably fled back to that tribe with the news ; before we kill our captives, perhaps it would be better to wait a short time and see what that tribe will do." Never, in my opinion, was the need of haste more evident ; and how did Murray rise to the occasion ? It must be remembered that Chalmers' party landed at Goaribari on the 7th of April ; well, on the 22nd of that month, while Murray was in the Gulf, he was given a circumstantial account of the affair, and at once started for Daru, which lay in the opposite direction ; it is true that he missed the cutter sent to him by Jiear, with additional police, but he reached Daru on the 24th of April, when the news was confirmed by his own assistant, and then wasted precious moments in sending a report, of which I give the following extracts :—

"On hearing the fuller particulars, and from my knowledge of the natives near that part, I could no longer believe that any of the party were alive ; and although I should have liked to have at once proceeded to the spot, it was impossible ; the means suitable for the conveyance of even the small detachment of police under my command being wanting.

"I therefore decided to wait for the return of the *Niue*, or

possibly the arrival of the *Merrie England*, with your Excellency on board, as it also occurred to me that you would wish to deal with such a grave matter yourself; besides, all the survivors had departed in the *Niue*, and thus I was left without a guide."

And then he continues :—

"I may also mention that this massacre has created the intensest state of ^{so} excitement, and revenge on the part of the Kiwai Islanders, both for the death of Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins, and for the ten Kiwai boys who were with them. Their great desire was to be allowed to muster all the large canoes on Kiwai, go to the spot, wipe out the offending tribes, and bring their heads to Kiwai. I, of course, informed them that I could not allow such a proceeding, and that the Government would take care that the offenders were properly punished."

Murray first shows that he had no means of transport, and then conclusively proves that he had at his disposal a fleet of canoes, capable of transporting a regiment from one end of New Guinea to the other. And yet Murray sat doing nothing until the 26th of April, when he reported :—

"At 3 p.m. on the 26th of April, the s.s. *Parua* arrived from Thursday Island, having on board a detachment of the Royal Australian Artillery under Lieutenant Brown in connection with the massacre."

Murray enclosed a copy of the letter brought to him by the soldiers from the Officer Commanding at Thursday Island, which was as follows :—

"SIR,

"I have the honour to inform you that I have received instructions from the Artillery Staff Officer in Brisbane to furnish a detachment consisting of one officer, two non-commissioned officers, and eight gunners of the Royal Australian Artillery to leave here by the s.s. *Parua* at daybreak to-morrow, 25th instant, to act in defence of the ship, and also protect, if required, the Resident Magistrate and his followers.

"The detachment will be under the command of Lieut. Brown, Royal Australian Artillery, and are armed with rifles and 100 rounds per man. I have instructed Lieut. Brown to report to you on arrival and to place his detachment at your disposal, and act solely under your instructions.

"I have, etc.,

"WALTER A. COXEN. Captain, R.A.A."

Murray now had at his command the strongest fighting force that any district officer had ever had available in New Guinea: he had twelve white soldiers, all picked shots; he had eighteen

regular constabulary, well armed, and he could have called up fifty or more time-expired men of the constabulary, if he had required them ; also as many bowmen as he pleased, the latter in companies under the discipline and control of village constables and Government chiefs, not a savage horde, but a controlled force as well armed as the Goaribari. There was no possible further excuse for delay : Murray's alleged grounds for such, namely, weakness of force and lack of transport, had been cut from under his feet ; but the only action taken by him was to steam for Port Moresby, on the possible chance of finding the *Merrie England* there, first forwarding this interesting epistle to the Officer Commanding at Thursday Island :—

“SIR,

“In reply to your letter of the 24th April, I have the honour to inform you that the *Parua* arrived to-day at 3 p.m. with the detachment of the R.A.A. under Lieut. Brown.

“Even with the addition of the native contingent of police stationed here, I do not consider there would be sufficient force to cope with the villages concerned, certainly not as effectually as they should be.

“I have therefore decided to proceed in the *Parua* to Port Moresby, collect some more police there, then return to Daru, pick up my Daru police and interpreters ; from Daru proceed to the place of the massacre.

“I have instructed Lieutenant Brown to this effect.

“I have, etc.,

“C. G. MURRAY, R.M., W.D.”

In this report Murray clearly showed an entire lack of initiative, judgment, nerve, or grasp of the situation. He was not in command of a punitive expedition—such could always follow at a later date, if the worst had happened—but of a force more than sufficient to effect a rescue, if the missionaries were still alive, or so to overawe the natives as to prevent their immediate murder. Another most imperative reason for haste on Murray's part was that the South-East Monsoon was due, during which it was impossible for any landing to be effected at Goaribari ; in fact, it did come on while the *Merric England* was there and expedited her departure, gravely endangering a launch and whaleboat returning from the shore to the ship.

As a matter of fact, it was afterwards ascertained that Chalmers and his party had been murdered soon after landing, and no action on Murray's part, however prompt, could have saved them ; but nothing in Murray's then knowledge justified him in not taking immediate action to ascertain whether they

were killed or not; and nothing justifies the Governor in not having called him to account for lack of initiative. I do not wish to infer in this that Murray was guilty of personal cowardice, for I knew him well, and he was no coward; but I do think that the placing of a very young untried man in a responsible position, and that a position in which he could not obtain the advice of older or more experienced officers when grave matters affecting human life were at stake, was a lamentable blunder, which brought about the foregone and inevitable result. Had Moreton, Hely, or Armit been in charge of the Western Division, or Sir William MacGregor been Governor of New Guinea, I feel certain that Chalmers would not have been permitted to meet his death in such a way.

Murray reached Port Moresby, only to find that the Governor and the *Merrie England* had already left for Goaribari, to which point Sir Francis Winter then instructed him to proceed. The following telegram from the Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea to the Governor of Queensland gives a concise history of the action then taken :—

“E.Y. *Merrie England*, off Cape Blackwood.

“Gulf of Papua, 5th May, 1901.

“*Merrie England* was starting for Cooktown 27th April in accordance with my telegram of that date, when London Missionary Society’s schooner *Niue* arrived Port Moresby, reporting massacre of Mission party and looting of the schooner at Goaribari Island, mouth of Omati River, 12 miles west of Cape Blackwood, Gulf of Papua, on 8th April, hitherto hardly known and not yet under Government control, visited by Sir William MacGregor in 1892 and 1898. I should have visited it two months ago if I had not been called away to North-East by death of Armit, R.M., and murder of miners on Upper Kumusi, in which case it would probably not have happened. I left at daylight 28th in *Merrie England* with *Ruby* launch in tow, Government party and Rev. Hunt, L.M.S., called at Hall Sound for additions to party and Rev. Dauncey, L.M.S. Smaller steamer *Parua* chartered by Queensland Government joined us off Orokolo 1st May with Murray, R.M., Western Division and detachment of R.A. under Lieutenant Brown from Thursday Island *via* Daru and Port Moresby. Proceeded together to island, arrived noon 2nd May, *Merrie England* anchored three and a half miles outside, and *Parua* entering channel inside island, low and thick bush, five miles across. Boats landed at three villages simultaneously, natives immediately commenced hostilities. We fired on them and occupied villages, total killed twenty-four and three wounded as far as is known. No casualties in our party except native

constable on sentry at night slightly wounded by sniping arrow. Captured one prisoner belonging to neighbouring island. Obtained names of principal murderers and villages concerned. Mission party consisting of Chalmers, Tomkins, a native chief of Kiwai Fly River Estuary and ten Kiwai Mission boys all killed and eaten and whaleboat broken up at Dopima Island, where massacre planned. Some articles and pieces of boat recovered, some human remains not recognizable. After careful consideration I decided to visit all villages on island and vicinity, reported to be implicated, burning the large fighting men's houses but no other dwelling-houses of women and children. Villages at top of soft mud, thick impracticable bush and swamp behind, very strong tides. Found it impossible to get prisoners. Ten villages, nearly all large, visited by us. Camped night in two of them. Burnt all fighting men's houses, except in the prisoner's village, small, spared on account of assistance given by him. Some fighting canoes destroyed. Regret to say at last village visited by one party, wind sprung up after large house fired and carried flames to several other houses, purely accidental. Returned to ship evening fourth. South-east fortunately held off, as coast unapproachable during it. Can do nothing further until next North-West season, when I shall return. There will be no further fighting or burning. I am satisfied this is last massacre of this kind on coast of British New Guinea. Regret nature of punishment but action absolutely necessary at once, and best in the end. Further report will follow, but above contains all material particulars. Please convey my best thanks to Queensland Government for prompt action in sending *Parua* and assistance to Murray, and to Commandant Defence Force my grateful appreciation of Lieutenant Brown and the men under his command. *Parua* leaves this morning fifth for Thursday Island for coal. Return Port Moresby and send ship Cooktown for stores, and finish eastern cruise as formerly arranged on her return.

"To his Excellency Lord Lamington, G.C.M.G., Brisbane."

Then, if we take the following statement made by the only prisoner taken at the time, we have the whole history of the events which took place up to the departure of the punitive party from Goaribari on board the *Merrie England*.

Statement of Kemere of Dubumuba, taken prisoner at Dopima, Goaribari Island :—

"The name of the village that I was captured in is Dopima. I, however, belong to Dubumuba, a village on Baiba Bari Island. I, myself, was not present at the massacre; only the big men of the village went. I have, however, heard all about it. My father, Marawa, sent me to Dopima to get a tomahawk to build

a canoe. The name of the village you camped in the first night is Turotere. The first suggestion for massacring the L.M.S. party came from Garopo, off whose village, Dopima, the *Niue* was anchored. Word was at once sent round that night to villages in the vicinity to come to help. It is the usual custom for people of surrounding villages, when a large boat is sighted, to congregate in one place. The following villages were implicated : Dopima, Turotere, Bai-ia, Aidio, Eheubi, Goari-ubi, Aimaha, Gewari-Bari, Ubu-Oho, Dubumuba. The next morning all the canoes went off and persuaded Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins and party to come on shore in the whaleboat. Some of the natives remained to loot the *Niue*. When they got on shore Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins and a few boys entered the long house, the rest of the boys remaining to guard the boat. These last, however, were also enticed inside the house on pretence of giving them something to eat. The signal for a general massacre was given by knocking simultaneously from behind both Messrs. Chalmers and Tomkins on the head with stone clubs. This was performed in the case of the former by Iake of Turotere, in that of the latter by Arau-u of Turotere. Kaiture, of Dopima, then stabbed Mr. Chalmers in the right side with a cassowary dagger, and then Muroroa cut off his head. Ema cut off Mr. Tomkins' head. They both fell senseless at the first blow of the clubs. Some names of men concerned in the murder of the rest of the party are : Baibi, Adade, Emai, Utuamu, and Amuke, all of Dopima ; also Wahaga and Ema, both of Turotere.

"All the heads were immediately cut off. We, however, lost one man, Gahibai, of Dopima. He was running to knock a big man [Note : this must be Naragi, chief of Ipisia] on the head, when the latter snatched a stone club from a man standing near, and killed Gahibai. He (Naragi) was, however, immediately overpowered. The other boys were too small to make any resistance. In the meantime the people in canoes left at the *Niue* had come back after looting her of all the tomahawks, etc. This party was led by Kautiri, of Dopima. Finding the party on shore dead, it was determined to go back to the *Niue* and kill those on board. However, the *Niue* got under way, and left, so they could not accomplish their purpose. I think the crew of the *Niue* were frightened at the noise on shore. Then Pakara, of Aimaha, called out to all the people to come and break up the boat, which had been taken right inside the creek, it being high water. This was done, and the pieces were divided amongst people from the various villages. Pakara is the man who followed and talked to you in the Aimaha Creek for a long time. Directly the heads had been cut off the bodies, some men cut the latter up and handed the pieces over to the women to cook, which

they did, mixing the flesh with sago. They were eaten the same day.

"Gebai has got Mr. Chalmers' head at Dopima, and Mahikaha has got Mr. Tomkins' head at Turotere. The rest of the heads are divided amongst various individuals. Anybody having a new head would naturally, on seeing strange people coming to the village, hide them away in the bush, and leave only the old skulls in the houses. The same applies to the loot from the *Niue*.

"As regards the skulls in the houses, those having artificial noses attached to them are of people who have died natural deaths; those that have no noses attached have been killed."

"Taken by me C. G. MURRAY, R.M., W.D."

Time went on: Murray, who had only taken the billet while he waited for a more congenial appointment, heard of a private secretaryship in South Africa and promptly left for there; Jiear, whose sole experience in handling natives had been gained under Murray, succeeded him as R.M.; Sir George Le Hunte was appointed Governor of South Australia and departed; and a young lawyer, Christopher Stansfield Robinson, who had but recently been appointed Chief Justice in lieu of Sir Francis Winter, recently resigned, acted as Administrator; it had always been the custom in New Guinea for the Chief Justice to perform that duty in the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, in place—as in most Crown Colonies—of the Colonial Secretary. Robinson was a young man, for whom one might reasonably predict a brilliant career. He was the son of the Venerable Archdeacon Robinson of Brisbane, and therefore his early training had been hardly that of the swashbuckler he was later made out to be; but Robinson had not previously been in command of other men, nor had he any administrative experience. That he was a humane man was proved by the fact that almost his first work was to endeavour to improve the conditions under which the European miners on the gold-fields lived; his second, to prepare Amendments to the Native Labour Ordinance, with a view to better care being taken of native indentured labourers; and his third, to endeavour to better the conditions under which the officers in the Service worked.

At the time Sir George Le Hunte left, the heads of Chalmers and Tomkins were still in the hands of the Goaribari natives, and some of the actual murderers were still uncaptured, although the men and their names were known. It was essential, in Robinson's opinion, that the heads should be recovered, and the murderers apprehended and brought to trial; for, even in the eyes of the natives of the Western Division, the killing of the Mission party had not been an act of war or revenge, but

patently a cold-blooded treacherous murder of men who were, at the time, in the position of guests and entitled to the protection of the very men by whom they were done to death. Robinson decided to go to Goaribari and get the murderers and heads.

The point of interest now is the composition of his party : firstly, Robinson himself, Governor of the Possession and in Supreme Command, but quite inexperienced in the work he was undertaking ; next, Jear, R.M. of the Division, to whom the Governor would naturally look for advice and guidance in the matter ; but Jear, as I have already shown, was also inexperienced, being only a Customs clerk, who had suddenly found himself in the position of officer in charge of a Division, after a short training under a man as ignorant as himself. Next we have Bruce, Commandant of Constabulary, also a recent arrival in the country, inexperienced in dealing with natives, a soldier pure and simple, and incompetent to advise as to any action other than a purely military movement ; lastly, Jewell, secretary to Robinson, a young Englishman recently imported by Sir George Le Hunte, and until now, engaged in copying letters in the Government Secretary's Office. Robinson, Bruce, and Jewell had all arrived in New Guinea at the same time. There was, therefore, on board the *Merrie England*, from the Administrator downwards, not one man who had previously been engaged in similar work to that which they were about to attempt ; the ship's officers do not count, as they have nothing to do with either the planning or carrying out of district work.

Robinson told me, when he was with me in the Northern Division, what he purposed in the way of recovering the heads and arresting the men in the Western Division ; and I expressed a hope that he would take one of the more experienced officers with him, and volunteered to accompany him as A.D.C., for I had some leave due to me and was prepared to spend it in that way. I was, however, at the time very weak from protracted malaria, work and worry ; so his Excellency said, "You are worn out and need change and rest ; take your leave and go south."

Judge Robinson went to Goaribari in 1903, within a year of his appointment. Soon after their arrival a number of natives were induced, by the display and gift of trade goods, to go on board the *Merrie England* ; among them were several of the men who had actually participated in the murders, and were identified by a Goaribari man, whom they had brought back with them in the ship. It was decided that, upon a given signal, these men were to be seized by the constabulary. This was done : a violent struggle then began on different parts of the ship's deck, between the suddenly grabbed men and the police ; the other natives fled

over the side into their canoes, and then, in conjunction with their friends in other canoes, opened arrow fire on the ship, upon whose deck the struggle was still going on. The constabulary promptly answered with rifle fire; by whom the first order to fire was given has never been quite clear. Several natives were hit, others jumped overboard from their canoes and swam for the shore. Every man on that ship, with one exception, then lost his head: Robinson grabbed his rifle and began wildly blazing at every canoe in sight; Jewell saw a man hit with a bullet, and promptly went into screeching hysteria; what the R.M. did, Heaven and he alone know; some of the European crew of the ship took shelter in the chart house and other refuges, and one of the officers, at least, got his fowling-piece and blazed away. Bruce alone kept his head, ordered the "cease fire," and thumped every man he found firing; but most of the men were out of sight of one another behind deck-houses, etc., and each man imagined that, as long as the firing continued, a fight was going on and blazed away. As a matter of fact, I am convinced that the damage done to the Goaribari was very slight; canoes were emptied, but principally by the men in them diving over the side and making for the shore. The Governor, at the best, was a vile shot; the detachment of constabulary on board came from the Central Division, where, under Captain Barton's régime, their musketry practice had become a farce, and Bruce had not had time as yet to get it up again.

The *Merrie England* returned to Port Moresby: the European crew, most of whom had been planted in safe security, described the dreadful battle in which they had taken part; the constabulary bragged of their prowess, and the number of Goaribari each individual had shot; many of the police were related to the tribe from which the Kiwai boys came who had been murdered with Chalmers, and therefore were only too prone to magnify their deeds for the benefit of their relations; while Jewell's hysteria had evolved at least ten men shot by the Governor, from the one he had seen struck by a bullet, fired by some hand unknown.

Now appears upon the scene the Rev. Charles Abel of the London Missionary Society, on his way south to incur the greatest danger he was ever likely to shove his head into, namely, that of being choked to death at some suburban muffin worry, or dying from mental strain induced by the necessity of telling tales of dire peril incurred in his work, or clergyman's sore throat from relating stories of cannibalism and crime. He had not been within hundreds of miles of Goaribari, but on his way down the Queensland coast he found an enterprising reporter, and unburdened his soul of a circumstantial tale of treachery, bloody murder and slaughter, on the part of the Governor of New

Guinea. "Nothing less than a Royal Commission will satisfy the European population of Port Moresby ; their indignation is profound," he announced, and quite forgot to say that the European population of Port Moresby consisted of a handful of public officials, half of whom were jealous of so young a man as Robinson being put over their heads, and that the rest of the men were profoundly uninterested in the whole affair.

It was a dull season at the time for the Australian papers ; they had not had a fight in their Parliaments, or a sensational murder for some time. Here was a chance of selling their rags ! Never mind sacrificing a good man, on the unsubstantial hearsay statement of an individual whose living greatly depended upon his power of romancing. The Press fairly howled for the head of Robinson, as did also certain Australian members of Parliament ; according to them, he was a man to whom the Emperor Nero or Captain Kidd were as angels in comparison ; while happy comparisons were drawn between the *Merrie England* and the "blood-drenched *Carl*, brig," a notorious and particularly infamous early Australian "black birder." The Administration in Australia bowed to the storm, votes might be at stake, and the announcement was made that a Royal Commission would be appointed to inquire into the matter, and that though Robinson would not in the meantime be suspended, he would be summoned to Sydney, while an Administrator would at once be sent to succeed him. Practically the attitude of the authorities amounted to this : "We intend to offer up Robinson as a sacrifice, but we must give him some form of trial before we judge and immolate him ; in the meantime we will fill his job, in case there should be any doubt as to our intentions."

Sir George Le Hunte was then asked to suggest the name of an officer, then in the Service, suitable as an Administrator ; and his Excellency replied, "Captain Barton." This was rubbing it into Judge Robinson with a vengeance ; Captain Barton was a junior magistrate, under Robinson in both his judicial and administrative capacities, and he was now to regard Barton as his chief. Jewell was transferred to Captain Barton as private secretary. Robinson had fallen, unheard and untried, from the highest position in the country to that of a man looked at with eyes askance by those by whom he had formerly been regarded with awe, and who now were afraid that they might possibly become involved in his downfall.

Now, to Robinson there only appeared to be one course left, and he took it. Every vessel brought fresh gusts of execration against him from Australia ; Bruce alone in Port Moresby sympathized with him ; Moreton and myself, the only two men he could call friends in the Service, were hundreds of miles away,

ignorant of his plight, and in any case powerless to help ; the very native servants at Government House knew that he was a disgraced man, and that on the morrow the Jack on the flagstaff would fly in honour of another, while he went in humiliation to trial and possible dishonour. Whilst all the house was plunged in sleep, Robinson sat late at night writing an account of his views and actions, and the troubles of his Administratorship, and concluded by fully accepting all responsibility for the action taken at Goaribari, and exonerating all others concerned. He then took his revolver, and walking out under the flagstaff, there blew out his brains. So died Christopher Stansfield Robinson, first Australian Administrator of New Guinea, murdered as clearly as ever a man was murdered, by the lying sensation-mongers who had hounded him to a suicide's grave.

The Royal Commission was held, and the officer concerned exonerated from blame ; Robinson had gone to answer for his act and alleged misdeed at the Highest Court of all, the Court before which his traducers will some day stand and be judged. The surprised man was the Rev. Charles Abel ; he was proceeding south to give evidence, when he suddenly heard that the Judge, by whom the Royal Commission was conducted, held the—to him—extraordinary view, that the evidence of a man who had been at the time six hundred miles distant from the scene, and only heard various garbled versions at second, third, fourth and fifth hand, was not admissible. This was hard luck for Abel ! He had made himself prominent in the limelight as a principal performer on the stage, and suddenly the stage manager said, "What is that super doing there ? Send him back to his own job of selling programmes !" Robinson, however, had gone ; nothing now could bring him back.

Apart from the loss to the Service caused by Robinson's death, a very bad example had been set, and the Service and public had been taught that clamour, abuse and misrepresentation, if sufficiently persisted in, could pull down any officer, however highly placed, even to the King's Representative ; and soon indeed, later, Barton, the Governor ; Ballantine, the Treasurer ; and Bruce, the Commandant, all went down before the same methods.

CHAPTER XXII

I FIND that I have wandered too far in advance of my time, and also away from the North-Eastern Division. Some six months after I had opened the new Station at Cape Nelson, the Government Secretary, the Judge and Treasurer, and in addition, my old enemies of the Government Store, all came down upon me for irregularities in making and sending in Court and Gaol returns, copies of the Station Journal, and receipts for stores received : the Treasurer and Government Store-keeper complained bitterly that I was seriously delaying the clerical work of their Department in consequence. I reported that nothing else was to be expected ; that I had an enormous new district to bring into order, the work in which necessitated frequent and long absences from my Station, and that when I was away, my Station was solely in charge of a Corporal of Native Constabulary, who could neither read nor write, and I begged that a Malay or Manilla man, like Lario or Basilio, might be sent to me to act as native clerk and overseer. The Governor was away in Australia, and the Judge in the Western Division ; accordingly Mr. Musgrave dealt with my request. In due course, a vessel came in bringing a sallow, lank, unwholesome-looking youth of about twenty years of age, a cockney, bearing a letter from Muzzy saying that he was to act for me as clerk and overseer.

"Do you know anything about book-keeping ?" I asked him. "No, your worship," he replied. "Don't call me that, except in Court, you fat-head ; Sir is quite enough," I said. "Do you understand building ? There is much of that going on at present." "No !" was the reply. "Agriculture, then ? We grow most of our food here." "No !" "Drill ?" "No !" "Can you shoot ?" "No !" "What in Heaven's name can you do ?" I asked ; "surely something ?" "I was a fishmonger's boy in London ; then I got a job as steward on a tramp steamer ; I left her at Thursday Island, and learnt billiard marking in a pub there, while I was employed as a waiter ; then, hearing that there were some billiard tables in Port Moresby, I went there to try for a job ; I could not get employment, and went to the Government Secretary to apply for a free passage out of the country, and he sent me here."

"Holy Moses!" I said to myself, "this is exactly what I expected Muzzy to do; I suppose I am lucky that he did not send me a mid-wife!" "You don't seem very promising material for me to work upon," I remarked aloud, "but I will see what we can make of you. First, I will render you able to defend yourself. Sergeant, take away this man and teach him to shoot; then tell off a couple of men to teach him to swim." "What will the police call me?" he asked; "Sir or Mister?" "Hoity toity!" I said, "this is beginning early! What were you called when you were a waiter?" "Bert." "Very good. Bert you will be to the constabulary, until we have made something of you; and I shall call you by your surname without any prefix at all." "Shall I live with you or the constabulary?" he next queried. "I don't like niggers." I saw my orderly, who was standing stiffly at attention, watching for an opportunity to tell me something, give a quick glance at the sergeant, who still waited with a motionless face. "With neither," I replied; "I will send the gaoler into barracks and give you his house, until we have one of your own built. But remember this: the term nigger, as applied to a native of this country, is strictly forbidden; it is an objectionable term of contempt, and especially so when applied to men wearing the King's uniform. You have already done yourself harm by using it in the presence of men who are at present in the position of your teachers."

I was at my Station for about a month after that, endeavouring to make the man useful, but he was exceedingly useless for anything except copying letters and keeping check of the stores that had been used. I then went away for a couple of weeks, and on my return found that a blackguard, beach-combing trader, whom I had once gaoled for four months and whom Sir Francis Winter had also incarcerated for another period, had called at the Station and fraternized with the agreeable "Bert"; the pair of them had then scandalized the whole Station by going on a wild drunk for three days and nights, during which period, the constabulary told me, a large whaler had passed the Cape, filled, they believed, with runaway carriers from the gold-fields. The police had not cared to leave the Station while the drunken riot was going on, for fear that the drunks should do some damage either to themselves or the Station, therefore the whaler passed unchallenged. I was exceedingly annoyed; the more so, that recently I had been keeping a strict watch on large and strange canoes or boats passing, on account of a habit miners' carriers had developed of stealing their employers' fire-arms and goods, and making a bolt for their homes in either stolen boats or canoes. They then, in some instances, added to their crimes by shooting stray natives or plundering the gardens of small, weak, outlying villages; on one

occasion the offenders had had impudence enough to refuse to produce or surrender their stolen fire-arms, when they were overhauled by my whaleboat, under command of my corporal ; and it was not until the corporal had ordered the police to load their rifles, and had clearly shown that he meant fight, that they yielded to the superior force. " Bert " begged hard to be let off this time, and swore that he would be good in future ; he wailed that he had been lonely and miserable when the trader arrived, and, in his joy at having a white man to talk to, had lost his head.

I overlooked his offence upon that occasion, at the same time administering a severe reprimand ; but his culminating act came when, on my next absence, a large canoe was sighted, and he went in the whaleboat with the police in pursuit. When they got within a short distance of the canoe, the police hailed her and found she was a Kaili Kaili canoe loaded with fish, which her crew were in a great hurry to land and smoke ; the constabulary told " Bert " this, whereupon he demanded that the canoe should stop and give him some fish. The Kaili Kaili did not like him in the first instance, and, in the second, they knew that he had no right to demand their fish so they continued on their way ; whereupon the jackass fired several shots at them with a rifle, fortunately killing no one. Upon my return, an indignant deputation of Kaili Kaili waited upon me to know why " the man without either strength or sense " had fired at them. I sent for " Bert " and demanded an explanation, which he gave thus : " These natives don't treat me with enough respect ; I must do something to show my authority." Accordingly, I showed my own authority by telling him to pack his goods and get away next day to Samarai, by the s.s. *President*.

To that point I also went in the same vessel, with the intention of trying to find a more suitable man. I did get one, a splendid chap named William Mayne, a Scotch ex-ship's carpenter, who had gone broke at the gold-fields, got loaded up with fever, and wanted to recuperate. He was, like most Scotsmen, a man of good education. I made him acting gaoler and overseer, pending the Governor's approval. When the *Merrie England* with Sir George arrived, some months afterwards, I sang Mayne's praises. " A really good man, sir ; he can repair a boat and build a house ; he has taught some of my men blacksmithing and armourers' work ; he keeps his books well and cleanly, and only gets drunk on New Year's Eve. He has an old certificate of character from a Scotch minister, and all his ship's discharges are marked V.G." " He seems to be the very man I require as Head Gaoler and Overseer of Works at Samarai," said his Excellency ; " I have had great difficulty in finding a suitable man for the post." " But, sir," I wailed, " I found him, and really I

cannot get on with ex-billiard markers, waiters or tailors ; they are no use to me, and they get on my nerves the whole time." The Governor laughed. "I shall not ask you to," he said ; "I will give you a full Assistant R.M., young, strong, competent, and a gentleman. Barton, send Mr. Yaldwyn here." Yaldwyn came, was introduced to me, and then left the cabin. "He will do, sir," I said, "I like his cut." Poor Yaldwyn ! I did not foresee, within a few months, firstly, his disgrace, and then his death.

Yaldwyn proved to be an uncommonly cheerful and bright person ; nothing ever made him down-hearted, and the more I worked him the better he liked it. He became very popular on the Station, both with the constabulary, prisoners, and natives at large ; he was perpetually doing them small kindnesses. A child of the wife of one of my constabulary would be sick, Yaldwyn would mix up condensed milk or meat lozenges for her, and show her how to give them. Once, an elderly prisoner moped and pined, and Yaldwyn came to me. "Old so-and-so is bad, I think he should be let go." "Do you, Mr. Yaldwyn ? But only the Governor has power to remit a sentence once passed," I remarked. "Yes, I know ; but he won't be here for months, and the poor old blighter, who has only got six months, will die unless he sees his home, he's fretting awfully ; do let him go for a week or two." "Can't be done, my dear man, by the visiting justice for gaols. I am here to administer and uphold the law, not to break it," I said. The first time he turned dolefully away ; then I called him back. "Mr. Yaldwyn, I am going to Cape Vogel to-morrow, and shall be away for a fortnight ; if so-and-so should happen to spend that time in his village, and be safe in gaol and in good health upon my return, of course I cannot be expected to know of it, and it is no one else's business." "Yes, but you would know ; you always find out everything," he said. "Perhaps if you dropped a hint to my orderly that I did not wish to know on this occasion, I might remain in ignorance ; in fact, I might be even as dense as you appear to be !" Yaldwyn thought for a moment, then permitted himself the liberty or winking at his superior officer before departing. Yaldwyn loved to sing, and thought he had a singer's voice. He had : it was as bad as mine—only useful for scaring crows ! As a general rule, I forbade him to sing ; but when I felt unusually cheerful and strong, I would permit him a stave or two in the evening. He would begin "Maid of Athens," in a bass that shook the window, and then wander into a rusty baritone, streaked with falsetto screeches. On one occasion, after suffering in silence for quite ten minutes, I broke in upon the melody. "Yaldwyn, did your voice ever break when you were a boy ?" I asked. "Yes, of course it did. Why ?" "Because I wondered why your parents

did not have it mended with giant cement or seccotine or something," I remarked, as I went off to the barracks, leaving him thinking. When I returned, half an hour later, I found him chuckling, having at last grasped my very feeble joke. "I've seen it," he said, "it is very clever ; I've written it down to use on some one else !"

Some time afterwards, Macdonnell, district surveyor, was attached to the North-Eastern Division staff ; he had a very nice trained voice, and was in the habit of singing as he worked at his plans. He came to me one day and said, "I say, R.M., is Yaldwyn all there ?" "Yes," I answered, "a little slow in the uptake, but he has plenty of brains. Why do you ask ?" "Oh," replied the surveyor, "I was singing at my work just now, when he came in and looked at a piece of paper ; then he said to me, ' Why did your parents not have your voice mended with cement or gum ? ' and sat down and roared with laughter. When I said that I could see no joke, and only thought the remark rude and pointless, he said it was something very clever you had said to him." "I did say something of the sort, I remember now ; but you tell him a story and then hear him repeat it later, and you will understand," I replied.

Shortly after Yaldwyn's arrival, I went to Samarai in search of Mr. Macdonnell and his assistant, both of whom had been appointed to the North-Eastern Division some time before, and had failed to put in an appearance. I found them there, engaged with a boat's crew of six survey boys, superintending the reclamation of land ; they had a whaleboat and full camp equipment. They had received instructions from the Chief Government Surveyor to proceed by steamer to Samarai, do any little thing that required doing there, and then come on to the North-Eastern Division, where I had plenty of work for them. "What the dickens are you doing here ?" I asked Macdonnell. "You are a charge upon my Division, the poorest in the Possession, and here you are doing gratuitous work for the richest !" "The fact is," he answered, "there has not been an opportunity of getting up to you." "You had your whaler and crew," I replied, "and it's a fair wind all the way at this time of year ; trot out another excuse." "I can't get Turner, my assistant, away ; he has fallen in love with the publican's daughter, and spends all his time spooning with her. He has got a couple of hundred a year of his own, as well as his pay, and is deuced independent." "Oh, he is, is he !" I said ; "well, we sail at midnight, with or without him."

Moreton, R.M., was away on leave, and Symons acting in his place ; accordingly, I went to him. "Mr. Symons, I want the *Siai* to take the Survey party and myself to Cape Nelson." "J

am very sorry, but I can't let you have her without orders from Headquarters," he said. "I will give you a written requisition for the vessel's services," I replied. Symons would not let me have her, however; afterwards I heard that he had arranged a picnic party on board her for the white women of Samarai, for two days ahead; it was a case of while the cat, in the shape of the R.M., was away, he—the mouse—was to play. I then chartered a cutter for Cape Nelson, and sent Macdonnell a formal notice that we left, as previously arranged, at midnight. He replied, that Turner had said that he could not be ready, and would not come. "Very good, Mr. Macdonnell," I said, "he is your subordinate, not mine; but you, your whaler and boat's crew, come with me. I shall report to Headquarters, that Mr. Turner having refused duty, I shall act as your assistant myself until a substitute is sent to you, or lend you Yaldwyn. I shall also report that I have taken upon myself to suspend Mr. Turner, until the decision of the Chief Government Surveyor be known." Turner then resigned himself to his fate and the missing of Symons' picnic, and sailed with us.

I had taken a strong liking to Macdonnell, who was a most pleasant companion, and on one occasion, I flatter myself, I saved his life. As we were very crowded and he was a much older man than the others, I asked him to share my bedroom, for I had a spare field bed and there was plenty of room for two. One night, a beastly hot close night with a thunder-storm on the point of bursting, we both woke up sweating from the heat, and Macdonnell said he would go into the next room and get a whisky; I declined, and he left to help himself; then, changing my mind, I got up and followed him into the ante-room. He always drank his whisky—Scotch custom—neat, and took the water afterwards; he poured out a tot and waited a minute while I did the same, then, just as I poured water into mine and started with surprise at seeing it turn a milky white and hastily sniffed at it, he tossed his off. I did not wait to look at him—he had got hold of a whisky bottle full of pure carbolic acid, which I had filled that day, and had never noticed the large red "Poison" I had written across it—but I made one jump for the medicine shelf, snatched down a pint bottle of olive oil, shoved him on to his back, and poured the oil down his throat; then, yelling loudly for Yaldwyn and Turner, I found and poured about half a pint of Ipecacuanha wine after it. "Is it burning?" I asked. "No," gasped Macdonnell, "only my lips." Yaldwyn and Turner appeared. "Macdonnell's poisoned by carbolic acid," I said, "bring me a pound of butter, and tell my cook to make a quart of luke-warm salt and water, and tell him to jump like hell about it, or I'll murder him."

The butter came, of course in a semi-melted state, as tinned butter always was, there ; then, with my fingers I began to cram it into his mouth and throat. "I shall be sick," groaned Macdonnell, as he tried to shove me away. "You infernal idiot," I replied, "that is just what I want you to be." Then came the hastily prepared luke-warm salt and water. "Down with this," I told him. He took a gulp or two. "I can't," he gasped, "it's too beastly." "If you don't take it," I said, "Yaldwyn and I will belt the very life out of you." He got it down, though, at the finish, he was swelling like a bull frog. "Can you be sick now?" I asked. "No," he said. "Hell!" said Yaldwyn, "either his guts are clean burnt out, or he has got an inside like an ostrich!" "Get some cotton wool and some string," I ordered. "What are you going to do now?" asked the unfortunate victim. "Shove the cotton wool down your gullet, and haul it up and down, until that copper-lined still, you call your stomach, rejects something," I said. "Help me to the edge of the verandah," said Macdonnell. "Verandah be damned ; be sick here on the floor at once if you can," I ordered. He shoved two fingers down his throat, and then vomited like Jonah's whale. I retired hastily, and did a minor performance on my own account, from sympathy. Macdonnell went on at intervals, once he had begun, for quite two hours ; then he got better and complained of hunger. "As much milk as you like until midday to-morrow, but nothing else," I said. The sole ill-effects Macdonnell suffered from half a gill of pure carbolic acid were badly burnt lips, where the oil had not at first touched, as it had been poured direct into his mouth from the bottle.

I have mentioned an approaching thunder-storm as the reason of Macdonnell and myself wandering from our room in search of the drink that had such dire effects upon him. Well, Cape Nelson, and in especial the point upon which our Station was built, was very subject to thunder-storms ; and, until I at length induced the Government to give me a lightning conductor for my house, it was our invariable custom, when a really bad one came on, to bolt for the gaol or lower ground, where the lightning apparently never struck. When Captain Barton was staying with me after the first Doriri expedition, I had, stored in my house, several cases of gelignite and dynamite, which I used for blasting a road up a rocky precipice ; when it first arrived I noticed that the nitro-glycerine was oozing through the paper covers of the cartridges, and that it was really unsafe ; but, as it had been very expensive, I did not like destroying it as my Station could not afford a further supply, and I knew that the Government Store people would swear it was quite good, and that I should get no

refund ; accordingly, I found a place for it in my house, where I could keep an eye on it, and watch whether it got worse.

One night there came on a most awful thunder-storm, and I thought of the stuff and showed it to Barton. "You understand high explosives," I said ; "there is enough gelignite here to blow this house and ourselves into atoms so small that one would have to search the universe at large with a fine tooth-comb to find any remains. I am doubtful as to the effect of an electrical disturbance upon it ; have a look at it." Barton looked. "The stuff is fairly oozing nitro-glycerine ; get rid of it, or put it in a safe place at once, is my advice." I called my orderly, Private Oia, and told him to get a couple of men and remove the stuff with great care to a safe place. "Where shall I put it, sir ?" he asked. "Oh, chuck it into the sea," I replied. "Very good, sir," and he called a couple of men and removed the boxes. Twenty minutes later there came a terrific flash of lightning ; deafening thunder and an awful sound on the iron roof of the house followed instantaneously. My flagstaff, seventy feet high and three feet thick at the base, situated only twenty feet away from the house, had been struck and splintered into shivers, some as small as wooden matches, which had fairly rained on the roof. "Thank the Lord," I remarked, as we gazed at the spot where once had stood that lordly pole, "that we had first got rid of that gelignite."

The next morning, I walked into the storeroom under the house, and the first thing my eyes lighted upon was the gelignite ! My very blood froze ! "Oia," I yelled, "come here and be killed !" "What is the matter, sir ?" asked he. "I told you to remove that stuff to a safe place, and you have put it here. Do you call this a safe place ?" I asked. "You told me, sir, to put it in a safe place ; there was nowhere else I could put it last night without it getting wet ; and when I asked you where I was to put it, you told me with the double meaning you often use, [*i.e.* irony] 'to put it in the sea.' " Oia, poor man, had thought I was being sarcastic at his expense, by way of impressing on his mind the necessity of keeping the stuff extra dry.

The time came for me to go again to Samarai, a quinsy in my throat forcing me to visit the nearest doctor—Vaughan, medical officer at Samarai. Vaughan was not really a fully qualified doctor, but was a man who had been for a length of time in the Indian Medical Service, in which he had gained a considerable amount of experience. He had come to the country as the manager of a company, which he had formed himself in Australia, to exploit the rubber lands of the Musa River, but his company had gone bang, and Sir George Le Hunte had appointed him to act as medical officer at Samarai ; this appointment was afterwards much questioned, but really at the time there was no duly qualified

man available. Moreton, R.M., was back, and accordingly—as of old—I took up my quarters with him. In gossiping with Vaughan, who, by the way, was a great friend of the Rev. Charles Abel, he told me that the Mission had got hold of some serious outrages perpetrated by miners in Milne Bay, and in which they alleged Symons was concerned. “But Moreton is in entire ignorance of all this,” I said. “Yes, Abel is going to spring it on the Governor, upon his return from Australia,” said Vaughan. “That is a nice Christian performance,” I thought, and then said to Vaughan: “It is probably only some cock-and-bull Mission yarn.” He answered, “It is nothing of the sort, I know the evidence they have got.” “Pooh! Medical officers are like missionaries, hardly competent to know what is evidence and what is assertion or mere rumour.” Vaughan had a warm temper, and I saw that I was working him the right way. “If I had not promised Abel not to say anything definite about the charges, I would soon shatter your self-conceited sufficiency,” he snapped. “All right, don’t get warm, I am going to look at my men,” I replied. “I’ll leave you sitting on your mare’s nest,” and off I went, leaving Vaughan snorting.

I then strolled over to the house Moreton had allotted to my men; they were sitting, chatting and smoking, on the verandah. “I hear,” I said, after a little casual conversation, “that these Samarai boys say, that we, of the North-Eastern Division, are ignorant bushmen ‘with no knowledge,’ that we only come here at rare intervals because the Samarai people are ashamed of our being seen by strangers.” “They shall pay for that,” said my men. “Yes, but how?” I asked; “I can’t let you fight them.” “Can’t you put them in gaol, sir?” asked they. “No, not without first finding out something they have done for which to punish them.” “Perhaps we can find out something about them,” said my men. “You are wise men,” I said, “not fools, as these Samarai people say; that is the thing to do. Now, you keep your mouths shut, put on your smartest uniforms and swagger down the street and buy cigarettes, then go to the ginger-beer shop, buy ginger beer and drink it there. Some of them are bound to notice you, and follow to watch; offer any that do so, cigarettes and ginger beer; then go to the stores and buy sardines, salmon, and sweet biscuits, that will attract more attention; they won’t miss a feed like that, if you give them the slightest encouragement. Get them back here and, as you feed, brag of all your fights and the arrests you have made; they will almost certainly answer by telling you what they have done lately, then keep your ears open and your mouths shut.” “Oh, master, it is good. We go dig a pit for a pig, a deep pit. But what about money?” questioned they. “You put in one

shilling each, and here is a sovereign. To-night my orderly will bring me what news he can, to-morrow you will parade near Mr. Moreton's house, and each man will tell me what he has learnt," I answered. Then off I went to Moreton's, where, later, I heard sounds of laughter and revelry coming from my own men's house, and concluded the pig was in the pit.

Shortly afterwards, my orderly appeared. "Master, we have a fence round the pig and it does not know it." "Where is the fence?" I asked. "In Milne Bay; some white men and the Samarai boat boys caught some men there and killed many pigs, and the white men killed some people." "In fight?" I asked. "No, murder. One man was led away into the bush by the white men, with a rope round his hands, and was never seen alive again." "Was Mr. Symons there?" I inquired. "At the killing, we do not know; at the capture, yes," he returned, in answer. "Phew!" I whistled, "the Mission have got a bomb for Moreton! This sort of thing twenty miles from his Headquarters, and he in ignorance of it!" Then, to my orderly, "Go back to your house, and tell our men not to let the pig discover the fence." It was high time now that I sought Moreton. "Did Symons tell you anything about trouble in Milne Bay?" I asked him. "Yes, he said that there had been some gold stealing, but that he had arrested the offenders and all was quiet again," he replied. "Well, Moreton, there have apparently been some serious outrages there, in which Symons is alleged to be concerned; the Mission have got hold of it and are waiting until his Excellency returns to report direct to him, in order to get you into grave trouble for being in ignorance of the matter," I told him. "How do you know this?" he asked. "A hint dropped by Vaughan of knowledge possessed by Abel, in the first instance; next, I have had my boys pumping Symons' boat's crew, and they confirm it," I replied.

"It is a bad business," said Morton, "but I don't see how I can be held responsible. Symons has had charge of Milne Bay for a considerable time. These things have also occurred during my leave of absence, and while Symons was acting as R.M." "I see plainly how you will be held responsible," I said; "Symons was your subordinate, and if you choose to give him entire charge of a district in your Division, you should have occasionally looked in there, to see how things were going; you know perfectly well that the R.M. is the person responsible for anything wrong in the Division, whether his fault or not, and to plead ignorance is the worst excuse you can make. It is clear to me, that you must have lost entire touch with the village constables in Milne Bay, for they are trotting in and out of Samarai every second day, and yet you have heard nothing." "I have allowed Symons control

of the Milne Bay village constables ; they report to him and are paid by him," said Moreton. "What !" I exclaimed, "have you been egregious ass enough deliberately to allow the control of a district of village constables to pass out of your hands, the one service that allows you to keep your hand on the pulse of the district, and informed of what is going on ? Moreton, if the crimes have taken place in Milne Bay, that I believe have been committed, then a fairly big scapegoat will be wanted by the Governor, and you will about fill the bill." "Symons had charge of Milne Bay with the Governor's consent and approval, and Symons did not like to be interfered with there," said Moreton. "The fact remains that Symons was an officer subordinate to you, he had not joint control with you, he had control subject to your approval of his management of the district ; anything he has done there, unless expressly disapproved of by you, can only be held as done with your approval," I replied. "Symons reports direct to Port Moresby," said Moreton. "Don't you ever read his reports, or the copies ?" I asked. "No," said Moreton. "Then you are in the soup up to your neck," I remarked ; "for, on your own showing, you have entirely neglected and ignored one portion of your Division, and that portion a district right under your nose." "What am I to do now ?" said Moreton. "A little advice would be better than a scolding." "Do !" I said ; "investigate at once, and if there is anything in the charges, take immediate action against all concerned ; you will then have shown that you are alive to what is going on in your Division, and that you are doing your duty." "Will you see Vaughan and the Mission, and first find out for me what they know ?" he asked. "Yes, I will do it at once, though it is not my affair," I replied.

Off to Vaughan I then went. "Doctor, I have been talking over what you told me yesterday about Milne Bay with Moreton ; he has decided to make immediate and full inquiry, and has asked me to ascertain what direct charges the Mission is prepared to bring against any person or persons. Can you arrange that I see the Rev. Charles Abel in the matter ?" Vaughan arranged it, and I saw Abel, who, after some demur, gave me a list of alleged murders and outrages in Milne Bay, committed by three miners attached to a Government party commanded by Symons. I took the list to Moreton ; and then, at his request, went to Milne Bay, where I obtained sufficient evidence to show that one miner had deliberately shot an unarmed native, and that another had shot a woman : there was also evidence to the effect that a man arrested by Symons' boat's crew had been handed over to the miners and led away into the bush, after which he had never been seen alive again, though there was no evidence of his death, other than that the natives had found a body too far gone to identify. There

were a lot of other charges, in which the evidence was not clear. "What is to be done now?" asked Moreton. "Arrest the miners, charge them with murder, suspend Symons from magisterial duties, and leave at once for Port Moresby to consult with Sir Francis Winter," was my advice.

On the top of everything else, there was a village constable missing, named Lilai; he had been appointed by Symons some nine months previously. Symons, by the way, had no authority to appoint village constables; this could only be done by the Governor, or by the Resident Magistrate by delegated authority. Lilai belonged to a village named Daiogi, one of a group burned by the miners accompanying Symons' party. The following, an extract taken from my notes at the time, is the sort of evidence I elicited:—

"Lulubciai, of the village of Daiogi, says, 'I am the only child and daughter of Lilai. Lilai is dead. I know he is dead though I have not seen the body. He was a village constable. He went one day to the camp of the white men; he never came back. Gamadaudau, of my village, told me that he had seen my father tied up and beaten by the white man, Steve Wolff. My village is burnt and my people scattered. I know no more.' Gamadaudau says, 'I am a native labourer in the employ of Robert Lindsay, a miner, and I knew Constable Lilai. He came to the white men's camp, and was tied up and beaten by Wolff and Morley, and his uniform was taken away by Wolff. Lilai was thrice flogged during the day by Wolff, and was left tied up to a tree for two or three nights; he was then led away by Wolff, Lindsay, and two other white men whom I do not know. He was tied up with ropes, but in such a fashion that he could walk. What happened after that I do not know.' Two months later a native of Buhutu found the skull and some portion of a human skeleton in the bush, and from the fact that Lilai was the only man dead and not accounted for, and from the fact that near the remains were a pair of arm rings such as Lilai was in the habit of wearing, he came to the conclusion that he had found Lilai's body, and so informed his fellow villagers. Then this. Charles Ward, miner, sworn. 'I remember going with Mr. Symons to Wolff's house, Wolff gave Mr. Symons Lilai's uniform. Mr. Symons asked where he had got them. Wolff said he had found them in a deserted house.'"

This case afterwards broke down in the Central Court, for though Moreton and I conclusively proved that Lilai was missing, the evidence of his death was not strong enough; and even if we could establish that, then the only thing that we could prove was, that he had been maltreated by the miners, but not that they had murdered him. I had listened to the dead Lilai's daughter, and

seen her grief at losing her only relation; and I swore that, even if Wolff escaped on technical grounds on the first charge, he should not on a second, if effort on my part could prevent it. There was a second charge. Wolff had shot a man, who was running away, and a native with Wolff had seen the shot fired, and knew the running man well, while others with him had seen the killing, but could not swear to the identity of the dead man. The dead man's relations, however, were able to identify his body. In this case there was no possible weak link. I arrested, upon Moreton's warrant, Lindsay and Morley in Samarai; they were on their way to a new gold rush at Cloudy Bay, whither Wolff had already gone.

There was now no doubt that very grave offences had taken place in Milne Bay; and that if Symons had not condoned them, he had at all events shown a lamentable ignorance of such things as a missing village constable, a shot woman, and sundry other strange events, such as the always strictly forbidden burning of villages; and all these things had taken place in a locality in which a village constable's truncheon was the only force likely to be required.

Moreton was frightfully distressed when he learnt the full extent of the mischief done. "What am I to do, Monckton?" he asked; "it is dreadful to think that these things have occurred in my Division." "If it were my Division," I answered, "I should arrest every one, however remotely concerned, Government official, boat boy or miner, and send them for trial to the Central Court; but as such a measure might appear too drastic a one, and you would bear sole responsibility for it, up sticks and away for Port Moresby and Sir Francis Winter is still my advice. You have to go half-way there, in any case, to arrest Wolff at Cloudy Bay. In the meantime, I will hie me back to my own Division and work." "For the Lord's sake, don't leave me now, laddie," said Moreton, using the old name by which he had called me when first I came to the Possession; "I would not leave you in the lurch." "All right, I will stick by you, old man," I said; "but we must sail at once to Sir Francis, report, and get his authority for me to remain with you until this matter is cleared up."

That night we sailed for Port Moresby in the *Siai*, reaching there after a prolonged passage. Sir Francis Winter instructed me to remain with Moreton, and that we were jointly to investigate every criminal charge brought by either the Mission or others against any person, but not to bother about vague assertions or rumours unsubstantiated by some concrete evidence.

On our way back from Port Moresby to Samarai, we arrested Wolff at Cloudy Bay: Moreton was rather bad at the time from

malaria, and asked me to do it; he also asked me to effect the arrest personally and not to use the police, as the miners objected to being arrested by natives. Accordingly I went ashore; and, leaving the police in the boat, I walked up to Whitten Brothers' store, which was crowded with newly arrived Australian diggers, strangers to me. Robert Whitten was in charge of the store, and I went to him at once. "Hello, stormy petrel!" he said, as soon as he saw me. "There is no trouble here, what do you want?" "I want a man named Wolff," I answered; "point him out, if here; or tell me where he is." "There is your man," said Whitten, pointing to a black-bearded Russian Finn with a villainous countenance, and plainly more than half drunk. I went up to Wolff, while the whole crowd of diggers watched me. "Your name is Stephen Wolff?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "and what the hell has it to do with you?" "Oh, nothing to do with me personally," I said; "but I happen to have a warrant for your arrest upon charges of wilful murder, and sundry other felonies." "Where?" asked Wolff. "Milne Bay," I answered; "you must come with me." He broke into a storm of blasphemy and abuse of Moreton, Symons, and the Government, and swore that he would not come; several sympathizers among the miners also murmured.

I let Wolff blow off steam; then I said very quietly, "Stephen Wolff, in the King's name I command you to yield yourself." Wolff still cursed and raved. "Stephen Wolff, twice in the King's name." Wolff made a grab at a bottle to throw at me. I slipped my hand inside my jacket, grasped and cocked my revolver, while Robert Whitten and a miner grabbed Wolff. "Wolff, I mean to have you alive or dead; I don't care which. For the third and last time, in the King's name, chuck up your hands, quick!" Wolff was a wise man, he surrendered promptly, the urging of Whitten and the miners being hardly necessary; but he had gone very near to dying in his boots.

We got back to Samarai to find our troubles only beginning. Lindsay and Morley, who were awaiting trial in gaol, had made up their minds that their present predicament was due to the Mission and Vaughan; accordingly, in order to get even with Vaughan, they made a sworn confession that they, with him, had outraged certain native women, while they were in his employment on the Musa River. Rape at that time was a capital offence in New Guinea. Moreton and I had perforce to investigate this charge; but could find no evidence to its truth, other than the unsupported testimony of the men already under commitment for murder, whose motive for charging Vaughan was only too evident. We finished our cases; and the defendants

were all lodged in gaol pending the return of the Governor and the sitting of the Central Court.

Unfortunately the hullabaloo and scandal over the whole affair had thoroughly alarmed the Milne Bay natives. The trial of Vaughan, whom they regarded as partly responsible for the bringing to justice of the miscreants by whom they had been maltreated, finally convinced them that no one who stood on their side was safe, and accordingly they prepared to skip for the bush ; which, if they succeeded in doing, would deprive us of all or most of our witnesses. Something had to be done to reassure them, and that something at once. Moreton and I discussed the matter and decided that an officer with police should be stationed there. It was now imperatively necessary that I should return for a time to my own Division ; accordingly I volunteered to lend Moreton, Yaldwyn and six good constabulary, until such time as the *Merrie England* and the Governor returned ; assuring him that Yaldwyn's happy disposition made him a general favourite among natives, and that he was the very man to undo the harm that Symons' unhappy associations with the Milne Bay outrages had caused.

Moreton gratefully accepted my offer : therefore, on my return to Cape Nelson, I instructed Yaldwyn to proceed to Milne Bay with a detail of the North-Eastern detachment of constabulary. "I don't want you to do any work, Yaldwyn," I told him, "I want you to sit down quietly in Milne Bay and smooth down the natives. Do nothing there, and above all things avoid any row or fuss with the Mission ; Moreton has got a peck of trouble already, and it does not need adding to." The next event was the arrival of the *Merrie England* at Cape Nelson with Sir George and Sir Francis on board, and the first thing I was told was, that they were going to take me to Samarai to hear—amongst other cases—a charge laid by a missionary against Yaldwyn of outraging a native girl attached to the Mission. I was simply flabbergasted. "I can't understand this at all," I told Sir Francis, "Yaldwyn is the last man in the Service to do anything brutal or unkind ; why, I can't even order a recalcitrant private half an hour's pack drill without his trying to beg him off ! There is something damned fishy about this business." "That is exactly what I think," said Sir Francis, "and that is why I want you to take the case."

The *Merrie England* brought me Mr. A. E. Oelrichs to take Yaldwyn's place as Assistant R.M. He was a very competent man, and remained with me up to the time I left the country for good and all ; he had, however, one decided drawback in my eyes, and that was his enormous size ; he was an elephant of a man, weighing, when in fine trim, nineteen stone, and plainly



HONBLE. M. H. MORETON, R.M.

MR. MANNING, P.S.

SIR GEORGE LE HUNTE, K.C.B. SIR FRANCIS WINTER, C.J.

only suited for Station or boat work. "What on earth did you bring me that giant for?" I asked Captain Barton; "you know what patrol work here is like, and this means that I shall have to do the lot." "He was due for promotion," said Barton, "and so I suggested to the Governor that he should be sent here." "In order to get him out of your own Division," I suggested; "thank you, Barton!" Barton was taking the Resident Magistrateship of the Central Division. Oelrichs, however, turned out a good, loyal assistant, a good drill instructor and disciplinarian, and very competent generally.

He afterwards told me that his first impression of me was, that I was the most callous brute in the Service, for he had hardly been half an hour at the Station before he was seized with violent colic and collapsed in a heap on the floor of my office, groaning like a horse with gripes. "Here!" I yelled to the police, "get some blankets and put them in a corner out of the way; then put this man on top of them and undress him." I then gave the "fat man," as he was ever after called in the Division, a dose of opium and brandy. "How do you feel now?" I asked. "I am dying," groaned Oelrichs. "Well, I consider it a most ungentlemanly thing, your coming here and choosing my office as the most fitting place to die in: still, I suppose the dying wishes of a man should be respected; die there, by all means, but do it as quietly as possible," I remarked. "What is all this?" asked Macdonnell, as he came in and gazed surprisedly at the quaking mountain of misery. "A dying elephant, and a particularly noisy one," I replied, looking up from my papers; "see what you can do for him, I've no time. He is grieved also at the lack of a coffin; I've told him such luxuries as coffins are unknown north of Cape Vogel, but I will allow him a blanket to be sewn up in, perhaps as he is extra large, two blankets." Off then I went to the *Merrie England* and Samarai.

Arriving at Samarai, I went in search of Moreton, and found him fairly broken up. "This last affair of Yaldwyn's is the finishing touch," he said, "and the Judge has been giving me hell for accepting the charge in its present form; also for allowing a missionary to remove a female witness from my Court, and adjourning the Court until your arrival, instead of fining or jugging the man for contempt. The fact is, there is such a stew of trouble already, that I didn't want jugged missionary added to it." "Well," I remarked, "we had better begin at once on Yaldwyn's case; you send for Yaldwyn and I will send a couple of my own men for the missionary and the girl."

We held and concluded our inquiry. The evidence showed plainly that, though Yaldwyn had been with the girl in his own

camp, yet she was there of her own will and accord. Some Mission natives knew of the affair and told the missionary, by whom the girl was promptly taxed with her offence, and she naturally said that she had been unwilling; whereupon the missionary—not the girl or her father—had laid the charge. The criminal charge against Yaldwyn was dismissed; and I submitted the evidence to Sir Francis Winter, who noted, “The magistrates were quite right in dismissing this case; there is not the slightest criminal element in it.” The Governor’s minute was short and sweet. “R.M., North-Eastern Division, dismiss Yaldwyn at once.” I went to his Excellency and begged him to permit Yaldwyn to resign; pointing out that, though his conduct had been highly improper, he had been most unfairly charged with a horrible crime of which he was not guilty, and that the disgrace of that alone was a punishment he felt severely. It was no use, however; Yaldwyn was dismissed. He then slunk away to Milne Bay, where he moped and pined for a month, and then died. Symons, the man responsible for the state the district had got into, was reduced from magisterial rank, and sent as a clerk to the Treasury; the fact of his being a married man with a family being taken into consideration by Sir George. Moreton was reduced and transferred to the South-Eastern Division, the R.M. there being sent to Samarai in his stead. This was rough luck on Moreton, who was innocent of all wrongdoing, and had married in Australia during his last leave; for, when he was transferred from pleasant Samarai to unpleasant Woodlark, his wife refused to come up and live with him. The miners received varying punishments, from fines up to sentences for manslaughter.

A man was now wanted for Milne Bay, pending the arrival of Campbell, the new R.M.; and Turner, Macdonnell’s assistant—who had consistently loafed ever since he had been in the Service—applied for and got the job, he pointing out to his Excellency that he intended to marry at once; that was enough for Sir George, the domestic virtues always appealed to him, and so Turner got the easiest job in New Guinea at fifty pounds a year more salary than the sweating Assistants of the Northern and North-Eastern Divisions. Macdonnell, his late chief, who had toiled like a tiger, had his services dispensed with; mainly because Turner’s supineness and laziness on the north-east coast had prevented Macdonnell doing the amount of work his chief expected. Turner’s appointment always struck me as a particularly silly one: the reason that he received it was undoubtedly owing to the fact that he was about to marry; but Turner was to marry the daughter of Mrs. Mahony, a Samarai publican. Now, of all things the natives were to be guarded against, it had always been instilled into us that the chief one was any suspicion of their

obtaining liquor ; and yet here, one of the watch-dogs appointed was to have a direct and intimate connection with the liquor trade in his own district : a man could hardly be expected to watch, gaol, or heavily fine his own wife's mother. My work in Samarai was now done, and it behoved me to return to my regular duties ; accordingly, I went back to Cape Nelson.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON my return to Cape Nelson, I found that Oelrichs had recovered, and had made a start with his new duties ; he had begun them very vigorously too ; for, as we sat at lunch on board the *Merrie England* while she steamed in for the harbour, an officer ran down to report that my whaler was chasing a lugger, and after that lugger the steamer accordingly went. When caught, she proved to be full of villainous-looking Frenchmen, probably escapees from New Caledonia ; they had landed at Cape Nelson for water and vegetables, and Oelrichs, having his suspicions of them, had requested them to await the arrival of the *Merrie England*, whose smoke was then on the horizon. They had, however, seized a favourable opportunity and bolted. They said they were bound round New Guinea for Singapore ; so we got rid of them by towing them up, and turning them adrift well within the German Frontier, for which gift I trust the Kaiser's subjects were duly grateful.

Shortly after my return I received a complaint from the Arifamu, a tribe living to the north of my Station, that they had been raided, and some of their people killed, by a strange tribe from the north ; so, taking a dozen constabulary and my whaler, I set off in search of the raiders. I found them all right ; or rather, to their sorrow, they found me ! One night we landed and camped at the mouth of a small river, the Barigi, quite in ignorance of the fact that the country near-by was inhabited, and that by the very people we were after. My camp was surrounded on three sides by an impenetrable swamp, and upon the fourth by a smooth strip of beach, which fronted the river ; upon this strip I posted a sentry. Late at night, my corporal woke me up and said, "Bia [the sentry] says that there are canoes approaching, which will not reply to his challenge." I jumped up and grabbed my rifle, while the corporal alarmed the men, and ran down to the sentry who, just as I got up to him, again sharply challenged : "Who goes ? Stop or I fire !" Suddenly, close into the beach there shot a canoe, the men in which were paddling standing up, fully armed and plumed for war ; while

behind it, again, we heard the splash of other paddles. "Fire, Bia!" I said, as I drove a bullet through the steersman and started to empty the magazine of my rifle into the canoes. Corporal Barigi ran up to me and began firing at the still advancing canoes, followed almost immediately by the remaining police, who sent a crashing volley into the first canoe, which fairly emptied it of all but one man, and it drifted away with the current; the sound of retreating paddles was now heard, and we were not again disturbed until just before dawn, when I was again aroused to listen to a strange splashing and snorting. We then lay on our arms on the beach until day broke, when we found that the sound was caused by crocodiles worrying the bodies of the killed, and tearing them away from each other's jaws. We made things extremely interesting for those crocodiles for a few minutes, and then sat down to wonder why we had been so suddenly and viciously attacked during the night by the natives.

Paddling slowly up the river after breakfast, we heard a slight sound in the mangrove swamp on one side, and on investigating, the police captured a man with his hand badly shattered with a bullet; I dressed and bandaged the wound, pending our return to the Station, when I could amputate it. We then found out that the attack upon us was a mistake on the part of the natives: it appeared that some distance up the river there lived a tribe, an offshoot of the Baruga, under a chief named Oiogoba Sara, a mighty fighting man; these people had recently raided the Arifamu, and were full of pride at their exploit. My camp fire had been seen by a prowling canoe, which had reported it to Oiogoba Sara, who had concluded that it belonged to a small travelling fishing party of Kaili Kaili or Arifamu, and had dispatched two canoes, with instructions to rush the camp and slay every one in it.

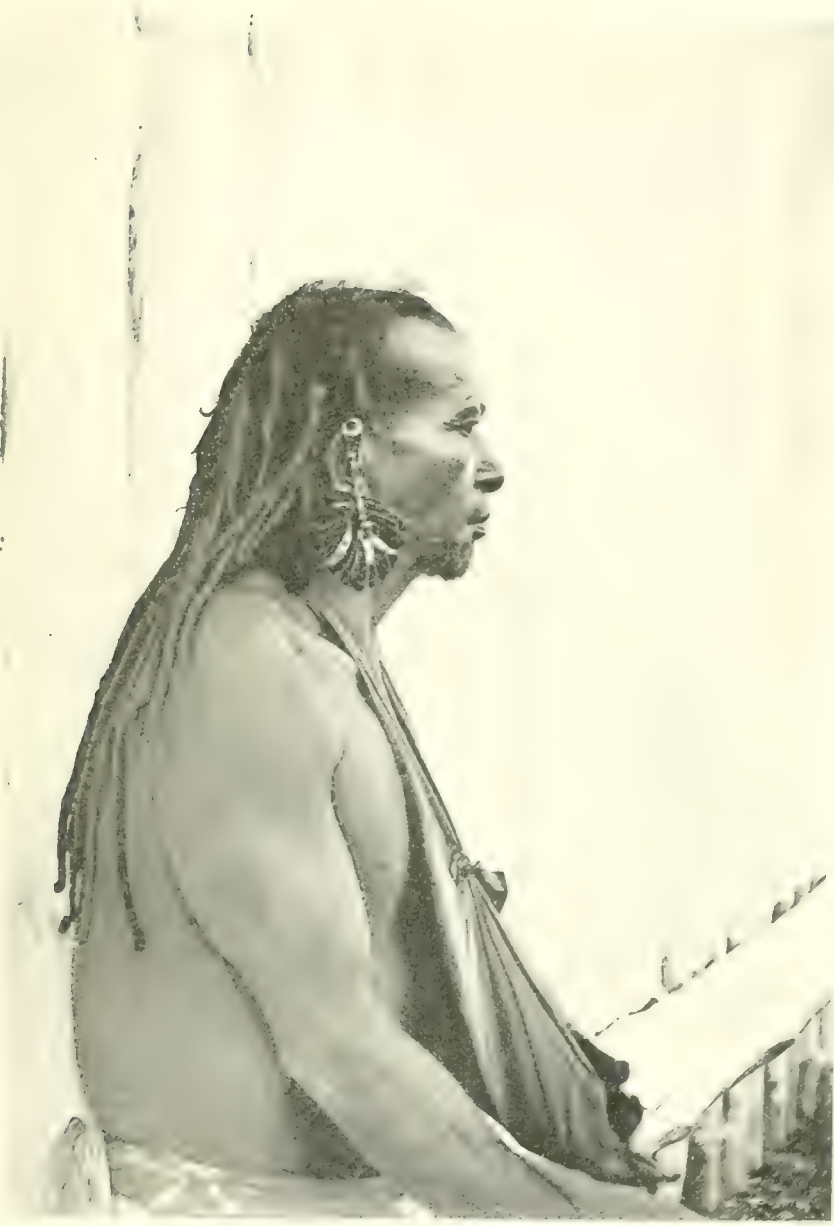
"It was most kind and considerate of Mr. Oiogoba Sara to call upon us so soon after our arrival," I said to the police; "I think we will return the compliment by taking him to Cape Nelson for a few months." So inland, in search of Oiogoba Sara and his village, we accordingly went; eventually we discovered the village quite unperceived by the villagers. The wailing of women showed clearly, as we crept up, that the reverse of the night before was already known. Oiogoba was keeping no watch, and before he knew what was upon him, we were in his village and he was seized by two police, from whom he at once broke away and seized his club; some of his people fled immediately, others began to put up a fight to rescue him, but, upon two being killed and others wounded, they broke and fled. Oiogoba was an enormously powerful man and fought like a

veritable tiger. "Take him alive," I yelled at the police, as they dodged his club and made repeated attempts to spring upon his back. Oiogoba, charging like a wild boar, broke through the circle and leapt into the river, which was about up to his waist, hotly followed by the police ; one private dived and grabbed him by the ankles, whereupon Oiogoba tried to get at him with his club, but another private sprang in and caught him on the club arm with the butt of his rifle, smashing that member ; a few seconds then saw Oiogoba pulled down and secured.

I set his arm in splints, and then said, "What do you mean, you old scoundrel, by killing the Arifamu, who are my people, and attacking my camp ?" "I did not know the Arifamu were your people, I know nothing about you ; if I had known, I certainly should not have been fool enough to interfere with you," he said. "What are you going to do with me ? Kill and eat me ?" "No. Take you home with me, mend your arm, and teach you the ways of the Government ; then return you to govern your district for the Government. You are a strong brave man like Bushimai of the Mambare." "I have heard of Bushimai," said old Oiogoba Sara ; "is he one of your people ?" "Yes," I answered ; "the man who held your arm, while I tied it up, is his son." I kept him for some months at Cape Nelson, and then returned him to his tribe as Government chief, and he proved a very useful man.

Complaint was often made in New Guinea that the Government recruited its constabulary and village constables from the gaols. This was true in many instances ; but it must be remembered that many of the prisoners were not criminals in the European sense of the word, they were merely men of strong personality, like Oiogoba Sara, who had found their way to gaol from simply following the ancient customs of their people, and were quite ignorant of any feeling of wrongdoing ; and such men almost invariably proved the best servants of the Government, for they brought their already existing authority among their people to aid them in enforcing their newly conferred strange authority from Government. The result was, that a strange tribe of raw savages could frequently be brought into a state of law and order, without their perceiving the real change that was being effected, and without undue disturbance of the tribal or communal life.

The village constable and Government chief system in New Guinea had been originated by that very wise man, Sir William MacGregor, with the assistance and advice of Sir Francis Winter ; it was a splendid thing, for by it one was enabled to make the people govern themselves, and that without their feeling that any undue restriction or coercion had been used. I think after



OLOGOBA SARA, CHIEF OF THE BAKUGA TRIBE

the departure of Sir William, I was the sole man in the country who really realized the value and potentialities for good work of this service, and also utilized it to its fullest extent ; and it always seemed to me ten thousand pities that this was so, and that it had not been developed to its uttermost limits. Only a brilliant brain such as that of Sir William MacGregor, or Sir Francis Winter, could have originated the scheme. Let me take an example : assuming a murder, or any serious crime, had taken place in a village of raw natives without a village constable or Government chief, and I heard of it ; then, the arrest of the offender would be made by constabulary—strange armed men—and the whole community would be alarmed ; the women, children and witnesses would all fly for the bush, and regard the whole matter in the light of a hostile raid by a foreign enemy. Take the same village and the same offence with a village constable or Government chief firmly established ; then, upon the offence being reported, it was only “old so-and-so,” whom the villagers knew well, who donned his uniform and, accompanied by the elders of the village, seized the offender and hauled him forth for judgment ; and this without in the slightest degree disturbing the village life or alarming the uninvolved people. The difference, to draw a parallel, was simply this : supposing some English villagers saw one of their number seized by a patrol of Russian or German soldiers,* they would be alarmed and indignant ; but if they saw him collared by their own local bobby, they would not bother their heads further than to gossip.

In weak villages, the village constable gave the villagers a sense of protection, for he was a constant reminder that a force existed able to protect them from their enemies, with which he was intimately connected ; whilst in strong and turbulent villages, his presence was a constant reminder of a watching Government, and therefore a deterrent to crime. They were not without their faults and drawbacks, of course, but no people are, unless kept under constant supervision ; their main fault was to levy blackmail. The natives, however, very soon learnt what their constable's powers were, and then would lose no time in reporting any abuse of them. In the North-Eastern Division, I had the younger village constables drilled, and they formed an excellent reserve for the constabulary.

In the Northern Division, in later years, I had in one instance a woman as village constable ; she had a very masterful personality and had ruled her village before the advent of the Government. She did splendid work and only once gave me trouble, and that was when she summarily divorced her husband ; he was rather glad than otherwise, as the position of consort to

* Written before the War.

the official lady was not altogether a bed of roses. But then she picked out a fine-looking young man of her village, about ten years younger than herself, and ordered him to marry her. He was struck with consternation at the prospect, and bolted for an adjoining village; she pursued him, and ran him in upon the charge of disobeying the village constable. Two other village constables near-by were scandalized at the affair; they ran in the pair and brought them before me, when, in answer to my inquiries, the lady official stated her grievance. "Why won't you marry her?" I asked the man. "It seems the best way to settle the matter." "I'd sooner go to gaol," he said briefly. "Well, I am blessed if I see any way out of it," I said; "if you return to your village, I believe she will marry you sooner or later. Wanting to marry you is not a crime." "Can I enlist in the Armed Constabulary?" he asked; "I should be safe there." "Yes, that will be the best; I'll send you to Cape Nelson." "Are you not going to make him marry me?" asked the redoubtable dame. I shook my head. "Then I suppose I'll have to take so-and-so back again," she remarked, naming her recently divorced husband; which I may mention she finally did.

I have mentioned crocodiles tearing at the bodies of the dead in the mouth of the Barigi River. In New Guinea there appear to be two different species of the brute, for in some rivers they are small and innocuous, while in others they are large and of extreme ferocity; the latter species I have known to attack and take a man out of a canoe—*Crocodilus porosus* I believe the reptile is named. On another occasion one of the beasts, sleeping partly submerged in the mouth of the Vanapa River, was struck by the prow of the *Ruby* launch, and promptly came open-mouthed after her; and yet another time one rose out of the sea in Buna Bay and nearly grabbed one of the crew of the lugger *Peuliuli*, whilst he was painting the vessel's side. This particular species is equally at home in either salt water or fresh; it ranges from China to Persia, and south to New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. Dr. Gray, in his "Catalogue of the Crocodilia," refers to this particular reptile as "the salt-water crocodile"; but I have found the *Crocodilus porosus* in fresh-water streams in New Guinea, miles inland, and just as savage and dangerous as in the mouths of tidal rivers.

On one occasion, in order to cross a flooded stream at the head of the Kumusi River, my men felled an enormous tree, which fell with a resounding splash into the water, sufficient, one would think, to scare away every reptile within half a mile. Hardly had the sound ceased and the splash subsided, before a private of the constabulary was running across the tree trunk, which was a few inches under the surface of the water; before he could reach the

other side, a crocodile arose and made a grab at him, catching him by the red sash about his waist ; fortunately, however, the man managed to slip off his sash, and then tore across the tree, while the crocodile disappeared under the surface with the sash. I have been told by the Mambare natives that the brute has a trick, if any person unwarily stands on the edge of a muddy river, of swimming rapidly past and knocking that person into the river with a blow from its powerful tail, after which it disposes of its victim at its leisure. The brute makes a sort of nest and lays its eggs in marshy jungles, which occur on the banks of rivers, and I have found them a hundred miles from salt water.

Some of the ancients among the crocodiles get marvellously cunning : there was one beast of my acquaintance that inhabited a deep pool in a small stream at Wanigela in Collingwood Bay, and he was a great thorn in the flesh of the villagers ; for, watch as they would, they could never see him in daylight, whilst pigs and people disappeared at night with unpleasant frequency, and in the morning, no more was to be seen than the trail of his tail and claws. The villagers sent me complaint after complaint about the beast, alleging that it was a devil and no real crocodile. I sent the police to watch for it, but they did no better than the natives. At last the people complained that they did not think much of a Government that could not rid them of such a pest ; and I became really annoyed with the crocodile. "Kill a pig, a fat pig, and let it go rotten," I advised the villagers, "then I will come and deal with the brute."

I went to Wanigela in about a week's time ; the pig was really high by then and a choice morsel for a crocodile. On to that pig's corpse I tied about a pound of dynamite, with a yard of fuse attached ; then, pulling the whaler into the middle of the hole the beast was supposed to inhabit, I lit the fuse and chucked the pig over the side. We had an exciting time then, for piggy was too far gone to sink and began to drift on the surface towards the houses in the village, where all the inhabitants were assembled to watch our operations ; hastily we chased the carrion and tore off the burning fuse ; then we got a number of large stones and weighted piggy well, before tilting him over the side again ; he sank this time, and we hurriedly vacated the spot. I had fixed a five-minute fuse, time sufficient, I thought, for the crocodile to discover the delicious morsel we had sent him : soon came the explosion, and a few seconds later, out crawled on to the sand-bank an enormous old crocodile, only to be greeted with a veritable hail of bullets, spears and curses, whereupon he flopped back once more into his uncomfortable domicile. "I don't think he will trouble you again," I told the Wanigela people, and went off home. The next day they sent and told me that they had found the

crocodile's body and were eating it ; I thought that eating your enemy after having destroyed him was certainly the most complete revenge possible. Afterwards I saw the jaw bones, and, to my amazement, discovered that some of the teeth were decayed ; I then thanked my stars that I had not the teeth of a crocodile in which to have toothache, for it seemed too awful to contemplate altogether !

Again I find I have digressed ; the subject of village constables was always a weakness of mine, and the crocodiles seem to have crept in, just in the same manner as they sneak into villages. Return I now to Oiogoba Sara. This old chief gave me much information about the geography of his district, and the relations of one tribe with another ; he also told me a marvellous tale of a strange aquatic tribe inhabiting a huge morass, not more than half a dozen miles from his principal village, who, he declared, were unable to walk on hard dry country. At first I did not believe him, but he stuck to his story, and Giwi of the Kaili Kaili told me that he had often heard rumours to the same effect ; accordingly I determined to investigate the truth for myself.

Some time after, about September, 1902, old Oiogoba Sara was released from gaol and returned to his village as Government chief ; and just then two friends of mine, L. G. Dyke Acland and Wilfred Walker, arrived on a visit to me. They were both men who were fond of shoving their noses into the little-known parts of the globe : Walker had a mania for collecting strange birds, and had been everywhere on the earth in search of them ; Acland possessed a mercurial disposition that led him into all sorts of trouble, from fighting in South Africa and prowling in Siberia, to eventually—after he left me—tiger hunting in India, where he succeeded in getting very thoroughly chewed up by a tiger, and losing an arm. I told them I had little to offer in the way of amusement or sport, but that if they chose to accompany me, I was going in search of a very strange aquatic tribe I had heard of, and then on to a fight with a lot of raiding cannibals. The former appealed to Walker, the latter to Acland ; therefore they both decided to come with me.

The people, of whom we were going in search, were styled by Oiogoba Sara, "Agai Ambu" : "Ambu" is the Binandere word for man, "Agai" for duck ; therefore the translation of the name "Agai Ambu," which was used generally among the tribes, is the "duck-or web-footed people." We went to old Oiogoba's village on the Barigi River, this time in friendly fashion, and were warmly welcomed. The old chief insisted, much to my disgust, upon his wives cooking my food, and the village women, that of my police ; the constabulary got on all right, but Acland, Walker, and I preferred a frugal meal of sardines and biscuits to the feast prepared

for us of fat pork and stewed dog ! Leaving old Oiogoba's village, we were guided by him in a westerly direction towards the Musa River and the morass alleged to be inhabited by the strange people.

As we receded from the banks of the Barigi, the country got lower and more marshy, showing signs of prolonged submersion under water. It was, I may remark, the driest year experienced for a long period on the north-east coast. At last we emerged upon the reed-covered bank of a huge shallow lake or lagoon, and within sight of a village built on tall poles, in the midst of reeds and water, some half a mile distant from the shore. "There," said Oiogoba Sara, "there are the houses of the Agai Ambu, the duck-footed people, whose feet are so tender that they cannot walk on dry land." "How long have they been there?" I asked. "From a time extending beyond the memory of my father's father," he said; which is about the length of reliable native tradition in New Guinea.

The bank of the lagoon, upon which we stood, was in reality neither soil nor earth, but a springy substance composed of decaying humus and marsh plants, upon which one had constantly to shift one's position to avoid sinking up to one's knees in water; it fairly hummed with mosquitoes and swarmed with large black hairy spiders. The surface of the water was alive with wild duck, teal, grebe, plover, and geese, beyond counting, and all remarkably tame; it was covered also with water-lilies, over the floating leaves of which, water-fowl ran. Never have I seen a spot so abundant in bird life. The water itself teemed with fishes of a carp-like variety, some of which I caught and sent to the British Museum, where they were discovered to be a species new to science. The name allotted to these by the British Museum authorities is *Electris Moncktoni*. At intervals there jutted in upon the bank of the lagoon, lake, or morass, whatever one likes to call it, extensive sago swamps. The lagoon is fed by the overflow waters of the Musa River: I had previously been much puzzled, when upon the second Doriri expedition (which, by the way, I refer to later), by finding flooded waters from the river flowing in well-defined streams, and apparently contrary to all known habits of rivers, away from the river proper in a north-easterly direction; and with no known outfall for flood waters on the coast north of the mouth of the river;—flood waters from a river such as the Musa have such a distinct yellow colour, that their advent to the sea could hardly be missed by any passing vessel. Now, this apparently unnatural phenomenon was accounted for; the flood waters of the Musa were discharged into this reedy lake, and there precipitated their mud and sediment, thence finding their way to the sea by many swampy—but clear—streams.

At Oiogoba's suggestion, I concealed our party in the reeds, as he explained that though the Agaiambu were on friendly terms with his people, they were mortally afraid of every one else, as they were so helpless on dry land, and that if they thought strangers were present nothing would induce them to leave their canoes. Oiogoba's people maintained trading relations with them, exchanging vegetables in times of plenty, and at other times, stone implements and earthenware pots for sago and smoked or fresh fish. The Baruga natives (Oiogoba's people) now yelled to them, asking them to come ashore to trade with them; and forthwith several canoes set out from the village to the shore. As soon as the first canoe arrived, containing two men, the Baruga called to me to come up, and they attempted to seize the men to retain them for me, but they struggled into the water, where the semi-amphibious Agaiambu easily escaped from the clutches of Baruga and the police, who had hastily rushed to their assistance; they then swam back through the water-lilies and clinging weeds of the lake to their village, their retreat being covered by other Agaiambu canoes, the crews of which brandished spears, paddles, and poles, and hurried to the help of their friends. The police and Baruga, who were all powerful men—much stronger men physically than the Agaiambu—and strong swimmers, could no more succeed in holding those men in the water while swimming than they could hold a large eel.

"Here is a pretty mess!" I said to old Oiogoba Sara. "I have thoroughly frightened those people, who have done us no harm, and now we shall see nothing further of them." Fortunately we had in our hands the canoe in which the first two men had come; it was unlike any other Papuan canoe on the north-east coast, being hollowed from a single log and without an outrigger; it was also as thin as an egg-shell, round bottomed and extremely light, and neither my constabulary nor the Baruga could get into it without its capsizing immediately. I might just as well have asked them to mount and ride at once an old-fashioned high bicycle, as expect them to navigate that thing without long practice. "If I could only get some of my people over to the village of the Agaiambu with presents, I think that we could get at least one man to come here, and then the rest would be easy; they have no steel tools, and would run any risk to possess your tomahawks or adzes!" said Oiogoba. "Fit the canoe with an outrigger," I told the police. "It's too fragile to stand such," they reported, after examination of the craft. "Make two outriggers, then," I ordered, "and lash the canoe firmly between them to the cross-pieces." This was done; two Baruga then embarked, taking with them a new tomahawk, a long knife, and some bright-coloured beads and print, and started

for the agitated Agaiambu village, in which we could see great excitement was prevailing.

As our embassy approached, the inhabitants hastily crowded into their fragile cranky canoes, and began to bolt from their village. The two Baruga, shouting and yelling professions of friendship, held up their gifts and slowly forced their canoe through the water-lilies and weeds; the Agaiambu, seeing the slow progress of the captured canoe encumbered with its outriggers, hovered in the close vicinity, until the two Baruga had deposited our gifts upon the platform of one of the houses; after which they retired; whereupon the Agaiambu returned and inspected the—to them—untold wealth. "There is plenty more like that," yelled the two Baruga, "if you will only come ashore and sell us fish, and let our master look at your feet."

The Agaiambu discussed the matter, and then picked out one of their number, whom they apparently considered of slight value or little loss if we did kill him, and handed him over to the two Baruga, who brought him to me. The man selected kept up an unholy wailing all the way, and then nearly died of funk when he saw the—to him—awful colour of Acland, Walker, and myself. Hastily I gave him an adze, a tomahawk, some print, beads, and a mirror, and ordering the police to strip the outriggers from the canoe, told him he could take it and return to his people whenever he liked; immediately if he saw fit; he got into the canoe with his gifts, and pushing off a few yards from the edge, conversed with us at ease. "What do you want with us?" he asked. "Only to look at you and your village," I replied, "through Oiogoba your fame as swimmers and fishers has spread through the land, and I wanted to know whether you were as clever as he said you were; also I want some of those birds," at the same time pointing to the geese and ducks that were crowding in the vicinity. "We can get you those," he answered. Meanwhile his fellow villagers, seeing he had not been hurt, approached in canoes. "Tell him, Oiogoba," I said, "that I'll get some for myself with a noise and in a manner strange to him, and that if he is not frightened and brings me the birds I have killed, I will give him yet another tomahawk." Oiogoba told him, and added that he was to yell to the approaching canoes that he was all right and not to be frightened; which he did.

I then hastily beckoned to my boy to bring my gun, and shot a duck, blazing the second barrel into the brown of a rising flock, half a dozen of which fell, some of the cripples scurrying off; the Agaiambu man collapsed with a yell of funk, and was just making a bolt of it, when Oiogoba yelled, "Catch our birds! It is all right!" The man looked at the birds, picked up the dead, and then started off after the cripples, and within one minute was

yelling to the other hastily departing canoes to come and help him catch them. The instinct of the chase had overcome his fears; we were now brother hunters in pursuit of a common quarry. A very few minutes now saw the remaining Agaiambu landing amongst us; I ordered the police to start pitching camp and to take no notice of them, whilst I sat on the ground with Oiogoba Sara, and merely noticed the still very timid Agaiambu by chucking any man he induced to come within a few yards of us, a gift of some sort.

"What is this strange-coloured being?" they asked Oiogoba, "a man or a devil?" "A man, whom I now serve," he answered; "he is very wise and very powerful, and, if you don't offend him, very kind; if you wish to please him, bring fish and sago for his people, and he will pay you most generously." Off went the Agaiambu, and shortly returned with vast quantities of fish and sago; also a pig, very fat indeed, but whose feet were as soft and tender as a blancmange; this they brought as an offering to me. They were getting reassured by now, and my gifts in return for the pig included penny whistles and Jews' harps, which delighted their simple souls; soon indeed their women, who were hovering in canoes a short distance away, and whose curiosity had brought them, were told by their lords and masters to come ashore as we were quite safe people.

The work of pitching camp was steadily going on, and beastly work it was, for the police had to drive poles into the squidgy marsh and build platforms on them, upon which to pitch the tents; at last my tent was complete, whither I at once retired to change my wet things, followed by the curious eyes of the Agaiambu. My cook, Toku, was busily engaged outside preparing our midday meal, when suddenly I heard his voice raised in exhortation. "Oh!" he said, "you must not come here!" and peeping out, I saw an Agaiambu woman depositing at his feet a string of fish. "What does she say?" I asked Oiogoba, who was sitting on my platform ready to act as interpreter if necessary. "She says they are for you," he answered. "Tell her to send her husband for payment," I replied. This being done the husband waddled up. "I don't want paying," he said, "you are good people, I give the fish to you." On the man's shoulder he had suspended a stone-headed adze for hollowing canoes, a clumsy tool at the best. "Ask him, Oiogoba, to give me that adze," I said. Somewhat reluctantly he handed over his most valued tool. "Barigi," I then said to that worthy, who, although my corporal, always insisted upon fussing about me and my clothes when camp was being pitched, "fit a plane iron to the head of this, instead of the stone, and give it back to him." Barigi did so, and that Agaiambu sat



AGAIAMBU MAN

and gloated over a tool such as in his wildest dreams he had never previously imagined. I had now gained the full confidence of the Agaiambu: taking advantage of this, Walker, Acland, and I put in that afternoon shooting ducks and geese, assisted by them and furnished with their canoes, they rendering them suitable for our purpose by lashing them together in groups of two or three; they also acted as retrievers of the shot game.

Now for a description of this remarkable people, the only authentic account that can ever be written, as they are now practically extinct; and Acland, Walker, and I are the only Europeans who ever had an opportunity of fully observing them and their habits. Sir Francis Winter, when Acting Governor, saw them on a later occasion, and described such as he saw; and after that Captain Barton; I accompanied both Administrators, but neither had as full nor as good an opportunity as I, their discoverer, had upon my first visit.

Firstly, the true type of Agaiambu differed from other natives in these respects—I say advisedly the true type, because there were certain members of the tribe who nearly approached the ordinary type of Baruga native; but this was explained by the purchase of their mothers from the Baruga people. Placing an Agaiambu man alongside a Baruga native of the same height, one found that his hip joints were three or four inches lower than that of the Baruga, one also found that his chest measurement was at least on an average three inches greater, while his chest expansion ran to as much again. The nostrils of the Agaiambu were twice the size of those of any native I have ever seen, they appeared to dilate and contract like those of a racehorse. Above the knee on the inside of the leg was a large mass of muscle; on the leg below the knee there was no calf whatsoever, but on the shin bone in front there was a protuberance of a sinewy nature. The knee joints were very wrinkly, with a scale-like appearance; the feet were as flat as pancakes, with practically no instep, and the toes long, flaccid, and straggling. Walking on hard ground or dry reeds, the Agaiambu moved with the hoppity gait of a cockatoo. Across the loins, instead of curving in fine lines as most natives do, there was a mass of corrugated skin and muscle. The skin of their feet was as tender as wet blotting-paper, and they bled freely as they crawled about upon the reeds and marshy ground of our camp. They had a slight epidermal growth between the toes, but nothing resembling webbing as alleged by the Baruga; the term “duck footed,” therefore, had only meant tender footed, or, more literally, “water-bird footed.”

They were extraordinarily adept at handling their light, cranky canoes, and they were more at home in the water than any people I have either seen or heard of, and appeared to stand

upright in that element without any perceptible effort ; the one thing that my Mambare police feared, who were all very powerful swimmers, was entangling clinging water-weeds, but the Agaiambu would dive among them without the slightest fear. They told me they caught duck and water-fowl by squatting in a bunch of reeds, or covering their heads with water-weeds, until a flock settled near, whereupon they would dive under the flock and pull a bird or two under without disturbing the rest ; then, regaining their reeds or lump of weed, they would draw breath and repeat the performance. They told me that they had once been a numerous tribe, but that about thirty years before some epidemic had swept through them and killed most of the people. They did not know how long they had occupied the marsh or from whence they came ; they had, however, a vague tradition to the effect that their ancestors had originally taken refuge in the marsh, and built a village on an island to escape from raiding enemies—the island, however, had long since disappeared. Their language was a dialect of the Baruga of the Musa River ; so I conclude they originally came from that part, probably bolting in canoes before the attack of some raiders down the flood waters of that river, which had borne them to the site of their present abode.

Their diet consisted principally of fish, water-fowl, sago, and the roots of water-lilies. They kept pigs swung in cradles underneath their houses, lying on their bellies with their legs stuck through the bottom, and fed them upon fish and sago ; the pigs never had any exercise, and most of them were procured as suckers from the Baruga, but some they bred in their houses. The Agaiambu houses were of rectangular oblong shape, and built on poles stuck in a depth of about ten feet of water. Their dead they disposed of by wrapping the body in mats made from pandanus leaves, and then tying it upon a stake stuck in the water ; the body itself was secured well above flood level. I both saw and smelt two of their “ graves.” At one house they had a tame half-grown crocodile tied up at the end of a rope. I tried to induce two of them to return with me to Cape Nelson, as I knew my account of them would be ridiculed ; but their fear of the hard dry land was too great to overcome.

Captain Barton later took a photograph of an Agaiambu man, which I here insert, but the individual he photographed was by no means a good specimen of this strange people ; for, by the time I took Barton there, most of the tribe had been decoyed ashore and slaughtered by a raiding party of Doriri, an event I refer to later. Sir Francis Winter, who also on one occasion went with me to see them, gives the following account in an official dispatch to the Governor-General of Australia :—

“The Ahgai-ambo have for a period that extends beyond



AGAIAMBU WOMAN

native traditions lived in this swamp. At one time they were fairly numerous, but a few years ago some epidemic reduced them to about forty. They never leave their morass, and the Baruga assured us that they are not able to walk properly on hard ground, and that their feet soon bleed if they try to do so. The man that came on shore was for a native middle-aged. He would have been a fair-sized native, had his body, from the hips downwards, been proportionate to the upper part of his frame. He had a good chest, and, for a native, a thick neck, and his arms matched his trunk. His buttocks and thighs were disproportionately small, and his legs still more so. His feet were short and broad, and very thin and flat, with, for a native, weak-looking toes. This last feature was still more noticeable in the woman, whose toes were long and slight and stood out rigidly from the foot as though they possessed no joints. The feet of both the man and the woman seemed to rest on the ground something as wooden feet would do. The skin above the knees of the man was in loose folds, and the sinews and muscles around the knee were not well developed. The muscles of the shin were much better developed than those of the calf. In the ordinary native the skin on the loins is smooth and tight, and the anatomy of the body is clearly discernible; but the Ahgai-ambo man had several folds of thick skin or muscle across the loins, which concealed the outline of his frame. On placing one of our natives, of the same height, alongside the marsh man, we noticed that our native was about three inches higher at the hips.

"I had a good view of our visitor, while he was standing sideways to me, and in figure and carriage he looked to me more ape-like than any human being that I have ever seen. The woman, who was of middle age, was much more slightly formed than the man, but her legs were short and slender in proportion to her figure, which from the waist to the knees was clothed in a wrapper of native cloth."

CHAPTER XXIV

AT the time we were camped on the shore of the Agaiambu lake, I noticed growing on the bank of a stream leading into it, a D'Albertia creeper, with white blossoms instead of the usual vivid scarlet ; I had never seen a white one before, and have never seen it since. The D'Albertia, whose botanical name, by the way, is *Mucuna Bennetti*, is quite the most marvellous and beautiful creeper in the world ; but as yet all attempts to transplant it, or introduce it into cultivation, have failed. No water colour nor slickness of oils can reproduce the wonderful brilliance of scarlet colour of the ordinary variety of this plant ; its blossoms simply strike one dumb with their startling beauty. Perhaps, in time to come, some Yankee millionaire may charter a special steamer and transplant a D'Albertia, as they transplant grown pine trees ; but, until that day comes, the people, who do not care to seek it in its haunts, will lack the sight of the most wonderful plant in the world.

From the Barigi River, I went on to investigate complaints made by a tribe named Notu, situated at Oro Bay on the north-east coast, of attacks made upon them by an inland tribe named Dobudura. The Notu, who were a set of murdering blackguards themselves and a curse to the coast, told me that they had hitherto been on most friendly terms with the Dobudura, but that lately the latter tribe had been raiding them, and killing by torture any people they captured. "We don't mind fighting," said the Notu, "and we don't mind being killed and eaten, for that is the lot of men, but we do object to having our arms ripped up and being tied to posts or trees by our own sinews, and having meat chopped off us until we die !" "I will deal with the Dobudura," I told them, "but afterwards I am going to make you sit up and squeal ; for, to my certain knowledge, you have recently killed and eaten two Mambare carriers ; also, I have heard of quite a number of mysterious disappearances of people in the vicinity of your villages." "Crocodiles," said the Notu, "they are bad here." "Yes," I told them, "two-legged crocodiles. Now, what started your row with the Dobuduras ?" "Sorcery," they said. "Have you coundrels been playing with sorcery ?" I asked. "No," they

answered, and assured me that their virtue in that respect was almost beyond belief ; to which I answered that I thought it was !

They then told me that the prevailing drought had badly affected the Dobudura country, and many of that people's gardens had perished ; while a sago swamp, upon which they relied in times of scarcity, had got as dry as tinder and been swept by fire. Some rain had fallen in the immediate vicinity of the Notu villages at Oro Bay and had saved the Notu gardens ; whereupon the Dobudura people had ascribed their misfortunes to the work of Notu sorcerers, and set out to make things extremely unpleasant for the Notu. "Is the Dobudura tribe a numerous one?" I asked. "Yes, much more numerous than we are," they told me. The Notu could muster about three hundred fighting men, and, therefore, I concluded that the Dobudura had probably about four or five hundred men.

At dawn I marched inland in search of the Dobudura country, accompanied by Acland and Walker, and taking with me about seventy Notu armed with spear, club, and shield, to act as scouts and guides, twenty-five constabulary and village constables, and about sixty Kaili Kaili under old Giwi. The track, after clearing the coastal swamp, ran through alternate belts of tall forest and grass, and was well worn and defined ; it showed signs of the recent passage of large bodies of men. The Notu marched in front, flung out as a screen of scouts, a position they were not at all keen on occupying. We marched until about noon, when, as we neared the edge of a belt of forest we were passing through, the Notu came running back and got behind the column, saying that the Dobudura were in sight. We emerged on to a grassy plain, and sighted a village surrounded by a thick grove of coconut and betel-nut palms ; three or four Dobudura were standing, fully armed and plumed, watching for us to emerge from the forest ; they had evidently discovered our advance into their country.

They at once gave tongue to a prolonged blood-curdling war-cry, "Oooogh ! Aarr !" which was taken up by a number of other men invisible to us ; then came the long deep boom of the conch shells and wooden war horns ; the beggars clearly meant fight. I ordered the police to kneel in line just inside the edge of the forest, and then sent the Notu into the open to yell their own war-cry, and draw the Dobudura into the open. We could now see dozens of plumed Dobudura heads bobbing up and down in the tall grass, about a mile away ; but, though the Notu came tearing back several times in alarm at having discovered a Dobudura scout close to them, no further advance was made by them, though their war-cry was going on constantly. "Those fellows are waiting for reinforcements," I said, "I'll take them in

detail"; and advanced upon the village, while the Dobudura scouts hung on our flank and rear.

Approaching close to the village, I ordered the police to rush it, which they did, only, however, just as rapidly as the Dobudura vacated it on the other side. I judged, from the number of holes in the ground made by the Dobudura sticking their spears upright in the ground while they rested, that about a hundred and fifty men had been in the village. In the centre of the village there was a platform, about four feet high, stacked with skulls, some quite fresh and with morsels of flesh adhering to them. "Ours," said the Notu. "See that hole in the side of each skull? That is where they scrape out the fresh brains!" Every skull had a hole in exactly the same place, varying in size, but uniform in position. The village was full of pigs and fowls, which the police and carriers killed. Dobudura scouts still hung about us, but their main body had vanished. A group of four or five of them got up a tree, about five hundred yards distant, and, as we continued our march, watched us and shouted directions and information of our movements to invisible Dobudura ahead. I ordered half a dozen constabulary to fire at the men in the tree, which they did, Walker and Acland also firing; the men dropped rapidly from the tree, but none of them were hit, though the sound of rifles, heard by them for the first time, must have disturbed their nerves a little.

As we continued our march, we found that we were surrounded by a thin ring of Dobudura, who were now quite silent. They gave one a funny feeling—the feeling of being surrounded by a thin invisible net which always gave when pressed, only to close again when we relaxed our pressure. "Master, be cautious; I think we shall find a big fight," said Barigi. "Keep close together, and your tomahawks ready," old Giwi told his Kaili Kaili. I detached half a dozen constabulary and told them to sneak through the long grass and break the ring of Dobudura scouts. They left; and soon I heard shots. The police returned, bringing with them the spears, clubs, and shields of two men they had shot; but, hardly had they returned, when the ring reformed. We marched on once more, my flanking police constantly having slight skirmishes with small bodies of the Dobudura, but nothing like a fight taking place. The Dobudura were clearly carrying out some well-defined plan: they were not afraid of us, that was certain, or they would have bolted altogether; neither did they mean to come into open collision with us yet.

At last, still accompanied by the watching ring of men, we came to the bank of a river, upon the opposite bank of which an armed Dobudura was standing, shouting to others behind. "Get me that man alive!" I ordered. Ten police at once

plunged into and across the river, and tore after him as he fled. Walker, like an idiot, imagined that he could keep up with the swift police, and went after them, before I saw what he was doing. He paid for his folly, for he got the fright of his life. He was, of course, soon easily out-distanced by the constabulary, who did not for a moment imagine that any white man would be fool enough to try and keep up with them, and suddenly he came to a place where the track divided, and could not tell which one the police had taken; he also now became conscious that the forest around him was full of Dobudura, he could hear their voices, and he did not dare to attempt to return to my party alone, for he had gone too far. Accordingly, at a venture he took one of the tracks, and luckily for him it was the right one, for in a few minutes he walked right into the returning police, who had captured a woman; she turned out to be a Notu woman, captured some time before by the Dobudura. If Walker had taken the other track, he would most certainly have been killed, as the police reported that it was held by a strong force of Dobudura. I gave him a severe lecture, telling him that work of this description was worry enough for me, without its being complicated by the escapades of congenital idiots. "I suppose next," I said, "if you see a native climb a cocoanut tree like a monkey, you will imagine that you can do it too! If you do try, please take care and fall on your head, and then you will come to no harm." Walker was extremely annoyed, and said that he did not believe the Dobudura would fight at all.

Village after village we entered, all being deserted at our approach. At one spot on our line of march, a very big Dobudura nearly got Sergeant Kimai, who was slightly away from his men on one flank. The man crept up, and then rushed silently at Kimai with a club; fortunately he caught sight of him, and, dropping on his knee, blew the man's stomach in at a yard's distance. My young devil, Toku, and some Kaili Kaili, discovered a Dobudura sneaking up, and the man fled finding that he was discovered; whereupon Toku shot him in the stern with a small pea rifle of mine he was carrying. The man clapped his hand to the place, and went off in a series of jumps, or, as Toku put it, like a kangaroo! Each village we entered had the same platform filled with skulls, some years old, others but a few days; while in some villages an additional decoration in the form of ropes hung with human jawbones was provided. The skulls were all those of people killed and eaten, and were of both sexes and all ages, from that of an infant to that of a senile old man or woman.

At last we came to a big village of two hundred houses, where two men were shot in a skirmish, and a man and a woman

captured by the scouting police. The man was sullen and would not answer questions; the woman talkative, when once she found that she was not going to be killed. She told me that most of the men were away fighting the Sangara, but that swift messengers had gone for them, to tell them of our invasion. I gave the man and the woman some tobacco, and then showed them how a bullet would pass through a shield or even a cocoanut tree; then I told them to seek out their chief and tell him that it was useless his fighting me, but that I must stop him fighting the Notu people, and that he had better come and see me himself next day, offering him safe conduct. So off they went.

Platforms of skulls were at each end of this village; hundreds of skulls, and there was one heap of about thirty quite fresh ones, the adhering flesh had hardly had time to go bad. I nearly lost Private Oia here: he had leant his rifle against a tree a little distance away from the main body, and was squatting on the ground, when a Dobudura crept up and rushed him with a club; Oia sprang up towards the enemy, just as the club swung down for his head, and succeeded in catching the blow from the wooden handle on his shoulder, instead of the cutting-stone disc on his head. Oia then tore the club from the man's grasp and dashed out his brains with it. "These Dobudura may be all right with the spear, but they are no good with the club," said Oia to me. "Why?" asked I. "If that fool had been close enough to make a side cut at my knee instead of a down cut at my head, he would have got me," he said; "to use the down cut against a stooping man is folly, as it is so easily avoided!" Oia, like his father, old Bushimai, was an expert in the use of a club. The old man despised a shield, considering it a useless encumbrance, and trusted to his clever manipulation of his club to ward off missiles.

Night was now closing in, with threatening rain, and then the Notu calmly told me that the Dobudura preferred to fight at night, which was quite contrary to all usual native custom; this to me was a very alarming statement, as it was also to the police. "I don't like this at all," I told Acland, "I have been an absolute fool. This village alone must be able to furnish quite three hundred men, and the other villages we passed through a like number at least, which makes six hundred; while there may be a dozen other villages within easy reach, for all I know. I should have camped early in the day in the forest, and built a stockade for the night. If these beggars choose to rush us in the dark, the police won't be able to distinguish carriers from Dobudura in the tangled mess there will be; and I have not enough police to keep up a sufficiency of sentries round the camp, without the whole force being on duty all night." Just before dark, our late

prisoner walked in and told us that the men from the Sangara district had returned, and the chief proposed to pay us a visit that night. My sentries were posted at the time, but the man had got through them and right up to me, unchallenged. My police and the Notu protested strongly against our receiving visitors at night. "It's contrary to all our customs to receive visitors at night, and there is something behind this," they said. "Return to your chief, and tell him I will receive him in the morning," I told the messenger, "but that any one coming near my camp to-night will be shot immediately," and off he went.

"If there is a fight to-night, how are we to distinguish the carriers from the Dobudura?" I asked Barigi. "Let each carrier keep by him a glowing fire-stick, and seize and wave it when the fight comes," he replied, "then we can shoot at the men without fire in their hands." It was good advice, and I took it; and each carrier took good care that—like the wise virgins—he kept his light burning. The night wore on: we three Europeans lying on the ground with our revolvers buckled on, our rifles ready to grasp, and with our pockets uncomfortably full of cartridges; the police, that were not on duty, lay on their rifles, and each carrier kept spear or tomahawk handy. Old Giwi croaked about the folly of our camp, and exhorted the Kaili Kaili and his two sons, Makawa in my police and Toku my servant, to fight strongly. I stationed men at houses at each end and side of the village, with fire-pots full of live embers, and instructed them—in the case of an attack—at once to set fire to the dry sago-leaf roofs, in order to give us light to fire by. The nerves of the whole party were now in a state of tense expectation, and the Notu quietly bewailed their folly in coming with me. "If we are smashed up," I told Walker and Acland, "don't let those beggars get you alive."

All at once I heard the voice of a village constable, in the circle of sentries, raised in anger, "What two fools are you, walking past me without fire-sticks? You know the orders!" The order had been given by me that any carrier moving about the camp was to carry his fire-stick. The men made no reply, but rushed past him from our camp into the night; whereupon he fired after them, and immediately there broke out a blaze of fire from the rifles of the sentries all round the camp. I found out later that the two men were Dobudura who, unperceived, had been right through our camp, studying the disposition of my force.

Then came the blood-curdling war-cry of the Dobudura all round us, which was answered by a yell of defiance from the Kaili Kaili, and a howl of terror from the Notu. "Fire the houses! Fall in the constabulary!" I yelled amid the din. Suddenly bang went a rifle at my side; I turned and saw Walker.

Then came a yell of protest from the Kaili Kaili. "What the devil do you think you are doing?" I demanded. "Firing at the enemy!" he answered, wild with nervous excitement. "Trying to murder my Kaili Kaili!" I told him shortly. Walker calmed down and ceased firing. The houses shot up into a blaze, and lit up the village and surrounding grass for fifty yards; the constabulary and village constables rapidly formed in line, and the Kaili Kaili and Notu, who were frantically waving their fire-sticks, lay down, in order that we might fire over them. The noise died away as quickly as it had risen, and the Dobudura departed as swiftly as they had come, without pushing their attack. I was extremely puzzled, but decided that perhaps they would yet come; so the men stood as they were, in the light of the burning houses, until three in the morning, when rain fell upon us, and the Notu said we were now all right, as nothing would induce the Dobudura to fight in the rain.

It was not until long afterwards, when I was on really friendly terms with the Dobudura, that I learnt what had saved us that night. They had discovered our advance into their country, almost immediately after we had left the coast, and had decided to draw us as far as possible into their district and avoid a fight until the men from Sangara could return; then to throw every available fighting man upon my camp just before dawn. They knew a large portion of my force was comprised of Notu, whom they despised, and expected would bolt at the first attack. Their chief, who devised the scheme, had wished to visit my camp to see for himself how my force was disposed; finding he could not do this, he had sent men who had crept unperceived past the sentries. Some of the men had already returned to him with news, and he was waiting for the others, when bang went the village constable's rifle and he fell dead, shot through the heart. The fire from the ring of sentries had also killed and wounded several others. Struck with dismay at the loss of their leader, and appalled by the flashes and sound of the rifles, they had then drawn off until dawn should come; but with the dawn came the rain, and that damped their fighting ardour. I, however, did not know this at the time, and was considerably surprised at the whole behaviour of the Dobudura. Glad was I when dawn came, for, on top of the nervous tension of the whole night, I knew that I was the person responsible for having got my party into such a dangerous position.

In the morning, there were the ever present encircling Dobudura scouts, silent and watchful. "Damn these people!" I said, "they have got upon my nerves. I am going to run away and get more police; my men can't march and hunt them all day, and keep watch all night." Back for the coast we

marched, the Notu scouting in advance, while the rear-guard was composed of constabulary. As we passed through and vacated each village, it was at once reoccupied by many people, and a gradually increasing body of Dobudura followed on our track. At one point, as we entered the forest, I sent a man up a tree to look back, and he reported large numbers of men creeping after us in the grass. I halted my men and faced about, thinking that perhaps they had at last made up their minds to come to conclusions with me; the men in the grass halted too, and after waiting some time for an attack to develop and none coming, I sent out a flanking party to try and get round them, but their ever-watching scouts detected my manœuvres and the Dobudura retreated.

We reached the Notu village again that night, when the old people of the village thanked me for fighting the Dobudura, and proffered gifts of necklaces made from dogs' teeth and shells. That night we slept like stone dogs, police, Kaili Kaili, and all our party, while the Notu people kept watch. The following day I took the whaler, and with half a dozen police, Acland, and Walker, sailed for the Kumusi River; from which point I could send a message overland to Elliott, Assistant R.M. at Tamata, asking him for more police. The Kaili Kaili and the remainder of the constabulary I left encamped at Notu.

We nearly got swamped crossing the bar of the Kumusi River, a beastly shark and alligator infested spot. "Lord love a duck!" said Acland, "yesterday you nearly got us eaten by cannibals! To-day you offer us a choice between drowning, sharks, or crocodiles! If I ever hear any one saying that your guests are not provided with plenty of excitement and variety, I shall call the speaker a liar, if he's small enough!" Oates kept a store for Whitten Brothers at the mouth of the Kumusi, from which the Yodda Gold-field was supplied per medium of the river; so here we waited for a week for the return of my messenger to Elliott. We spent our time catching big sharks and groper on a stout cotton line; we got one groper of four hundred pounds weight, and some enormous sharks, which our men ate. The fish had a curious effect upon Private Oia, for he suddenly went into high fever, and then his outer skin crackled all over and peeled off; he told me that the same thing had happened to him once before, after he had eaten a large quantity of shark.

A. W. Walsh, Assistant R.M. from Papangi Station, now put in an appearance with a trader named Clark; they had been searching for a track from Bogi on the Kumusi River to the Mangrove Isles on the coast. I at once commandeered Walsh's services, together with his nine police, for service against the Dobudura. Walsh was an Irishman, a happy-go-lucky fellow

who had gone broke farming in Australia, and had then been given a small appointment in New Guinea. His detail of police were very slack and untidy: he afterwards served under me in the Northern Division, and I had a devil of a job straightening up his men. Then arrived from Tamata ten police, sent me by Elliott, a smart, well-drilled lot; also old Bushimai appeared, with about fifty fighting men in canoes, Bushimai stating that he had heard I had sent for help to Tamata, and thought that he would bring some men to my assistance. I now had a force, I considered, sufficient to smash up any tribe in New Guinea; namely, forty-four constabulary, an extra European officer, and carriers comprised of such redoubtable fighting men as Giwi's Kaili Kaili, and Bushimai's Mambare—Bushimai's men were also good night fighters.

Once more, accordingly, I returned to Oro Bay to march against the Dobudura. I found the constabulary and carriers that I had left at that point in good health and spirits, except one man who had suddenly died and been buried by the police. The Notu, however, had all bolted for the bush; and, upon asking for the reason, I found that while I was at the Kumusi they had captured, killed and eaten two runaway Kumusi carriers, and they knew that I should call them to account for it, also they were by no means keen upon putting in another night at Dobudura, the big village where we were previously attacked. The Notu and their offences, however, could wait, first I had to finish with the Dobudura; accordingly I again marched for their villages, this time full of confidence.

We found that the Dobudura had planted concealed spears on the track, as well as spear pits; but they were easily discovered by the scouting Mambare, and avoided by us. "These bush fools think we are children!" said old Bushimai, when we found the things; "perhaps before we leave they will know different!" At the first sight of the out-lying Dobudura village, we saw that it was crowded with armed plumed men, back to whom rapidly fled four of their scouts, as my force emerged from the forest. I hastily detached the Papangi and Tamata constabulary respectively as right and left flanking parties, and advanced straight upon the village with my own men; the police had orders to take as many prisoners as possible. Getting close to the village, I ordered my men to rush it, which they did; but the Dobudura, suddenly discovering that they were being attacked upon three sides at once, hastily decamped, and the police only succeeded in capturing two old men and a youth who were not swift-footed enough to escape them. All the other villages were also vacated at our approach, rows of grinning skulls alone receiving us; and again we had an encircling screen of Dobudura scouts around us, but this time

they had a lively time, as now I did not care what attack was made upon my main body, and could therefore detail plenty of side patrols of police to chase or shoot them.

All that day I drove the Dobudura before us : whenever they showed any signs of forming, or putting up a serious fight, I at once flung out my flanking parties and developed so severe an attack upon their front and sides as to send them flying back to the next village ; until we came to the big village of the night alarm. Here apparently their full force was assembled, and prepared to make a stand. I at once united the two flanking parties into one under Walsh, with orders to make a flank attack, whilst I made a direct one. The Dobudura had, however, lost their leader ; and, as my force advanced, some fled, while others tried to put up a fight but without method or order, until several were killed, and again they fled as my force occupied the village. A good number of prisoners were taken, including several women, whose presence showed that the Dobudura had been fairly confident of holding their village against us.

Night was now fast coming ; and, made cautious by first experience, I vacated the village for the forest on the bank of the Samboga River, where the Kaili Kaili and Mambare hastily felled trees and built a stockade, while half the police were dispatched in pursuit of the scattered Dobudura. Several they shot, others they captured ; but that night we passed in sweet security within the walls of our stockade, though Walker was the only white member of the party not down with fever. I questioned the prisoners, who told me that the spirit of the Dobudura was broken, and that though some of that tribe wished for a pitched fight with me, others were afraid, while the death of their chief had caused divided councils in the tribe. "Why do you kill the Notu ?" I asked, "that is the sole reason why I fight with you." "We were always friendly with the Notu, until two years ago," they replied, "but then their sorcerers began making a drought, and we had nothing except sago to eat ; then the sorcerers destroyed that also, so we had to eat the Notu ! The proof of the wickedness of the Notu is that they had rain while we had none."

Here, in the early morning, I nearly lost one of my men : my party was scattered over an area of about an acre, chatting and tending their cooking-fires, when a Dobudura man crawled unperceived right amongst them and hurled a spear into the loins of a man ; the man staggered forward and plucked out the spear, turning round as he did so to face his assailant, and then received a second spear clean through the forearm ; this also he plucked out, and hurled it at the Dobudura completely transfixing him, just as that individual was struck by spears, tomahawks, and bullets from all directions. I made certain after I had examined my man's

wounds, that he could not possibly live; but as a matter of fact he did, and in a month was a whole man again. In this instance I did not know which to admire most, the pluck of my own man or the courage of the Dobudura who had come to what he must have known was certain death. "I wish he had been taken alive," I remarked, as I looked at the corpse, "he would have made a fine village constable."

Another Dobudura also lost his life in a valiant attempt to bag a man of mine: we were marching in single file through an open space covered with grass about two feet high, when suddenly a Dobudura rose out of the grass and hurled a spear at a Kaili Kaili carrier; the Kaili Kaili saw it coming and dodged, with the result that the spear merely grazed his ribs. As the man was in the act of launching a second spear, another Kaili Kaili reached him and clove his skull to the teeth.

All that day I endeavoured to bring the Dobudura to a final fight, but engage my full force they would not. Several of their scouts were shot and others taken prisoners, and in one place half a dozen constabulary and a score of Mambare were vigorously attacked by a strong force; but upon more constabulary and the Kaili Kaili running up to the sound of the firing, the Dobudura retreated. I began to feel very sorry for the Dobudura, their resistance to me was so courageous and so hopeless. The Cape Nelson constabulary, at the time, were far and away the best detachment in New Guinea, and the Mambare and Kaili Kaili with me among the very best fighters; while in Giwi and Bushimai, I had as lieutenants the two most wary, wily, and cautious fighting chiefs in the Possession. Prisoner after prisoner I released to carry messages to them, telling them that I did not wish to fight or kill any more of them, and pointing out the futility of resistance to my force; but still they went on, apparently hoping that sooner or later I should give them an opening to get home upon me; still, to my request that their chiefs should meet me in a neutral spot and discuss their killing of the Notu, they turned a deaf ear.

At last I marched for the coast again, feeling that my only hope of settling the Notu-Dobudura difficulty was by training the prisoners I had captured, and making them realize the strength of the power they were up against. As I vacated each village on our return march, it was at once reoccupied by the Dobudura, still defiant and unconquered. In the last village, I left ten constabulary concealed in the houses, who made things very hot indeed for them when they attempted to enter the apparently vacated village. Afterwards, through my prisoners, I got upon good terms with them and turned their chief into a village constable, and they furnished me with carriers for many a future expedition.

I learnt much later that, after I had left their district, the Dobudura had a very rotten time; for the Sangara—against whom they had dispatched and recalled a war party at the time of my first appearance in their district—had been apparently watching events very closely, and I had hardly withdrawn before they fell upon and remorselessly slaughtered the Dobudura, before they had time to recover from the disorganization caused by me.

The wife of the old chief of the Dobudura, whom I later made village constable, was one of the finest charactered women I have ever known, either white or brown. I remember once, when returning with Tooth from the Lamington Expedition, camping in the village, worn, tired, and with a hungry lot of carriers. She received us, and explained that her husband, the chief and village constable, was away, so that she was making all arrangements for a supply of food for us. In thanking her and talking to her before I left, I asked, "Have you no children?" "I had two sons," she replied, "but they are dead." "How did they die?" I asked. "You killed them," she said. "Good gracious!" I answered in surprise, "how do you make that out?" "One was killed in the night, when about to attack your camp," she said, "the other speared one of your people and was killed in your camp." "I am very sorry," I said, "I wish I had your two sons marching there," pointing to the constabulary, "for they were very brave men." "It was not your fault, I don't blame you," said the old dame, "we were a foolish people; but my husband and myself wish we had our two sons again."

CHAPTER XXV

ABOUT this time I received a message that Sir Francis Winter had departed, and that Mr. Musgrave had assumed the administratorship, pending the appointment of a successor to that official, or the return of Sir George Le Hunte. Likewise I received orders at once to prepare to accompany the Acting Administrator on a journey of exploration, for the purpose of discovering a practicable road from Oro Bay to the Yodda Gold-field, together with instructions to collect carriers for the said expedition.

I therefore hastily departed for Cape Nelson; and on my arrival at that point, at once hoisted about sixteen feet of turkey-red at the flagstaff—the signal that I wanted carriers for an important expedition, and also that all village constables and chiefs were to come to me immediately. Within a few hours the men began pouring into the Station, generally accompanied by their wives and relations, who were prepared to camp there until they knew what was in the wind, or until their husbands and relatives had departed with me.

A few hours after my arrival the *Merrie England* came in, and when I went on board I was informed that the Acting Administrator did not intend to make the proposed journey in person, but that he had decided that I should act for him and that I should be accompanied by Mr. Tooth, a Government surveyor, whom he had brought with him for that purpose. The *Merrie England* was swarming with extra Central Division police, who were landed to camp for the night in my barracks. His Excellency also informed me that, as he suffered from nausea on board, he wished to sleep at the Residency; upon which I sent for my house boys and told them to prepare my bedroom for the Acting Governor and to make up a bed for me in my private office, which they did. Upon my landing from the *Merrie England*, Oia, my orderly, remarked, "What are we to do with the bones of the white man in your room?" "Oh, shove them under my bed until this trip is over, and I have time to attend to them," I said. For a short time before Oiogoba had brought me the bones of a man, which he informed me he suspected from the decayed state of the teeth

in the jaw to be those of a white man: he, or rather his sorcerer, had roughly articulated them, after the manner in which they had previously seen me prepare the skeletons of the smaller mammals.

Night came, the whole station was plunged in the most profound sleep, with the exception of the sentries and myself. I was sitting in a bath, and was taking advantage of my first spare moments in order to read my private mail brought by the *Merrie England*, when suddenly a shriek rent the air from the Acting Governor's room, followed by a scamper of feet across the verandah, a loud yell, and then a shot. Hastily I jumped from my tub, donned my pyjamas and arms, and bolted for the Governor's room, while the noise of an alarmed Station became louder and yet louder.

When I reached His Excellency's room I found the mosquito nets surrounding the bed in a blaze, whilst he was capering up and down the room, gibbering something to which I had no time to listen. I hurriedly tore down the burning nets and trampled them underfoot; the need for haste is evident, when I mention that thousands of rounds of cordite cartridges and several hundred-weight of gelignite and dynamite were stored in cells beneath my room. Just as I finished trampling out the flames, a rush of feet came; Sergeant Barigi on the one side and Corporal Bia on the other, with their respective squads, swarmed into the house, mother naked, except for bandoliers, bayonets and rifles, and prepared to kill at sight. Before I had time to question his Excellency as to what was the reason of the alarm, the sentry dumped up upon the verandah the stunned body of the Governor's boy, with the remark, "I've got him, sir!" Then came screams, shrieks, and howls from the women and children in the married quarters, coupled with the yells of the non-commissioned officers of the respective detachments falling-in their men on the parade ground, and the shrill call of a bugle from the gaol compound, a quarter of a mile away, calling for the night guard; mix with that the beating of the drums of the native chiefs in charge of the carriers assembled for the expedition, crown it all with the bellowing of the *Merrie England's* fog horn hysterically calling for her boats, and it may be imagined that a fair state of pandemonium reigned!

And all about nothing! His Excellency had gone to bed; then, in the dark had got up and felt for an object under his bed, and had inserted his fingers into the eye-holes of my skeleton's skull, and being rather puzzled, had called for his Motuan boy to bring a candle. The boy groped under the bed, grabbed the skeleton, and, being a superstitious Motuan, had given a yell and promptly dropped the candle, which fired the mosquito nets; he had then bolted over the verandah, where he had instantly been

flattened out by the sentry, who immediately afterwards fired his rifle to alarm the guard.

The prisoners in the gaol, most of whom were runaway carriers from the Mambare, had heard the riot and imagined that the Station was attacked or taken; they accordingly had made frantic efforts to break out and escape, for fear of being murdered—efforts which the ordinary warders were powerless to restrain; hence the wild bugling for assistance. In twenty minutes, however, peace reigned once more; some one yelled to the *Merrie England* that it was not battle, murder, or sudden death, but merely a compound of funk and imbecility. Sergeant Barigi's squad went and quietened the agitated prisoners, while Corporal Oia and his men explained to the rest of the Station that the trouble was only due to a fool of a Motuan having been scared of my skeleton!

Tooth, the surveyor the Governor had brought with him, was a most peculiar individual; he had spent most of his life surveying in the arid wastes of Northern Australia, and had there lost every ounce of superfluous flesh, as well as acquiring two delusions; one of which was, that his frame and constitution were like cast-iron and not susceptible to fatigue, and the other, that an extraordinary Calvinistic brand of religion that he had invented was the only true means of grace. He had only made one convert, so far as I could understand, namely, his wife.

I discovered Tooth's idiosyncracies during the first ten minutes we were alone together, while we were discussing the arrangements for our expedition. I noticed two large S's embroidered on his collar. "Mr. Tooth," I asked, "what do those S's mean? Surveyor?" "No," he replied, "Salvation." "Are you a member of the Salvation Army, Mr. Tooth?" "I was," he said, "but I differ with them," and then began to explain his own particular brand of dogma. "Oh, Lord!" I thought, "what am I in for?" Then I cut in hurriedly to the discourse, as a dreadful thought struck me. "Mr. Tooth, are you a teetotaller as well?" "No," said Tooth, "that is one of my differences with the——" I hastily interrupted him by yelling for a boy and telling him to bring drinks; then, before Tooth could get going again, I struck in, "This expedition of ours will in no way resemble a Methodist picnic. We shall first have to penetrate a coastal belt full of swamps and rotten with fever of the most malignant type; there, forced marches will be the order of the day, and sometimes it will be necessary to use other than Kindergarten methods to persuade carriers of the type I shall have with me, that such marches are for their own benefit; next, we shall skirt Mt. Lamington, and that

mountain is the haunt of some particularly venomous tribes, who are perpetually fighting, and who regard every stranger as an enemy to be slain at sight; we shan't have a chance to get into anything like friendly relations with them, for Walker and De Molynes have had one scrap with them, Elliott another, and they chased Walsh clean out of their district. Now, what I want to know is this, have you any conscientious scruples about shedding blood? You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, and you can't take an expedition past Mt. Lamington without some one being killed on one side or the other. Personally I have a strong aversion to being coarsely speared in the midriff or rudely clubbed on the head, or having similar things done to my constabulary or carriers, and should prefer the casualties to be on the other side." "If the heathen in his wickedness rageth," said Tooth, "the heathen in his wickedness must die, also I have a wife to think of; but it is sad to contemplate that his soul will be damned." "That's right, Mr. Tooth," I said, "when the heathen rageth, you think of Mrs. Tooth and be hanged to the heathens' souls." He then got up and groped in his bag, producing therefrom an antiquated ivory-handled revolver of Brobdingnagian proportions; a thing throwing a ball about the size of a Snider bullet. "What do you think of that?" remarked the proud owner. "I've had it twenty-five years!" "The Lord help the heathen you shoot with that thing; you'll disembowel him," I said, as I gazed in awe at the ponderous piece of artillery and shoved a finger into its cavernous muzzle; "also the ammunition will be the devil's own weight for you to carry. Let me lend you a service revolver; it will be quite as effective and half the weight." He, however, declined to be parted from his beloved piece of ironmongery, explaining to me that weight did not matter to his iron constitution; he, however, consented to take a service rifle, instead of an enormous American repeating fowling-piece he had as his second armament.

After viewing Tooth's provision of what he considered suitable arms for a difficult expedition, curiosity compelled me to ask him what instruments he proposed taking. He thereupon departed for the *Merrie England*, and returned followed by about a dozen carriers, bringing one six-inch theodolite, one five-inch ditto, one three-inch ditto, one sextant, one artificial horizon, two hypsometers, two chronometers, two aneroid barometers, a circumferenter and two prismatic compasses, one Gunter's chain, one six-chain tape, one table, one chair, a complete set of mathematical instruments, three large bottles of different coloured inks, a paint box, a large stand telescope, an enormous roll of plan paper, together with at least six flat field-books and several tomes of logarithmical tables, astronomy, bridge building, etc.

"Thunder and sealing-wax !" I exclaimed, "have you plundered the entire Survey Office ? Or do you think we have an elephant transport ?" "Oh no. The Hon. A. Musgrave and I compiled the list, and he gave me an order to draw the things from the Survey Department," said Tooth. "It's damned hard luck," I remarked, "that whenever Muzzy tries his hand at an inland expedition, I should invariably be dragged into it ; it is about up to him to light on some other unfortunate for a change. It seems to me that there is little to choose between the command of one of Muzzy's expeditions, and that hell you have in store for the souls of the heathen !" I then carefully selected from the stock a three-inch theodolite, a prismatic compass, an aneroid, and a hypsometer ; and from the library, a Trautwine's Pocket Book and a Nautical Almanack. "There you are, Mr. Tooth," I told him ; "that is all I can transport, and it is ample. We are not making an exact survey of the German frontier, or laying out a Roman road, but are looking for the easiest and most practicable route from a point on the coast to another in the interior ; a meridian altitude by day, and a star by night, are all the observations we require. You have what we need for that in my selection, the rest is but lumber."

Before continuing the tale of our expedition, a little story about Tooth will fit in here. We had long since found the route for the road, and Tooth, Elliott, Walsh, and myself, with several hundred Kaili Kaili and Binandere, were engaged in cutting it through an immensely high forest. Elliott and Walsh were both assistant officers of mine, and were, as a rule, stationed with small detachments of constabulary at different posts amongst difficult tribes ; they differed one from the other in every respect save one, but were close friends. Walsh was a public-school boy and the son of an Irish baronet ; Elliott, a working miner of little education, who had received a temporary appointment at Tamata Station to fill a vacancy caused by the rapid deaths of the officers previously stationed at that salubrious spot ; he had proved himself to be so useful at police patrol work and work among the miners, as to be permanently retained. The respect in which the two men were alike was, that both possessed happy mercurial temperaments, and neither feared anything on earth except me—it being my business to stand between them and the hot water they were perpetually getting into at Port Moresby, also to chasten them at frequent intervals (too frequently I fear they thought), for the good of the district and their own welfare. Take them either apart or together, neither could be taken for promising members of the Young Men's Christian Association, but Tooth chose to consider them as possible brands to be plucked from the burning ; if he had raked New Guinea through,

he could hardly have found a brace of more unlikely converts than were that bright pair.

Well, we had got a strip of tall trees chopped off at the butts, of about a quarter of a mile in length and twenty-two yards in width, and the infernal things were so tangled up at the tops with a network of vines and creepers, as to refuse to come down. Natives crawled about the trunks chopping, others climbed neighbouring trees and hacked at the vines; the work was frightfully dangerous, as the men swarmed underneath everywhere, and one never knew the moment when the whole mass of timber would come crashing down on top of them. Suddenly the expected happened, down came the lot, the workers scuttling like rabbits into the adjoining forest; all but one escaped, but a huge pandanus top fell upon him and flattened him out. The crashing, tearing and rending of that avalanche of falling timber then ceased, and from under the pandanus trees came the screams of a man apparently in mortal agony. "Cut him out!" I yelled. "Who the devil is it?" "Komburua," was the reply, as fifty naked natives flew with their axes to the spot, and almost immediately turned tail and fled howling into the surrounding forest, while the howls of Komburua continued, containing if anything a still keener note of agony. "Curse it! Have the choppers gone mad?" I howled. "Forward the Bogi and Papangi detachments! Cut that man out at once!" Walsh and Elliott seized axes and, followed by their respective squads, attacked the tree under which lay the screaming Komburua. Then we found trouble thick and plenty; about a dozen nests of hornets, as big as bumble bees, had come down with the timber and got busily to work; they had routed the naked choppers in one act, but the constabulary, under the storm of blasphemy and threats showered by Walsh, Elliott and myself, stuck to the work, in spite of hornet stings, until the man was released. I then examined Komburua, who kept up a constant moaning, but could find nothing broken or any sign of internal injuries. "Damn you," I said, as I cuffed his head, "there is nothing the matter with you, and you have got us all badly stung by beasts with stings like red-hot fish-hooks!" "Nothing the matter!" wailed Komburua. "Nothing the matter! First the whole forest falls on top of me, and then all the red and green ants in the country begin to eat me!" It was quite true; that pandanus top had contained several nests of savagely biting red and green ants, which had shaken out on top of the pinned Komburua; when I looked again closely at his skin, I found he was bitten all over. He afterwards said that the ants had been so thick that they had to take turns in biting him, as there was not enough room on his skin for them all at once. But I think this was an exaggeration.

Tooth didn't get stung, he had been some distance away when the accident occurred, and only arrived in time to hear the language used in the culminating stage of the extrication of Komburua ; and at that language Tooth was greatly grieved. He saw three souls bound for one of the worst lodgings in that particularly vivid hell of his creation, souls, too, of men with whom Tooth was on terms of cordial friendship ; it therefore behoved him to do something to save those friends. Now, a New Guinea Resident Magistrate's relations with his officers in my day were very much the same as those of a captain of a man-of-war with his ; they might be on most cordial terms of friendship, but they lived apart and fed apart ; or if, as usually happened, these rules were relaxed when we were engaged on work such as the present, still no comment would be caused by the R.M. having his dinner in his own tent or absenting himself from the nightly conclave, and it would be a gross breach of etiquette to intrude upon him then.

That night I dined in my own tent, and afterwards I neither visited the general mess-tent, nor sent and invited any officer to mine. Tooth felt the fervour of his creed working in him ; some one must be saved. Elliott had used the worst language ; he would begin with him. He waited until Elliott had turned into his hammock, then wended his way thereto. Walsh, whose tent was alongside, overheard the conversation, and told it to me some time afterwards. Tooth began in this wise : " Alec, I want something from you." " It's no good, Tooth, I haven't a blanky bob ; if I had, you would be welcome to it," replied Elliott. " It's not that," said Tooth, in sepulchral tones, " neither a lender nor a borrower be. It is something more precious than gold." " Osmiridium," hazarded Elliott, " I had some that I got on the Yodda, but I gave it to a barmaid in Sydney." Tooth changed his tactics, " Alec, I want to probe into your being," he said. " After those blasted hornet stings, I suppose ; I'll see you damned first. Ade has dug them out with a needle already, and anyhow I would not have a bull-fisted blunderer like you digging at me." " No," said Tooth, " it is your immortal soul I wish to cleanse and save." " Hell's flames !" said Elliott, sitting up in surprise, " are you mad ?" " No," replied Tooth, " I am not mad, and hell's flames consume souls, they do not cleanse ; I wish to save you from them. The language that you and Walsh and the R.M. used to-day was enough to damn you to all eternity, and you all constantly use it and worse." " If you have ever heard the R.M. or Walsh use worse language than they used to-day under the hornets, you are a lucky man ; it must have been something quite out of the common, and an education to any ordinary man. Why, a college of parsons could not have improved upon it, or you, Tooth, could not have equalled it."

Tooth then preached Elliott a fearsome sermon, according to Walsh ; which was interrupted by Elliott in this way. "Look here, Tooth, I'm damned if I see what my soul has got to do with you, or why you should take on a parson's job ; but, anyhow, the best thing that you can do is to save the soul of the R.M. ! Then you will get the lot of us, Walsh and Griffin, Bellamy, the two Higginsons and fat Oelrichs ; if you convert the 'Old Man,' he'll make things so hot that we'll have to get saved or clear out ! In fact, I think you would get all the police as well. Now, get out of my tent !"

The following evening, as we all sat round a camp fire after having messed together, I noticed that Tooth seemed to be labouring with some deep thought, while Elliott and Walsh kept exchanging meaning glances. At last the latter pair got up and went off to their tents, telling me that they had their journals to write up, a palpable lie, as the sole report they had to make was a line to the effect that they were upon duty with me. Then, after a little beating about the bush, Tooth brought the conversation round to religion, and suddenly it dawned upon me that he was endeavouring to convert me ; anger was my first feeling, then I smiled to myself and broke in on his discourse. "My dear chap, to prevent misunderstanding we had better come to some agreement at once. Like you, I also have a peculiar religion, I am an esoteric High Churchman, and it is one of the tenets of my faith that laymen belonging to that creed do not discuss it with any other than a fellow esoteric High Churchman or a Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Our conversions are all made by retired celibate bishops of not less than sixty years of age. You may have noticed that I never eat butter or fat, or touch milk in any form, these are rules of esoteric High Churchism, imposed as a penance to mortify the flesh. Please do not say any more." (As a matter of fact I hate milk, butter, or grease in any form.) Tooth gasped with surprise, then simply remarking, "that to each man his own belief, but he did not see how I reconciled mine with the language of yesterday," went off to bed. "Very good, Mr. Tooth," I thought, "I'll teach you before long not to go soul hunting among the New Guinea R.M.'s," and lay low for him accordingly.

I eventually squared accounts with Tooth in this way. He, like many other strong healthy men, had a great horror of illness ; he also was strangely ignorant of all disease other than malaria. Now, Tooth got a boil on his stern, he also got scrub-itch on the back of his neck and scratched it until it was raw, then he cut his arm and came to me for treatment ; I put some iodoform dusting powder on the cut and bandaged it up. Next day his arm was worse, and I discovered that he was one of those people whom

iodoform poisons, instead of healing ; accordingly I washed it off and dressed his arm with boracic acid. Tooth was now very alarmed. "Do you think there is any danger?" he asked. "I don't like your symptoms," I answered, "now we will just detail them, in order to see whether my suspicions are correct. Firstly, you have a big boil on your sit-upon." "Yes," quaked Tooth. "Secondly, you have an irritant eruption on the back of your neck." "Yes." "Then your blood is in such a bad state that a strong drug like iodoform won't heal a simple cut." "Yes." "Now, look here, Tooth, be very careful how you answer this : have you got a rash on your body?" I knew he must have one, for we were all covered with prickly heat. "Yes," said Tooth, "look at it." I looked at it, and then pulled a face that I flatter myself would have been worth something to an undertaker as a stock-in-trade. "My God!" said he, "what is it?" "One more question, Tooth, before my worst suspicions are confirmed. Do you feel devilish hungry half an hour before meals?" (His appetite, I may remark, was proverbial in the camp.) "Yes," he groaned, "sometimes so hungry that I have a sinking feeling. Oh, what is it?" "Tooth," I said, "I hardly like to tell you." "Tell me the worst ; anything is better than this suspense." "Phytosis, poor old chap. It is a horrible disease, and passes on in a family for generations when once it is acquired ; it is mentioned in the Bible, King Solomon suffered from it." Tooth's groans would now have melted a heart of stone, but I remembered his attempted conversion of me, and hardened mine.

"I have never heard of it in my family," he said. "No," I replied, "the symptoms point to your having acquired it off your own bat." "How do you catch it?" he asked in despair. "Usually from evil living," I replied. Tooth fairly howled, "But I have never lived evilly." "Perhaps not, Tooth ; but you can catch it by sitting on a seat that a person suffering from it has sat upon, or drinking from a vessel from which that person has drunk." Tooth's groans now were heart-rending ; then a glimmer of hope came to him. "But," said he, "there is no one in this camp suffering from it." "No," was my reply, "that is very true ; but this disease takes exactly two months and seven days to develop, and that takes us back to the *Merrie England*, where I have grave suspicions of one of the stewards, the one who looked after your cabin." I regret to say that at this point Tooth used language concerning that unjustly slandered steward that was nearly as strong as that used by my team in the affair of the hornets. "What is the course of the disease?" then wailed Tooth. "If my diagnosis be correct," I answered, "you now have the first symptoms, the second will be that your hair and teeth will fall out, the third your nose will drop off, and after that

you will smell so badly that small hoses, charged with disinfectants, will have to be played upon you until you die." "Can you do anything for me, until I can consult a doctor?" he asked despairingly. "Oh yes," I answered, "the lugger *Peupiuli* will be at Buna Bay in a fortnight, and she can take you to Samarai; but in the meantime my treatment must be a drastic one." "Anything, anything," said the persecuted man. "All right, Tooth; one packet of Epsom's salts, hot, before breakfast every morning, and every Saturday night I will mix you a bolus."

Poor Tooth began the treatment; at the end of a week he was a very limp man indeed, but his boil had gone and his cut was healed. Then he complained that my treatment was too drastic, and that he was getting as weak as a schoolgirl and being starved to death, for his food could not benefit him. I asked him whether he expected me to be able to cure a dreadful disease like his with babies' soothing powders, and then explained that his hunger and weakness were due to a failing circulation, which I hoped it would not be necessary for me to stimulate with blisters on his stomach and back.

Tooth continued my treatment until the *Peupiuli* arrived, when he departed hastily in her to Samarai; and there, to his rage and relief, he was of course told by the doctor that there was nothing the matter with him. Oelrichs told me afterwards that he had sworn he would report me for misusing Government drugs, but Oelrichs then told him, that if he did, the R.M. would probably reply, "that he might have been mistaken in the nature of the surveyor's disease, but the latter must have had a bad conscience to cause him to submit to the treatment." Poor Tooth choked with rage; but he was not a man that bore grudges or carried a bitterness long, and we were soon the best of friends again.

"What was the matter with Tooth?" asked Walsh, as he, Elliott, and I sat round the camp fire on the night of the victim's departure. "Nothing," I replied. "Good Lord! Then what did you scour him to the bone for?" "Excess of religious fervour!" I answered. "By the way, which of you two ornaments to the Service had the cheek to set him on to your chief? I think that requires looking into!" Both looked uneasy. "Is it Pax?" asked Walsh. I nodded. Then I heard about Tooth and Elliott.

I have decided not to continue the tale of this expedition. It has been published in official reports, and is simply a story of swamps, mountains, fever, and fights, a common sort of tale lacking all interest, hence I go on to Robinson's more important Hydrographer's Expedition.

CHAPTER XXVI

ON the first of July, 1903, the *Merrie England* arrived at Cape Nelson, bringing the Administrator, Mr. Justice Robinson. His Excellency informed me that he intended to visit the Yodda Gold-field at once, and to proceed with all possible speed towards the construction of a road to that point, also that he wished to know before the work was begun whether there was any possible alternative route to that already explored, and recommended by Mr. Surveyor Tooth and myself from Oro Bay. I replied that it was possible that a route existed leading from Porloch Bay, behind the Hydrographer's Range to Papaki (or Papangi, as my men called it). Sir William MacGregor's map showed the Yodda River as heading there; this, however, I knew from my own explorations to be incorrect; but Sir William must have some reason for thinking that a long valley ran between the Hydrographer's and the Main Ranges, and this was also my own belief. Walker, R.M., and De Molynes, A.R.M., had sent in a report and map of their explorations in that part of the country, also showing a valley, but they said it was the valley of the south branch of the Kumusi. "I have that report and map," said his Excellency. "Well, both are pure fiction," I replied. "What do you mean by that?" he asked. "One moment, sir, and you will know," I answered, and sent an orderly for Private Arita, and upon his appearance questioned him as follows.

"You were with Mr. Walker and Mr. De Molynes when they went up the Kumusi to Papangi?" "Yes, sir." "How far did they go beyond Papangi?" "Two hours' journey, to where the Kumusi emerges from the hills; then we came back," was the reply. "Did Mr. Walker ever visit that part of the country again?" I asked. "No, sir." "There you are, your Excellency," I said, "Walker drew a map and furnished a report upon a country scores of miles beyond the furthest point he reached. The whole thing is simply guess-work." "Why do you think Sir William MacGregor placed a long valley there?" asked the Governor. "He probably saw a valley, or what looked like a valley, from the summit of the Main Range on his Victoria

Expedition, and from a height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, hills of two or three thousand might look like a flat. Anyhow he was wrong in his assumption that the Yodda River headed there; and in any case he never made any definite statement to that effect, he simply noted it as a possibility. The fact now remains that we know absolutely nothing of the country between the Hydrographer's Range and the Main Range; Sir William MacGregor's theory has been proved wrong by later explorations of the Yodda, while Walker's map and report are not to be seriously considered."

"What do you think about it?" asked Robinson. "I cannot tell," I answered. "It is possible or probable that there is a long fertile valley drained either by the Barigi River into Porloch Bay, or by an affluent of the Kumusi, or by both; or the country may be auriferous; or again it may be a succession of hills and ranges of a few thousand feet; it is impossible to know without traversing it. If there is a long valley there it would be the best route to the Yodda." "Well, I am going to find out," said Robinson, "and you are coming with me; the details of the equipment and personnel of the expedition are now in your hands. When can we start?" "To-morrow, sir," I answered, as I went off to warn my men and send for carriers, wondering why everything hot and unwholesome always fell to my lot. I was not at all enamoured of the prospect, for neither Robinson, Bruce, nor Manning was acclimatized to the country or knew anything about the work, and I saw that if anything went wrong—as well it might—I should be the scapegoat.

The following day I left with the Governor for Porloch Bay, taking with me ten of my constabulary, a dozen armed village constables, and about 130 Kaili Kaili as carriers; to which were added the Governor's boat's crew of eight constabulary and the Commandant's travelling patrol of twenty. At Porloch Bay my old enemy but now dear friend, Oiogoba Sara, appeared and gave us much assistance. He had all his fighting men under arms to repel a threatened attack from a raiding hill tribe, and wanted us to stop and help him; but as I very soon found out that he was confident of beating off his enemies, the Governor decided to go on with our more important work, especially as I told him that the mere passage of our force through Oiogoba's country would discourage the raiders, as indeed old Oiogoba himself thought.

Here, I went through the stores and equipment provided by Manning for the Governor's use, and remorselessly cast out such things as lager beer, potatoes, tinned fruit, etc. These things, I told Manning, were about as useful to an expedition of this sort as a pair of bathing drawers to a conger eel. "But his Excellency may wish to invite some one to lunch or dinner at

the Yodda," squealed Manning. "Then his Excellency's guests can share his Excellency's fare of bully beef, biscuits, rice, and yams." "Mr. Monckton, sir," appealed Manning, "is leaving behind a great deal of your private stores." "Exactly what I expected he would do, Manning. I am glad my impression of him is confirmed. Perhaps you are fortunate that he has not left you behind as well!" replied Robinson, who was a man all through.

Our first camp was at old Oiogoba's village of Neimbadi on the Barigi River, which the old boy, by dint of building new stockades and tree houses, had now turned into a strong position. At dawn on the following morning we struck camp, and, guided by Oiogoba and his escort of spearmen, struck inland to where the Barigi River forks, and thence followed the northern branch, the Tamberere, along its tortuous and rocky course until noon, being compelled to cross and recross the beastly stream no less than five times. In the afternoon, after ascending a rocky gorge, we emerged on to rolling grass hills, and eventually camped for the night at an altitude of about 1000 feet. From here bearings on Mounts MacGregor and Lamington gave me my position; and I told his Excellency that a line as near west-north-west as possible was our route, and one that would determine whether a valley suitable for a road existed behind Mount Lamington or not. Personally, however, I was of the opinion that from the look of the land ahead some rough country lay between the supposititious valley and us.

The country we were camped in was a sort of "no man's land" or border land lying between the Baruga tribe and their mountain enemies, amongst whom could be numbered the Aga, who inhabited the inland slopes of the Hydrographer Range, and were now right ahead of us. This tribe I had heard was in the habit of poisoning its spears; but, like almost every other story to that effect in New Guinea, this proved untrue. Oiogoba and his escort left us here; he returning to take charge of the defence of his village against the expected raid. I, however, kept his village constable with me to act as an interpreter.

From this point our way now led over steep-sided hills of two to three thousand feet in height, at the bottom of which there were deep rocky gorges through which ran very rapid streams. From the top of one big hill we espied in the distance high tree houses, belonging to an outpost of a tribe named Gogori, so my village constable told me. The country lying between us and the houses was frightfully precipitous and rough, and the descent and ascent of the slopes made extremely interesting by loose boulders accidentally dislodged by the men above falling on those below. In most places it was only possible to proceed in Indian

file, which of course meant that when a boulder was dislodged it practically enfiladed the long line.

Boulder dodging on a very steep slope is interesting because one never knows where it is coming, and therefore has to wait to dodge until it is almost into one, in order to prevent stepping into instead of out of its track. Sometimes the loaded men in endeavouring to avoid one stone would start others, whereupon all of us at the lower end had a truly lively time; though I never knew a man actually struck. There is an art in dodging a boulder on a hillside. One hears a sudden yell of warning from the individual by whom it has been started on its career, then a running fire of curses and laughter from the men; curses, as each man watches the course of the boulder and waits to jump aside; laughter, as—the feat accomplished—he watches the expressions and listens to the language of those below awaiting their turn!

Our order of march was as follows. First went four constabulary scouts, two Mambare and two Kaili Kaili, keeping from one to three hundred yards ahead, and making the easiest line to be followed; then I came with the interpreters and ten of the constabulary, followed by the Governor, Manning, and his Excellency's armed boat's crew; behind them again came a long line of carriers, studded at intervals with armed village constables; while Bruce and his constabulary brought up the rear.

The country now in front of us was very broken and precipitous, and after descending one particularly steep slope of about a thousand feet we found it terminated in a deep gorge, into which we descended by means of vines, which we tied to trees at the top and slid down. We followed the gorge for some four miles or so, wading sometimes up to our waists in water, until we suddenly found ourselves in a sort of huge cup or amphitheatre surrounded on all sides by precipices and high hills. I asked the Baruga village constable if he had ever been there before. He replied, "No," though he had heard of the place, and vowed if it had not been for the police and myself nothing would have induced him to come, as it was haunted by devils! He had hardly spoken, when crack! crack! crack! went the rifles of the scouts. "There! What did I tell you?" said that v.c., turning pale under his dusky skin, "the devils have found the scouts!" "Then I am sorry for the devils," I remarked; as, in response to a nod from me, half a dozen police tore off to support the scouts.

"The devils" turned out to be a small party of mountaineers, who had discovered and suddenly attacked my scouts. No damage was done by them, other than a spear hole through Private Mukawa's haversack. Several of the mountaineers were wounded and two captured; they had been demoralized and terrified by the—to them—appalling noise and effect of the rifle

fire. One of the captured men was a leper. We could not make them understand a word we said; their language was quite strange to the Baruga village constable; but by signs we endeavoured to explain to them that we were not enemies, and we gave them a few small presents, and sent them off to rejoin their friends.

Leaving the amphitheatre, we followed a steep gorge until our way was barred by a waterfall 150 feet in height, which brought us to a full stop. It was not a particularly enviable situation in which we found ourselves, for in the event of natives on the top discovering us, they would be quite likely to begin dropping stones, spears, tree trunks, etc., on our heads, without our being able to retaliate. Until one has taught him differently, the inland Papuan holds the simple creed that every stranger is an enemy to be killed at sight.

At last Sergeant Barigi discovered a faint track leading up a narrow side gorge; so, taking half a dozen police with me, I followed it for about a mile, the bottom gradually rising the whole time, until it also terminated in a waterfall about twenty feet in height. Resting against the side of the waterfall was a smooth pole, up which the local natives apparently climbed. After many efforts Corporal Bia and four police succeeded in climbing up it, and stationed themselves as a guard at the top, while I sent word to the Governor to come on. When more police arrived, they made a ladder of poles and vines, and by its help we emerged from the "abode of devils" on to a steep hillside, up which we climbed with considerable difficulty in the wake of the scouts, who were now reinforced by Corporal Bia and his four men.

At the top of the hill there was a small stockaded village vacated by its inhabitants, into which Bia and his scouts carefully crawled. Whizz! suddenly came a spear from the air, passing between the crawling Bia's arm and body, and pinning him to the ground by his jumper. He looked up and spotted a bushman on a platform at the top of an enormous tree. Whizz! Whizz! came a couple more spears, which he dodged. The bushman leant over for a more deliberate shot at him. "You have had three shots at me," said Bia; "now here is something for yourself!" And he potted that bushman like a rook. There was a large garden near the village full of yams, to which the carriers and police helped themselves, leaving, however, salt and tobacco in payment.

From here we followed native tracks from one hilltop to another; each hilltop crowned with a small stockaded village the inhabitants of which always fled at the hail of our scouts, and reoccupied the village after we had passed through; at each

village we left small presents as a sign that we were not hostile marauders.

After leaving the village we got into a waterless rocky volcanic country, consisting of a sort of scoria, and soon were all suffering from the pangs of thirst. From early morning until late in the forenoon of the following day we went without water, the scouts ranging for miles on a fruitless quest, till the laden carriers showed signs of severe distress. At last the scouts discovered a garden with a man at work in it, and captured him. We gave the man a few beads and a zinc mirror, and he soon got over his fright; he spoke a peculiarly musical language, but none of my men could make head or tail of it. We made him understand by signs that we wanted water, and that we would give him a long-knife and a tomahawk as a reward if he guided us to it; he, in his turn, made signs that he would do so, and went off with Sergeant Kimai and a few police. After a couple of hours the sergeant came back, and reported that the man had led him north, south, east, and west, and had then tried to bolt. "Take him out on the Governor's hearing, and give him a taste of your belt," I told Kimai. "I have already done that," replied that worthy sergeant; "I had to do it carefully for fear of leaving marks, but he is a very pig for obstinacy." "There must be water somewhere near his garden," I said. "Take him to a sunny spot and fill his mouth with salt; then run him up and down, and when he blows sprinkle his nose with dry wood ashes!" In about an hour's time the man was brought back, and I could plainly see that he had a thirst sufficient to make a drunkard of an Archbishop! He eagerly made signs of drinking, and pointed in the direction we wished to go. In half an hour he had taken us to a pool of indifferent water, which we drank up; and in another twenty minutes to a fine stream.

At about four o'clock on the afternoon of this day we came upon a group of villages surrounded by gardens. The scouts waved calico and green boughs, and yelled "Ovakaiva" (peace); the inhabitants, however, would have nothing to do with us in a friendly way. One enterprising individual stalked Sergeant Barigi, and knocked him over with a stone-headed club; before he had time to finish him, however, Private Tamanabai noticed what was going on and shot his assailant.

Just ahead of us there was a stockaded village, situated on a spur in a very strong position, and right across the track that we should be obliged to follow. Fortunately most of the men belonging to it were away, and I was able to take the village without bloodshed, by threatening a flank attack, and then suddenly rushing my men into it. Its inhabitants retreated to another village, from whence they hurled abuse and defiance at

us. Private Maione was able to talk to these people, as they spoke a language resembling that of the Sangara tribe, which he knew. They demanded what we meant by "polluting their country and village by our obscene presence!" Maione replied that we were but travellers passing through their country, and that we did not want to fight, but would pay well for food, guides, and assistance. They replied that they would "provide us with all the fighting we wanted!"

The Governor now told me that he did not wish any fighting to take place, nor any natives to be shot, and personally gave an order to this effect to the police. I told his Excellency that the last thing either myself or my police wanted was to fight, but that I certainly had no intention of allowing either my men or my Kaili Kaili carriers to be killed by bushmen. Whereupon his Excellency said, that as I could not see eye to eye with him in the matter, he would release me from the command and place Bruce in charge: which he did.

The immediate result of Bruce's disposition of our force was that Maione, my personal orderly, and our only interpreter, was badly speared, and a strong attack was developed against us. We had a very bad time during the night staving off attack after attack. Then Bruce came to Robinson, and said, "I don't understand this sort of fighting, neither do my men, and their nerves are going. Monckton's men do; but they are all sulking badly, and the carriers are following suit."

Bruce also asked me to look at some of his own and the Governor's men who appeared to be sickening for something or other; which I did; and also questioned them. They told me that a strange sickness was sweeping through the native villages at Port Moresby just about the time they left. "Measles! as I am a living sinner!" I exclaimed, and went off to the Governor. "Some epidemic has broken out amongst the men, sir; and they say it is similar to a new illness in Port Moresby. I am afraid it is measles," I told him. "The Chief Medical Officer told me that there was a slight outbreak of German measles, but said that he did not consider that it was dangerous," replied his Excellency. "It might not be dangerous to well-housed European children or natives at Port Moresby; but with hard work and the wet of the mountains, not to speak of having to wade through streams, these men of mine will die like flies. Besides, each man that sickens overloads the others, and we already have one dangerously wounded man to carry, with a probability of more." "What do you advise?" asked the Governor. "Make for the coast, where shelter can be obtained for the men, as fast as we possibly can," was my answer. "How?" he asked. "A bee line over the Hydrographers," I replied. "That is, abandon the work we are

on and confess failure ! That will never do : my very first work ! Did Sir William MacGregor ever do such a thing ?” he asked. “I have never heard of his doing so,” I replied. “Then why do you advise me to take such a course ?” he demanded. “For the sake of the lives of my men, and for your Excellency’s own sake. If we continue to lose a large number of men, the press and public will kick up a fuss.” The Governor then called Bruce into consultation ; after which he called for me again.

“This fiasco is most distressing to me,” he said. “But Mr. Bruce agrees with you that the risk in going on is too great ; in fact, he goes further, and says that we should not reach Papangi with sick men.” “I do not think that the risk is too great, and I would undertake to reach Papangi with little or no loss, if I were allowed to do it in my own way ; but I could not do it in the manner we are attempting it, and therefore recommend making for the coast.” “How would you do it ?” “Fling my scouts ahead for miles to examine the country and report to me, who would be with an advance party ; and then keep bringing up the main body on the best route by forced marches. The sick men would then have only the easiest country to cross, and would know that they were going to camp every night in a carefully chosen site with good wood and water. But if they are going to blunder over the country, sometimes without fire, at others without water, and subject to perpetual alarms from hostile natives, they can never do it.” “Very good, then ; you are to take full command once more, and get us to Papangi,” ordered the Governor. “I understand, then, sir, that my men are not in the future to wait until they are speared before defending themselves ?” “Give the orders you think best,” he replied.

That night no one got any sleep ; natives beating drums, blowing war-horns and yelling at intervals, the whole night through, and trying hard to stalk the sentries ; the latter, lying flat on their stomachs, potted religiously at every moving object that came within their vision. Just before dawn, the people—who, by the way, were called Kaina—massed in the scrub for a rush ; but the sentries had marked the manœuvre and warned me. Whereupon I ordered a volley to be fired into the spot ; which, judging from the yelps, yells, and sound of men running through bushes, apparently had a considerable effect. After dawn they had all disappeared.

“What would they do to us, if they caught us ?” asked the Governor, who was looking very haggard from want of sleep, and from worrying over the ultimate fate of the expedition. “At the best, kill and eat us,” I answered, “perhaps torture us first. They are a bad lot in this part. A short time ago some similar natives caught two miners, Campion and King, on the Upper

Kumusi, the part we are making for, and stuck stakes through their stomachs and roasted the pair alive. When a native woman interceded, they stunned her and chucked her on the fire also. Ask Maione about them, if you are interested; he knows all about their nice little ways."

All that day natives hung round our line of march, but avoided a fight; and the scouts discovered numerous spear pits, six and eight feet deep, studded at the bottom with sharply pointed spears, pointed upwards and covered with twigs, leaves, and earth—horrible traps for the unwary. Other delicate attentions were small, exceedingly sharp spears, fixed at an angle in grass or scrub to catch one about the knee or thigh. But I will leave the tale of the rest of the expedition to Judge Robinson, and give an extract from his Official Dispatch to the Governor-General of Australia.

"On 10th June we left camp at 9 a.m. and found the track very sticky and slippery. After walking about three miles Mr. Monckton who was in front with half a dozen police surprised a native in a garden. He nearly succeeded in spearing Tamambai, who wounded him in return. The surprised native was evidently a sorcerer, and while we were examining his bag of tricks and charms, consisting of pebbles, pieces of bone, stained pieces of wood, etc., we heard the sound of war-shells and war-cries. Some of the carriers were some distance behind and we had some difficulty in hurrying them up, and an attempt was made to attack them in our rear which was repelled. This was followed by a frontal attack in which four of the hillmen were killed. We then followed circuitous native tracks affording good cover in the grass for the enemy's spearmen, and two or three met their fate in this way. We were evidently well watched; and turning suddenly on to another track we reached the foot of a steep and slippery hillock upon which was a large village of about forty houses. We were evidently expected to come by another track, and our arrival by the steep path was apparently unexpected. Only two hillmen were killed in the encounter at this village. Although they were in a position to have caused some loss amongst our party as we came up the hill, none of the police received any hurt, possibly owing to our having surprised the village as already described. After we had left this village our scouts were attacked several times. Two men were shot. One sprang out upon the path ten feet from Arita, who, without having time to unsling his rifle from his shoulder, shot his assailant dead before the poised spear had time to leave his hand. The natives here were of good stature and warlike. I saw no evidence of steel tools and they are apparently not yet emerged

from the stone age. They were all armed with formidable spears, shields, and stone clubs. The country is rather thickly populated, and the natives do not trouble to build stockades to their villages. We found tobacco growing in the gardens in great quantities and of the most excellent quality. I see no reason why these hills should not in the future produce all the tobacco required for Australian consumption. Tobacco is apparently indigenous to New Guinea, and I have been informed that some leaf which Sir William MacGregor sent to England was sold for 18s. per lb. When burnt the tobacco in these hills emits an excellent aroma; the flavour also is good, but of course what we smoked was not properly dried and prepared. In almost every garden were quantities of sugarcane, paupau, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and, of course, the inevitable taro and yams. There are also quantities of an excellent nut, probably the *Terminalia Katappa* (?) superior to a walnut in flavour. I looked for nutmegs but did not find any, although the bark of a tree found has a taste and scent resembling the mace of commerce. The country abounds in a variety of fibrous plants which could probably be turned to valuable account. We camped for the night on the site of a village situated on a spur of a mountain 2329 feet in height, from which we located the southern peak of Mount Lamington, 55° N.E. We also saw a high peak 6280 feet high bearing 109° S.E., apparently behind Oro Bay. This mountain peak is higher than Mount Lamington. It has hitherto borne no name, and I have named it Mount Barton in honour of the first Premier of the Australian Commonwealth. I have since located the mountain from the sea, and although the clouds considerably obscured the view, it is probably the most conspicuous point in the Hydrographer's Range.

"I was aroused before daybreak the next morning by the now familiar war-cries of natives; and the sentries were speedily reinforced by a line of police at each end of the spur upon which we were camped, prepared to repel a rush. The hour just before dawn appears to be a favourite time for an attack amongst Papuans, and we found evidence afterwards that these natives had camped for a portion of the night in some numbers in the scrub at the edge of the clearing, and had denied themselves the comfort of a fire, so that their presence might not be disclosed, making small shelters of branches to protect them from the chill mountain air. They evidently intended to take us by surprise, and to rush our camp, but finding it so well guarded and no doubt feeling very cold, their spirits failed them and they contented themselves with loud challenges, threats, and blowing of war-shells, which were responded to, I have no doubt, in equally uncomplimentary language by our police and carriers. We could

hear them moving in the undergrowth, but they wisely refrained from emerging into the clearing. Mr. Bruce fired at a dark form in the dim light, and after continuing their warlike demonstrations for some little time longer, they retreated when the first streaks of dawn began to appear.

"The panorama when the sun rose was one of great beauty. Looking backward in the direction of our route, the valley at our feet and the bases of the surrounding mountains were swathed in thick white clouds, heavy with mist, like banks of snow; Mount Barton and Mount Lamington showed clear out against the morning sky, and far more distant rose the lofty heights of Mount MacGregor, soon to be enveloped in the gradually rising clouds.

"We obtained no view of Mount Victoria, but Mr. Monckton recognized the gap in the Owen Stanley Range, and Mount Nisbet in a S.W. direction from it.

"I omitted to mention that one of the village constables captured a woman of exceptionally dour and unprepossessing exterior on the previous evening who was able to speak to Maione. She informed him she knew the way to Papaki, and pointed in the direction which Mr. Monckton had approximately estimated it to be, viz. W.N.W. from the point. I decided to bring the woman with me some distance as a guide, but we subsequently found that she did not appear able to show us any native tracks, and we were obliged, as heretofore, to rely on the compass, which had for some days shown a considerable northerly deviation in the direction of Notu, possibly due to the close proximity of the ironstone formation of Mount Lamington. I subsequently left the woman at Bogi and instructed the Assistant Resident Magistrate there to endeavour through her to get into friendly relations with her people.

"Endavouring unsuccessfully to find a spur running in the direction in which we wished to go, we were obliged to continue our mountain climbing, which seemed to become steeper and more arduous as we proceeded. As we skirted a village a native called to us from the distance, and although we did our utmost to induce him to approach us, and made signs of friendship, we could not encourage him to do so. At evening we camped at an altitude of 2639 feet. Twenty-five cases of measles among the carriers.

"Next day, 12th of July, was repetition of the day before. The route was even more steep and it was not possible to follow a N.W. course. Moreover there was no indication of any alteration in the configuration of the country. More carriers suffering from measles.

"13th July. After discussing the position it was decided to remain in camp to-day and rest the carriers, Mr. Monckton to

take eight police and to investigate the country ahead. After breakfast, accompanied by Mr. Bruce and Mr. Manning, I ascended to the top of the hill upon which our camp was situated, and upon cutting some timber obtained a view of the sea to the north, and of a hill in the distance which one of the police said he recognized as the Opi Hill. Upon our return to the camp we found that the bushmen, who were apparently watching our movements and had evidently seen Mr. Monckton's departure and imagined that possibly most of the rifles had gone with him, threatened an attack. They called out from the thick jungle as before. We waited for some time, but could not see any of our visitors, whom we judged to be a distance of a hundred yards on the steep slope of the hill opposite our camp. We fired a volley in that direction and a second one also, which had the desired effect. A subsequent inspection did not disclose any traces of our shots having taken effect, although bullet marks were plainly seen all round where the natives' footprints were.

"Mr. Monckton returned at 4 p.m. with the report that by making a rather precipitous descent he had found a small creek which led into much more even country by native tracks. He had seen signs of natives everywhere, and a tree had been cut in one place only a short time before he passed.

"The carriers had a bad night, thirty of them ill with measles, added to which they felt the cold very much at night.

"Next day, 14th July, we made the descent mentioned by Mr. Monckton to a height of 1856 feet, following the creek. At luncheon time we threw out scouts, one of whom was attacked by a native who hurled a spear at him, and was shot. Travelled in all nine miles and camped in an old garden over-run with sweet potatoes. The native denizens, anticipating our doing so, had sown the place with foot spears, and one carrier was slightly wounded in the foot.

"Next morning going to the bank of the creek which flowed close to the camp, I suddenly looked up and saw the head of a native peering at me from the high bank opposite. Upon seeing that he was observed he disappeared, but in a few moments thirty or forty of them disclosed themselves. These we endeavoured to conciliate also but ineffectually, and upon taking our departure fixed on a prominent tree in the garden were left two steel adzes as payment for the potatoes eaten by the party, surmounted by a green bough.

"Following the bed of the creek all day and thereby avoiding the mountains drained by it, up to our waists in the cold stream, we made fairly good progress. It rained in torrents in the afternoon and we were all very cold and uncomfortable. At night

(1539 feet) the whole camp could be heard coughing; one or two cases of scurvy appeared.

"16th and 17th July. We continued to make our way, often with much difficulty, along the bed of the same creek which, increased by several affluents, had become a mountain torrent. Its general course was W. by N., and its many windings at the base of the surrounding hills lengthened our journey. Occasionally we were able to cut off a corner, and at other times were compelled to take to the mountains to avoid an impassable gorge. The fording of the river moreover had become difficult; it was as much as one could do to breast the swiftly running current. We saw some small speckled mountain ducks with yellow bills of a species probably new to science. One of these was shot and skinned by Mr. Monckton for the British Museum. It was satisfactory to learn from the hypsometer that we were dropping to a lower altitude, and on the evening of the 17th, after being obliged to leave the river and to take to the mountains, and after having negotiated a rather difficult precipice, the side of which dropped sheer some hundred feet into a torrent below, we struck a native track and emerged at dark once more on the right bank of the river, now become well entitled to the name, and opposite to a suspension bridge of vines, where were some native huts, and clear evidence, in the shape of an improvised oven constructed of large round stones such as are used to cook human flesh, that not long before a cannibal hunting-party had encamped there. One of the police who comes from this part of the country now recognized the river which we followed from its source as the Kumusi (the right branch), information which relieved me not a little as, in view of the fact that our supply of rice for the carriers and police was fast diminishing (we arrived at Papangi with only five bags), I confess to have felt some anxiety during the last few days on that score, and none the less when I learnt some days previously that Mr. Monckton's orderly had inquired of him as to what we should do if all the food were finished before we had reached Papaki. Mr. Monckton replied that we should still go on until we reached Papaki. The orderly suggested that the better course would be for Mr. Monckton and the Cape Nelson police to clear out and leave the others of the party to do the best they could. Mr. Monckton replied that that would never do, and asked him what he proposed to do with Maione, his wounded comrade; but he had evidently left him out of his calculations!

"We all suffered not a little from scrub-itch, an invisible, microscopic tick, which, burrowing under one's skin, raises a lump and causes intense irritation. Leeches were also very troublesome in the scrub, and whenever there was a slight halt one became covered with these bloodthirsty creatures. If one adds to these

pests, bulldog ants of the most aggressive kind, trailing vines to trip one whenever vigilance is relaxed, and a variety of prickly trees and vines, it will be understood that exploration in New Guinea, as in most tropical lands, has its discomforts.

"On the morning of the 18th July, however, none of these small discomforts were remembered, and still following along the course of the Kumusi River, we passed through an unfinished garden at which was a hut containing a quantity of yams. These I instructed the carriers to take, leaving a pound of tobacco—more than the equivalent for the yams—in payment. From here we could descry Mount Victoria, 270° due west, and also Papaki about seven or eight miles distant. Proceeding a little further we came to more gardens in which were natives at work, but instead of their being friendly, as I expected they would be, so near the Government Station, they quickly disappeared and presently were heard the blowing of the war-shells and loud cries. A village through which we passed had evidently just been deserted, and we could hear the occupants calling to one another in the bush. I learnt later that these natives had recently driven out or exterminated the tribe that formerly occupied the country, which would account for the number of deserted gardens we passed.

"Later in the afternoon Arita, one of the police who accompanied the late Mr. Walker, R.M., on his expedition to punish the murderers of the two miners, Campion and King, pointed out the furthestmost point reached by him. I knew Campion when he was seeking his fortune as a miner on the Etheridge Gold-field, North Queensland. I grieved to learn of the manner of his death at the hands of these treacherous natives, to whom he had shown nothing but kindness, and who had affected to be friendly disposed towards him. The natives in this vicinity have not yet been brought into subjection, and require, in my opinion, a severe lesson. They are certainly difficult to deal with, as when attacked they betake themselves to the mountains, where it is difficult to follow them. So impudent are they that only a month prior to my visit they threw spears into Papaki Station, which is, by the way, the worst site that could possibly be chosen for a Station, being three-quarters of a mile from water which is in abundant supply all round, and flanked by an open plain leading to the creek covered with long coarse grass affording excellent cover for an inimical attack. I propose removing this Station to a point on the proposed road to the Gold-field in the near future.

"Our camp at eventide was on the banks of the Kumusi a couple of hundred yards above the rapids and opposite to Papaki.

"The river had been spanned here by a native suspension bridge of vines, which had been cut, but by next morning, 19th July, the police and carriers had constructed rafts, and in a comparatively

short space of time the whole party had safely crossed to the other side. A few hours' walk and Papaki Station was reached. There I was received by the A.R.M., Mr. Walsh, and by Mr. Elliott, A.R.M. at Bogi.

* * * * *

"From Papaki Mount Lamington and Mount Barton can be distinctly seen; the former, called by the local natives Bapapa, bears easterly 86° , and the peaks of the latter (Koriva) 92° and 98° . A high mountain to the south-west, probably Mount Bellamy, called by the natives Ufumba, bears 250° , and Mount Victoria (Paru) 265° . Peaks bearing 194° and 110° from Papaki, forming what the miners call "The Divide" between the Kumusi and Yodda Rivers, are called by the natives here Burupurari, and are comparatively close to the Station. They do not appear to have any European name, and I called the highest Mount Monckton.

* * * * *

"I should like here to record my high appreciation of the good work performed by Mr. Monckton upon this somewhat trying journey inland. His knowledge of bushwork and experience with natives made it possible for me successfully to make the inland expedition, and to see for myself the real condition of affairs in the interior; and the knowledge and experience thus gained I trust may prove useful in the administration of this new country."

Here I resume again my own tale. Our arrival at Papangi practically ended my labour in connection with finding our way through new country, as from that point to the coast our route lay through well-known policed country, where Walsh, Assistant R.M., held his sway; and where, therefore, it was his duty to pick the stages and camp sites. Bruce, Elliott, and I marched in advance with the whole of my constabulary and the sick, who were carried and helped along by their stronger friends. Papangi carriers, engaged by Walsh, carried our luggage. Then came the Governor, Walsh, and Manning; while the Papangi detachment of constabulary brought up the rear.

At about four in the afternoon I decided to camp, in order to get my sick under cover before the evening rains came on; I expecting the Governor's party to arrive within a few minutes. An hour went by: the Papangi carriers came in, and reported that Walsh, the Governor, and Manning had dropped behind to gather orchids and land shells. More time elapsed, and I began to get anxious and sent back Sergeant Barigi and ten men to look for them, also Elliott's corporal, who knew the country well. The night was coming on fast when the corporal returned to say that they had found the Governor and the rest of the party, sitting between the Kumusi and another big river, just above their

confluence. They should have crossed the former by a native bridge three miles further back ; and the Governor, being tired, was in an awful rage with Walsh and had sent to tell me to get him over.

Cursing bitterly all wild Irishmen who lost their ways in their own districts, and incidentally put Governors in a passion, I, together with Elliott, wended my way to the spot ; only to sight across fifty yards of dark, murky-looking water a very angry potentate, sitting with his private secretary on a sand-bank, while a disconsolate Walsh sat some twenty feet away, plainly in deep disgrace ! “What are you doing there, sir ?” I yelled. “Mr. Walsh has contrived to land me here, and now suggests that I shall walk three miles back along a most infernal track, and then on an unknown distance to camp, in the dark !” he fairly bellowed ; “get me out of this !” By this time it was raining steadily. “The only way that I can bring you over is by making rafts,” I yelled ; “and by the time I get back, and the rafts are made, it will be late at night. Can you swim ?” “Yes.” “The damned place has alligators,” whispered Elliott. “That’s all right, Elliott ; you and I are going over with the detachment to fetch him. Strip !” And I yelled again to the Governor, “We are coming for you, sir !”

Then Elliott and I, together with all the police, swam across. When we landed at the other side, we found a naked representative of his Majesty, accompanied by an equally naked P.S., waiting on the bank. Walsh was trying to make protests, but was having a literally cold shoulder turned on him. His Excellency’s escort were making bundles of his and their clothes, and tying them on their heads, my men relieved them of some, and while they were tying them on, Walsh, who was frantically undressing in an hysterical condition, squeaked, “R.M., the damned crocodiles will get him, and we shall get the sack !” “In you go first, Walsh,” I coldly replied.

“Though it was necessary for me to swim across, Monckton,” remarked his Excellency, as he dressed and glowered at Walsh, “pray tell me why it was necessary for you, Elliott, and the police to do it twice ?” “To give the crocodiles a larger choice, sir,” I answered. “Not even a crocodile would be fool enough to mistake Walsh for a Judge or a Governor !”

That night we arrived at Bogi Station, a police post, where Mr. Alexander Clunas, the local big-wig, waited upon the Governor and invited the whole party to dinner ; an invitation that circumstances prevented both his Excellency and myself from accepting. The remainder of the party, however, went, with somewhat ill results ! The reason for my being unable to accept Clunas’ invitation was that I had to attend one of my carriers, who was very ill with measles. At two in the morning my poor

man died, game to the last, and so long as a flicker of strength remained, faintly smiling his thanks for any little attention paid to him.

A few minutes after his death I heard the distant bellowing of a huge voice uplifted in song, and correctly guessed it was the "tea party" returning home up the hill through the gardens, and judging by the voices, in a lamentable state—

"There washe fliesh 'pon wasser
But she wash flier shtill,"

came through the night in Bruce's bull voice. Then, as the noise got nearer, there came crashing sounds of heavy bodies falling into banana trees and sugar-cane, mingled with exhortations from the police and European curses. "Shove, corporal, shove!" came the voice of Sergeant Antony. "I am shoving, shoving strongly, but I can't shove a whole bullock alone," snarled the corporal. Then came further crashes, and the sound of panting, labouring men. "Better carry him," a suggestion by a private. "Wontsh be carried. Wontsh go home till morning." Bruce was getting musical again. His Excellency was awakened by the riot, and came out to me. "What is all this, Monckton?" he asked severely. "I imagine, sir, it is the return of the tea party. I think you had better not hear or see anything," I replied. "Disgraceful!" said Robinson, as he snorted and went back to bed.

Then Manning appeared, supported by two police, his arms round their necks and theirs round his waist; while a third pushed behind. "This is a damned nice drunken state to return in, with the Governor present," I said, as the police held him up as an exhibit to me. "Not drunksh, ill, verysh ill," he squeaked feebly. "Thinksh got measles." "Undress him, and shove him into bed," I told the police. Then a heaving, struggling, revolving mass of about six police appeared, dragging and shoving the unwieldy bulk of Bruce. "Don't make such an infernal noise, Bruce," I said; "if you rouse out the Governor you will get hell, and you are disturbing my sick. I am surprised at you; I thought you had a head." Bruce pulled himself together in some marvellous manner known only to himself, and I managed with the help of the police to get him quietly into a hammock. "Where is Walsh?" I demanded. Bruce smiled fatuously and snored. "Mr. Walsh, the two store-keepers, and the engineer of the *Bulldog* launch, are all under the table; Mr. Bruce told us to lay them there like sardines," said Sergeant Antony. "All right," I answered, "tell the sentry to call me at the first peep of dawn," and then turned in.

At daylight I routed out the erring ones, gave them a strong dose of bromide and calomel (they did not know about the

calomel), and sent them off to swim in the river, then to go on to the store where they could get shaved, and where I promised to send them clean shirts and things. "You, Bruce, are inspecting the pay sheets and returns of the Bogi detachment. You, Manning, are making arrangements for me for the burial of my dead man. Don't come back until after breakfast, and remember your lies; also try to look as sober as you can. Walsh can stop away until the evening."

"Where are Bruce and Manning?" asked his Excellency, as we met at breakfast. "I must take action of some sort over their disgraceful conduct of last night." "Don't know anything about it officially, sir," I said, "they will appear in a presentable state in about an hour, with plausible lies to account for their absence. As a matter of fact, I sent them in the cold, damp dawn to dree their weird in the river. They have been through a devil of a time lately, and old Clunas would make an Archbishop drunk; they will be sorry enough for themselves when the bolus I have given them gets in its work." Some time later the culprits appeared, looking wonderfully fresh, considering everything. "Where have you been so early, Commandant?" asked Robinson. "Auditing the pay sheets of the local detachment, sir," promptly answered the unrepentant prodigal unwinkingly. "And you, Manning?" "The R.M. was rather tired this morning, sir, and I went to make some arrangements for him about the burial of the dead man," lied Manning. Robinson stared at the pair of them for a few seconds, then, taking his stick, went off for a walk in the gardens.

"Did he believe us?" asked Bruce. "Of course not, you asses!" I said, "he both saw and heard you last night; besides, I told him all this morning. But he is pretending to believe you in order to avoid having to take official notice. Why didn't you two fools stick to lager?" "Clunas had such a feed for us, turkey, goose, ham, bottled asparagus, and real potatoes," said Bruce. "All right," I interrupted, "I know what Clunas' feeds are like; get to the drinks." "You need not be so blank pious," growled Bruce; "if you had been there you would not have come home at all, you would have stopped under the table with Walsh!" "You are a slanderous and ungrateful brute, Bruce!" I replied. "What did you drink?" "Clunas had some bottled cocktails, and insisted upon our having one each as an aperitif; then he made us have another to prevent the first feeling lonely; then at the feed we asked for lager beer. 'Lager be damned!' said Clunas, 'this is no Methodist Sunday School!' and shoved a pint bottle of still Burgundy in front of us. When we got to coffee he gave us a fine old liqueur brandy, and then he insisted upon showing us how his father brewed punch. By God!

Clunas' father must have been a strong man! That punch would make an elephant drunk! I don't know how many glasses we had, but Manning went and lay outside and was sick, and I stuck to my guns until I had them all under the table, and then I came away." For a few days after this there was a distinct chill in his Excellency's manner towards the erring ones!

From Bogi we went down the Kumusi River in whaleboats and canoes, meeting on our way one Ambushi, the chief of a Kumusi tribe and a village constable, whom I at once arrested. "I have a little list of nine recent murders by that man," I told the Governor; "he is one of the most dangerous thugs in New Guinea, and always manages to bamboozle that weak ass Hislop. I have sent this man message after message, that unless he mended his ways I should hang him on his own cocoanut tree, and the only notice he has taken is to add yet another crime to his list. One of his most recent performances was the deliberate and cold-blooded murder of a child of ten years old, who was staying with its mother in his village. The old blackguard had some guests at a feast; he had plenty of pig, dog, and fish, but that wasn't good enough; so he called to the unsuspecting woman to bring her boy up to him, and when she obeyed he dashed out the child's brains before the mother, and added them to the menu. The woman knew it was useless going to Hislop, so she sent to me through Sergeant Barigi. I don't believe the old reprobate is ever without human meat."

"Ah! Mr. Ambushi!" I remarked to that worthy, "I have been long in coming, but I have come now, and a strong rope, a long drop, and your own cocoanut tree is your fate! And I have a little list of some of your friends who are due for seven years' hard labour." "Only I can hang, Monckton," said the Governor. "Yes, sir," I said, "and when you have heard the evidence that I shall produce, you will be only too anxious to exercise that right." We reached the beach, and I sent for the witnesses; when they heard that Ambushi was safely in custody, they were only too anxious to come. I sent Ambushi before the Judge on three separate and distinct charges of murder fully proved; I also sent a list of other murders I was bringing against him, without counting such minor crimes as robbery with violence, abduction, rape, and assault! The Judge heard the cases, then he told me to stop. "I can hang the man three times over already," he said, "and he has richly deserved it in each case." Ambushi was then sentenced to death. "I want to make certain, sir, that he does hang instead of having his sentence commuted by Executive Council at the last minute, so I shall keep my list, and have another go at him if he escapes the death penalty." "The last decision as to the Royal clemency lies with me as administrator," replied his

Excellency. "Ambushi shall be hanged ; and furthermore he shall be hanged, as you promised, on his own cocoanut tree in his own village."

The final scene took place in Ambushi's village some weeks later. A wet, dull morning, the Kumusi rolling by in heavy yellow flood, a launch containing a white-faced ship's officer, engineer, and seamen, hanging on to the bank, a crowd of sullen natives, silent and watchful, and myself shivering with fever, holding a warrant in my hand, whilst a ring of the North-Eastern constabulary, with bayonets fixed, stood round a cocoanut tree, to which was attached an ominous-looking cross-piece with two dangling ropes ; a sergeant, with a sharpened tomahawk, sat on the cross-piece. One noose was adjusted round Ambushi's waist, a file of constabulary seized the other end, and Ambushi swung up until his shoulders touched the cross-beams, where the sergeant fitted the second noose round his neck. "All clear, sir !" called the sergeant, raising his tomahawk. "Cut, sergeant !" Down fell the tomahawk on the rope round his waist and exit Ambushi. "Oh, people of the Kumusi, take warning by the fate of Ambushi and do no murder !" called Barigi, as the launch swung into the swollen river, and we hastened away from the spot.

CHAPTER XXVII

SINCE the writing of the last chapter much has happened ; war has broken out, and I must go and fight in Kitchener's Army. I had intended to conclude my book with a description of the ascent of Mount Albert Edward, and journey right across New Guinea from Kaiser Wilhelm's Land to the Gulf of Papua. Both these expeditions were full of interest : men who wore wooden armour, a huge new mammal, prehistoric pottery, all had their part. Perhaps if this book proves of interest to people and all goes well, I may write an account of these expeditions at a later date.

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